NEWCASTLE TOWN

by R. [illegible]rlton

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Charlton's book on Newcastle, published almost a century ago, is probably the most comprehensive popular history and guide to the town ever published. It is accurate and detailed and has for many years been indispensable both to the scholar and amateur local historian. Its re-publication in facsimile will be welcomed by all who love our historic city.

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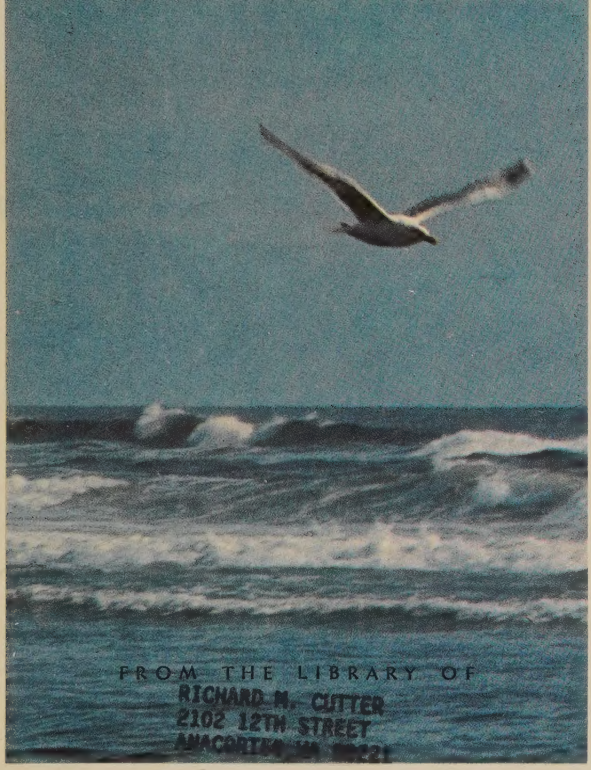
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The Siege of Newcastle p. 39

NEWCASTLE TOWN

by

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NEWCASTLE TOWN

AN ACCOUNT OF

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS:
ITS STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS:
AND ITS ENDING.

BY

R. J. CHARLETON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. JOBLING.

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NEWCASTLE TOWN.

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY.

CHAPTER I.

NEWCASTLE AND TYNESIDE.

AS the centre and chief port of the great Northern Coal-field, the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne is known the whole world over. It is only, however, in connection with the coal supply that she is generally known. There is a vague impression abroad that the town is one vast pit-heap, and that the business of the population consists wholly in mining and shipping coal. In this respect Newcastle is like the poet Campbell, who used to complain that no one knew him or spoke of him except as the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Not that he was ashamed of that particular work, but he felt it hard that everything else he had done should be injured and overlooked for its sake. Had he never written the *Pleasures of Hope*, he would still, by virtue of his other works, have been famous. So with Newcastle: had she never shipped a single ton of coal, she has other claims upon the consideration of the world which entitle her to a prominent place in the roll of famous towns. She has many other industries, any one of which would give her a respectable claim to notability. She has, besides her coal trade, iron works,

ship yards, engineering works, chemical works, and a hundred other industries, which make the banks of the Tyne one vast workshop. But putting all these on one side, and looking upon the old town of Newcastle, stripped of her commerce and manufactures, she is still a remarkable place. Towns no more picturesque, and with histories no more romantic, have been thronged by pilgrims in search of the beautiful from all parts of the earth. But none come on such quest to Newcastle. Hard work and utility are her only characteristics in the eyes of the world, and so her beauty is scornfully ignored. She is the very Cinderella of towns.

About a hundred years ago (it was in 1778) one Mr. C. T. Middleton published a geography—a standard work in its day—in which appeared a description of Newcastle, part of which we give as follows:—"Newcastle is an ancient, large, disagreeable, and dirty town, but exceedingly populous and very rich. It is situated at the end of the ancient Picts' wall on the river Tyne, over which it has a fine bridge. The commerce carried on in coals and salmon is amazing, and hath rendered it in great measure the emporium of the north." When this was written Newcastle was one of the loveliest places on the face of the earth. Only forty years before—and change was slow in those times—John Wesley said, that were he not journeying towards heaven, he could not wish for a more pleasant abiding-place than Newcastle. So, after the lapse of a hundred years, which, with their accumulated gifts of factories and smoke, have not tended to improve the air of Tyneside, we can scarcely blame the general opinion of the present day for coinciding so nearly with that of the old gazetteer concerning the attributes of the town.

That the air is laden with smoke, and that the buildings are black and grimy, cannot be denied by the greatest of her admirers; but the charge of dirt and disagreeableness is without foundation. No town in England is kept in cleaner condition, and few can show more agreeable features and more interesting sights, though they often lie hidden from the casual glance of the visitor beneath a murky canopy of smoke. Each nook and corner is alive with reminiscence of old world incident; on every side you see memorials of the munificence and enterprise of her people; and in exploring her streets you come upon an endless variety of the most picturesque groupings of architecture—both old and new, both quaintly and grandly beautiful. Many of her ancient monuments, it is true, have disappeared, her once famous wall is almost gone, her monasteries have been destroyed, her churches despoiled, restored, and altered. Still she is rich even in the comparatively few remnants which are left, and which we hope may long be spared as memorials of the old town and "the old time before us."

We would wish to give as interesting an account as possible of the rise and progress of Newcastle, of her notable buildings, and of

the famous deeds which have been wrought in her in ancient and in modern days. Many things we must perforce mention, which, though of interest to strangers, may seem like to a twice-told tale to the people of the town. Many other matters of great interest to townsmen will doubtless in their relation fall flat upon the ears of strangers; but there are, we feel convinced, many things in Newcastle, the description of which cannot fail to give delight to all. Thus, to define the position of the town may to some of our readers appear a work of supererogation; but we are assured that there are people—and not a few, even in England—who are fully of opinion that it is in Scotland. This opinion (showing as it does such utter indifference to the importance of the place of his birth) must be our excuse to the dweller in Newcastle for pointing out that the town is at least forty miles from the nearest part of Scotland; that it is situated on the north bank, and about ten miles above the mouth of the River Tyne; and that the borough of Gateshead lies opposite it, across the river—occupying in relation to Newcastle the same position which Southwark does to London, and Salford to Manchester. But before proceeding with any description of Newcastle, it will be necessary to give a rapid glance over the valley of the Tyne, of which it forms the great centre and metropolis. The river constantly flowing past the walls of the town is a great feature in any view we may take of Newcastle. It was the occasion of her being. It watched her birth, nursed her youth, and still nourishes and vivifies her green old age. To get an adequate idea of Newcastle, we must first have some idea of the Tyne.

If you will take a map and look right in the waist and middle of the island of Great Britain, half-way betwixt sea and sea, you will find the little town of Hexham, fondly termed by its inhabitants, we suppose from its central situation, "The Heart of o' England." From the summit of its venerable Abbey Church—the glorious building of St. Wilfrid, in its heyday "the fairest building on this side the Alps"—and, looking west, you may see two rivers which meet together and flow towards you in united strength. These are the North and South Tynes, and their united floods form the Tyne proper, or, to use the quaint words of Newcastle's first historian, "This river hath two heads or maine streams—South Tine, which runs through Allendale, North Tine, which runs through Tinedale; they meet at Hexham, and salute one another."

We will follow the course of the Tyne to the sea, now some thirty miles distant. It flows—now deep and still, now rushing with all the wild spirit of its two parents—over pebbly shallows and rocky beds, through a beautiful pastoral valley. Past castles well-known in Border story; past hamlets, and villages, and little towns—some of them older than Christianity, though now overshadowed by grey church towers. Past "Dilston's pleasant hall," whence the last Earl of Derwentwater rode forth on the adventure which ended for him on Tower Hill; past Corbridge, where the old Roman built his bridge to cross her widening stream. Past

Bywell's ivy-covered walls—seat of Baliol, and Neville, and of Fenwick, so famous in Border song. Past the ancient tower of Ovingham Church, close by which lies Thomas Bewick, who loved so well the river and its valley, and has immortalised them by his genius, and published their beauties far and wide. Past Prudhoe, towering in rugged majesty upon the opposite bank—once held by Gilbert Umfraville, that kinsman of the Conqueror who was styled "the famous baron, guardian and chief flower of the North, and later of Tailbois, Bedford, and Percy." Then, further east, past the little cottage at Wylam, where was born George Stephenson, the great magician who led the way to mightier works than even the Roman barrier which ran along the tops of that southern bank, and overlooked the place of his birth. Past Newburn ford and the old square church tower, from the top of which Leslie's artillery thundered upon King Charles's army, drawn up just opposite, where you still see traces of their earthworks on Stella Haugh.

Hitherto her course has been scarcely disturbed save by the angler's rod, or here and there a ferry or a salmon boat; but now she enters on another phase of her life, and commences her apprenticeship to harder work. Now keels and wherries begin to dot her surface, and an occasional steamboat churns her waters into foam. Past Blaydon, where the air begins to darken and the landscape to lose its sylvan character; past Lemington and Scotswood, flows the coaly Tyne. Huge iron ships may now be seen growing into form upon her banks, and here the western outposts of Newcastle may be said to begin. Now from the south she is joined by the waters of the romantic Derwent and the sluggish Teams; while between them, on the northern bank, lies Elswick, where an army of workmen toil night and day, fashioning mighty weapons of warfare and no less mighty engines for the service of commerce and peace. And now the broad bosom of the river reflects the stately piers of Stephenson's famous bridge, and slowly and lingeringly her dark waters flow past the piled-up buildings of Newcastle—the noblest and proudest of her offspring—the neighbour town of Gateshead on the other bank.

For ten miles further the river flows, and from henceforth her life is one of toil and honour. Beautiful in her upper reaches, flowing amongst the grassy meadows and the dark green woods, she is still beautiful here, bearing on her toil-stained breast the dark hulls of a mighty navy from the furthest ends of the earth, their white sails hanging pure and soft in the smoke-laden sky like the flash of the sea-gull's wing against the grey storm-cloud, or with their tall, bare masts casting zigzag quivering reflections into her brown stream. She runs past iron works, which at night burn out bright and ruddy and fierce, and flush her surface with blood-red streaks of light; and past chemical works, with their elevated chambers, that loom in misty mornings like lordly castles through the murky air. Past coal staiths, where the black waggons dis-

charge their black loads into the dusky holds of black-hulled ships. Past chimneys innumerable, which belch forth their black smoke, blurring the face of the sky. Past ship yards, where the echoes are kept hard at work, answering the busy ringing hammers which close the iron sides of the growing monsters soon to be launched upon her tide, to carry her name—their nursing mother's name—to every land. Past Wallsend, where the Roman barrier resigned its ground, and trusted the safety of the southern land to the protecting care of the widening river. Past quays where vessels lie in tiers, and where steam cranes puff and blow like fussy little giants at work. Past the Northumberland Docks, where amongst the tangled mass of masts and spars and ropes, the flags of all nations float peacefully side by side.

Now the brown stream changes its colour to a fresh and vivid green, which shows the sea is near, and the river approaches her end. Past Jarrow, where, in the dark ages of ignorance and strife, the Venerable Bede kept alive the only spark of learning and piety which existed in the land; and where the old grey church still looks upon the broad basin where the Danes have lain at anchor in "the brave days of old," and where now the worn-out hulls of condemned ships, old wooden walls, lie sadly at their last anchorage; and where the little Don, once a navigable stream for some miles of its course, but now a shallow, silted-up burn, empties itself into the Tyne, close by where the Tyne Dock shows its forest of masts and piles of richly-stored warehouses. Past North Shields, with its mob of shipping, its fleet of fishing boats, its training ship, and piled-up red brick houses. Past South Shields, where long ago the Roman neglected not to build his fort to guard the river's mouth Past Clifford's Fort upon the northern bank, the ever picturesque Low Lights, and that terrible reef of rocks, the "Black Middens," scene of so many wrecks and of such woful loss of life.

Now we are near the end; the course of the old river is almost run. But not in sadness pass her last moments away. Before she passes out between the piers and joins the German Ocean, her parting gaze rests on the figure of one of her worthiest sons. He stands—most gallant of warriors, most admirable of men—the gentle Collingwood, Nelson's truest friend, and looks over the river he loved in life, as though even in death he would guard her from all foreign foes. The sunlight sparkles on the harbour bar, where river ends and sea begins; meanwhile, the weather-beaten, though still gloriously beautiful, Priory of Tynemouth looks down from its lofty eminence, as it has done through so many long and busy centuries, upon the Tyne, as it mingles its waters with those of the rough North Sea, and blesses the union.

There is no other river in the world so much beloved by the people who inhabit its valley as is the Tyne; at least we never hear the dwellers by any other river speak in such terms, and with such pride and endearment, of their own particular stream as the Tyne-sider does of his. It is to him the pleasant companion of his youth,

and becomes in after years interwoven with the very tissue of his thought. Others love their town, or their village, or the home of their boyhood; but he does all this, and, besides, regards with affection and veneration his ancient river and all belonging to her. Separated by long years and broad seas from the home of his youth, the very name of the Tyne causes his heart to beat quicker; the sound of one of her native melodies fills him with rapture; a Tynesider, stranger though he be, and from what part of the valley soever he comes, is hailed at once by him as a friend and a brother. The river to him is as the embodiment of some loved mystic being. She is so interwoven in his thoughts and his dreams that she becomes, as it were, part of his individuality. She inspires him with poetic fire, and is the theme of a thousand lays. She is in his song, "*my* bonny, coaly Tyne." He may see other rivers; he may admire them; but it is always with a reservation—the Tyne excels them all. She is, amongst rivers, his first love and his last.

But of all the natives of Tyneside the Newcastle man is perhaps the most loving of the sons of Tyne. It is by Newcastle that the Tyne is known to the world at large, and he unites with his love of the river his pride in the town. He knows that the town is the outcome of the river, and the very essence and incarnation of its influence. Others look up to Newcastle as the capital town of Tyneside and the North; but he belongs to it: he is part of it, and it is part of him. Apart from the natural love which every man feels for his native place, there is a feeling of affection and reverential familiarity in the heart of the true Newcastle man towards the old town, which is peculiar to the Newcastle man alone. It may be that the situation of the town near the border of a once hostile country has to do with this feeling. In ancient times she was kept constantly on the alert against the attacks of her northern foes, the Scotch. Sufficiently far from the border to gain intelligence of their approach, she was generally able to prepare herself in time to repel their attacks. She was thus never sufficiently familiarised with alien occupation (as she might have been had she been nearer the border) to cause her to become callous and indifferent as to which party held her. She was always strongly English in her character, and always jealous of permitting a Scot, however canny, or however peaceful his intentions, to dwell within her walls. Had she, on the other hand, been much further from the border, the security which distance gives might have made her indifferent to danger. But her position was just such as to nourish a strong feeling of local pride. Her many discomfitures of the enemy in his attempts to gain possession of her; the favours bestowed upon her by so many of our monarchs, who recognised her value as a frontier guard; the important part she played as the great rallying point for the English expeditions against Scotland—all these served to foster and increase this feeling. She looked with a species of patronising disdain upon the more southern cities and towns, which were not exposed to the same dangers as herself, and with a

pitying though somewhat contemptuous eye upon those to the north, equally or more exposed, though not so capable of self-defence.

In later times the extension of her commerce through the working of her coal-fields, and her gradual advance as a seaport, simultaneously with the decay of others once much more important than herself, increased the pride of her townsfolk. The general feeling in this respect, in the reign of George III., is very well expressed in the well-known song called "Canny Newcastle." The term "canny," which has from time immemorial been prefixed by her people to the name of the town, expresses, as no other word can, the love, and pride, and familiarity of which we have been speaking, and no other word would express it as well, or, indeed, at all. The song describes a Newcastler's visit to London, and how he compares all the wonders there with those he has left behind at home ; and certainly Newcastle does not suffer in the comparison. London, its river, its shipping, its palaces, and its cathedral, must all succumb to Newcastle, with the river Tyne, the coal fleet, the Infirmary, and St. Nicholas' Church. The open-doored hospitality of the North is contrasted with the polite churlishness of the South ; even the fair sex escape not without odious comparisons ; and the very king himself, though allowed to be a "good leukin' mannie," can be easily matched by the king of Newcastle, Sir Matthew White Ridley—that is, always supposing the worthy baronet be decked with a wig of the same dimensions as that of his august brother of England. Each verse appropriately ends with the following vindication of the equality, at least, of the canny toon :—

> "'Bout Lunnon then divvent ye make sic a rout,
> There's nous there maw blinkers te dazzle,
> For a' the fine things ye are gobbin about
> We can marra iv canny Newcassel."

However it may have originated, the ancient pride of place still exists. Newcastle is still the pride and boast of her people. In those days of centralisation and striving after the reduction of all mankind to one mechanical level, it may be called by some a petty and unworthy local pride. But all history and experience show that he who dearly loves his home and native place, loves not his country the less ; and that the best citizen of the world may, with advantage to himself and all, cherish the memory, and glory in the progress of his birthplace. The affairs of the world are so intimately connected, that he who is solicitous for the welfare of his local habitation thereby benefits the remotest parts of the earth. A noble effort, a charitable deed, instigated by what is called petty local pride in the meanest village of England, may have its effect in the deserts of Africa and the steppes of Siberia.

Even now, in these latter days, there is much to nourish the feeling of importance in the Newcastle mind. The town's immense

commerce, her ancient renown, the beautiful buildings, old and new, the sense of superiority over all the neighbouring towns, serve to keep it alive. The very avocations of the people tend in the same direction. Theirs is not to furnish the world with toys, fanciful garnishings, and frivolous luxuries. A sterner task it is, and one calling for all the hardy and daring qualities of their ancestors, to ransack the bowels of the earth, and, in the face of danger and death in some of its most horrible forms, to bring forth her buried treasures for the use of man; and no child's play is it to compel the brittle, stubborn iron into ductility, and frame it into a thousand useful and terrible shapes. To make of it the stately merchant ship, the swift locomotive, the cunning engines of all kinds, the stable anchor, the mighty warship, and the death-dealing gun—all this is labour for Titans. Again, to manipulate the crude ores and dull clays and earths; to fuse and roast and put them through a hundred other processes, turning them into metals fit for the use of man—into glass, into bricks, and into the many chemical compounds which form so large a portion of the trade of the port—these tasks call for manly exertion and mighty effort and skill.

It is, therefore, not with unpardonable pride that the townsman of Newcastle goes to his book-shelf, and taking down his copy of Gray's *Chorographia*, published in 1649—the first history of the town ever printed—reads, perhaps for the hundredth time, the words: "Camden calls Newcastle *Ocellus*, the eye of the north, the harth that warmeth the south parts of this kingdom with fire—an Egypt to all the shires of the north, in time of famine, for bread." It is not with unpardonable pride that he contrasts her present state with that of nearly three hundred years ago, and considers how much she has increased her claim to the title bestowed upon her by the learned antiquary of Elizabeth's time.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL FEATURES OF NEWCASTLE.

NEWCASTLE is essentially a hilly town. The steep banks of the river on which it stands are intersected by the courses of numerous streams or burns. These burns are now for the most part covered in, and run hidden beneath the streets, but the depressions caused by the valleys or denes they have worn still exist, so that a walk through the town, especially the older parts near the river, consists to a great extent of up hill and down dale.

These hills and valleys which we now find so troublesome were originally the very cause which determined the site of the town.

The mouths of the little burns were convenient places where the canoes and coracles of ancient fishermen might lie in safety, and from whence they might conveniently sail to pursue their calling. On the sloping banks were snug and sheltered spots to build their dwellings. The hill-tops, protected by the deep valleys they overlooked, would naturally be seized upon and fortified as places of refuge by the people, when others, envious of their cosy situation, strove to oust them from it. Then when the Romans marched thus far north, and saw the natural strength of the place, they built their forts upon the sites of the ancient ones. No doubt, following their usual plan, they encouraged the vanquished natives to dwell amongst them, and employed them in the erection of the temples and other buildings which soon ornamented the new station. They built, under the shelter of the castle hill, a bridge, made new roads and improved the old ; and when they built their wall across the island, from sea to sea, Newcastle, or *Pons Elii* as they called it, was one of the principal stations.

After the introduction of Christianity into Roman Britain, the temples of *Pons Elii*, cleared of the old gods, would doubtless be dedicated to the new faith. Under the Romans the place would increase in importance and riches, and when they were finally obliged to leave, it was an object of great longing to the predatory Picts and Scots of the North. A sad day would that be for the people of *Pons Elii* when the last Roman soldier marched south over the bridge, and the sails of the last Roman galley disappeared behind the wooded promontory which closed the view of the river to the east. The wealthy station, with its palaces and villas, would be fat spoil for the northern barbarians, and for many years the poor town must have been in sad and desolate plight.

Then came the Saxon occupation, and she began to prosper again. The ruined buildings were rebuilt, and new ones rose thick and fast. Strange mixture of architectural styles would there be in those days, as in ours. Christianity again introduced, our old town speedily, from the number of its religious houses, became known by the name of Monkchester, and her fame as a holy place spread over the whole land.

But soon, in the whirligig of time, we find her down again, the Danish fleet in the Tyne, and the town a heap of desolate ruins. Little better she remained for many years, and William the Norman found her poor and bare, and unable to feed the host which followed him to the conquest of the North Country. His quick eye, however, had noted the strength of her hilly situation, and soon a new castle began to rise upon the same hill-top which had borne those of Briton, and Roman, and Saxon. It was built by Robert Curthose, but his father was, no doubt, the man who ordered its erection.

The castle was rebuilt and enlarged by William Rufus, and gave the name of Newcastle to the town which lay under it ; or rather, we may say, the town lost its name altogether in the importance of

the fortress. It was Monkchester no more, but the New Castle upon the Tyne; and so it is called to the present day. Besides the castle, Rufus, we are told, built protecting walls around the town. They were probably a slight extension of the old walls of the Roman station. His castle was almost entirely, if not altogether, rebuilt, and the present keep erected by Henry II.

The town increased in size, and in the time of the Edwards was encircled by a strong wall, with towers and gateways, and all the contrivances of medieval military skill. During the troublous times she has seen since, notably during the Parliamentary wars, these fortifications stood her in good stead, but now they are for the most part pulled down and crumbled away—she has waxed fat and forgotten the friends of her youth. Here and there you may come upon a piece of the old wall or its towers, black with age and smoke, and you can still follow the course it took when it enclosed the town. Newcastle, within the walls, was a very small place compared with the Newcastle of the present day; yet still these few remaining fragments of the wall and its towers should be held in reverence and jealously preserved by all Newcastle people, for in times of peril they kept in safety the nucleus round which has grown the present town, and which contains so many of the ancient monuments and buildings of which she has cause to be proud.

It is in consequence of the undulation of the ground, and the many different periods of their building and rebuilding, that the streets of Newcastle are so irregular in their arrangement. They wind about and turn suddenly in all sorts of unexpected and puzzling angles. This is in the old parts of the town. In the lately-built parts there has been more attention to order, it is true; but here we are perplexed by modern uniformity and sameness, instead of ancient eccentricity and independent originality.

Newcastle is a delightful place for the man who is fond of startling contrasts. He may see broad and noble streets of architectural beauty which would not disgrace any capital in Europe, thronged with the equipages of the rich, and gay with all the signs of wealth-making industry; and he may pass from these almost at a step into dark and narrow streets, lined with the timber and brick built houses of the middle ages, which almost meet overhead, where the squalid inhabitants crouch and crawl amidst the miserable and filthy surroundings of laziness and poverty. He may again leave these pent-up alleys, and in the suburbs he will find abundance of wide tree-begirt streets; and even then, if he pants for more air, he may have it at once on the wide breezy expanse of the Moor, which bounds the town on the north. He may stand upon the summit of the Norman keep—perfection of the warlike engineering prowess of the old time—and see at his feet the stupendous structure of the famous High Level Bridge—type of the peaceful triumphs of the new. He may visit the various works, where locomotives by the score are built, and on his way home his

eye may still rest upon a signboard of one of the almost extinct sedan chairmen. In his walks through a town which is generally considered one of the chief strongholds of Radicalism, he may come upon the antique spectacle of the mayor in robes and chain of office, surrounded by sword and mace bearers—gravely "Calling the Fair." In a word, he will find a town, hoary with age, holding strongly to the beautiful traditions and memories of the past, yet alive to all the advantages of modern progress, and determined to keep in the van of all forward movement.

To the artist, strange as it may appear, Newcastle is a perfect storehouse of material. He will find it in her quaint old streets and buildings, amongst the shipping on the river; close outside her gates the lover of rural scenery will find some of the most lovely in England; and there is a sea-coast of the most varied and beautiful character within half-an-hour's ride.

To the antiquary there is material in her history and ancient remains for the research of a lifetime, independent of what has been already done in that direction.

All that is picturesque in her aspect, all that is romantic in her history, and all that is generally interesting concerning her, it shall be our task to gather together in this book. The plan which we propose to follow in so doing is to take, first, the walls, as they were the chief characteristics of old Newcastle, and follow their fortunes together with those of the town generally; next, to take more particularly the parts which lay within the walls; next, riverside Newcastle; then the parts outside the line of walls; and, finally, to give some slight account of the famous people the old town has produced.

PART II.

THE WALLS OF NEWCASTLE AND THE RISE AND EXTENSION OF THE TOWN.

CHAPTER I.

THE WALLS OF PONS ELII AND MONKCHESTER.

ITH the history of the walls of Newcastle is interwoven not only the history of the progress and spread of the town itself, but also the history of the county of Northumberland, and many an incident famous in Border legend. The first walls were those the Romans built, enclosing the station of Pons Elii. Their course is not exactly known. Horsley lays down the site of the station, with its north side (a part of the great wall) extending from the site of the north porch of St. Nicholas' Church for about 380 feet, in the direction of the corner of Collingwood Street and the Groat Market. The east and west walls he shows running at right angles from the extremities of the northern boundary, and each measuring about 445 feet. Supposing this to be correct, there would be outlying forts on the strong positions where afterwards stood the castle and the Whitefriars Tower.

When troubles at home called the Romans away, the British inhabitants of Pons Elii for some time waged a futile war against the northern barbarians who assaulted them. The historians tell how the weary sentinels, sleeping at their posts on the wall, were pulled over by the long hooks of the Picts, and how the unhappy people of England appealed to Rome for help. They said, "The barbarians drive us to the sea, the sea drives us back on the barbarians." But Rome had barbarians of her own to deal with.

Alaric the Goth was almost at her gates, and though she several times sent aid to the Britons, she at length withdrew altogether from the country.

Their protectors being gone, the Britons, unable to cope with their savage foes, in an evil hour for themselves asked for and obtained the aid of the sea rovers of Schleswig, who for years had infested the coasts. Now in place of the Roman galleys appeared another kind of vessel. Over the stormy North Sea came the "chiuls" of the Saxons, and made themselves at home upon the Tyne—where, after the lapse of all these centuries, they are still to be seen, as though endowed with the enduring and persistent characteristics of the race which built them. The old Saxon name even clings to them still. The "keel" which glides past Newcastle quay is the descendant in build as well as in name of the Scandinavian warship. With the strange craft came a strange race of men—fair-haired, large of limb, a race of giant strength, they proved themselves a match, and more than a match for all they met. Pict and Scot fled before them to the rocky mountains of the north, and then they turned their arms against the Britons who had called them in, and at length defeated them and took possession of the country.

A pleasant land, and one well worth fighting for, it was, if we may believe the words of Gildas, who is supposed to have written about this time. He says—"Britain is situated in the utmost border of the earth, and poised in the divine balance, as it is said, which supports the whole world. It has twenty-eight cities, embellished by certain castles, with walls, towers, and well-barred gates, and houses with threatening battlements built on high." He praises "its spacious plains, adapted for superior tillage, its hills, pleasantly situated, and mountains admirably calculated for the pasturage of cattle, where flowers of various colours give it the appearance of a lovely picture. It is decked like a man's chosen bride, with divers jewels—with lucid fountains and abundant brooks flowing over the snow-white sands." Of the invaders he says—"A multitude of whelps came forth from the lair of this barbaric lioness; in three cyuls, as they call them—that is, three ships of war." "The fierce and impious Saxons, a race hateful both to God and man," he calls them further on.

In spite of effort and denunciation, the Saxons poured into the country in hordes. They brought with them their wives and their children, their old men and all their household gods. It was more than an invasion; it was a wholesale immigration. In time the Britons were for a second time subjugated; but when we consider who their opponents were, little cause is there to disparage their valour. Julius Cæsar himself, we have the authority of Tacitus for saying, did not make much impression upon the Britons. He did not conquer Britain, but only showed it to the Romans. The estimation in which Claudius held their prowess is shown in the mighty preparation he made for his expedition into the island. To

use the words of Milton, "He who waited ready with a huge preparation, as if not safe enough amidst the flower of all his Romans, like a great eastern king, with armed elephants marches through Gallia. So full of peril was this enterprise esteemed, as not without all this equipage and stronger terror than Roman armies, to meet the native and naked British valour defending their country." The glorious resistance they made under Caractacus and other chiefs before they were finally reduced to Roman rule is matter of history. So are their gallant struggles, not unmixed with victory, under other native princes, notably "Arthur the Glorious," before they submitted to the Anglo-Saxons. Small cause to blame them, for their first conquerors were the conquerors of the whole known world, and when they fell again it was before a race destined to greater things, and to be masters of a mightier empire than even the Romans in their proudest days.

Those rough sea rovers did not drive out or exterminate the inhabitants of the land. They settled amongst them, and in time the two races mingled. The one, with its free political institutions and laws, grafted upon the other, which still possessed some of the refinements of Rome, gradually produced a race of men, fearless, bold, imaginative, and quick of apprehension, yet at the same time steadfast and firm, and susceptible of the most tender domestic affections, and alive to all the advantages of peace. Amongst such a race, Christianity, when again introduced into England by Augustine and his monks, struck deep root and grew apace. This is especially true of the Teutonic colony which was founded in Northumberland. The first Saxon king of Northumberland, Ida, "the flame-bearer," was, it is true, a worshipper of the gods of his people, and built a temple to Woden at Alnmouth; but this was long before the messengers of Pope Gregory crossed the seas. Edwin, under whose sway Northumberland included all the country between the Humber and the Forth, and from whom the city of Edinburgh (Edwinsburgh) derives its name, was the first Anglo-Saxon king who embraced Christianity. It may have been at Newcastle, or at least at Pandon, close by, where the Saxon monarch had a palace, that his conversion took place, though it is more probable it would be at Bamborough, the capital of the kingdom.

After Edwin's death Christianity fell for a time, but was revived by Aidan, who came from the far-off Iona, and founded the See of Lindisfarne, and built the abbey on Holy Island, near Berwick—known in the dark ages as "the School of Saints." Then for a long period, indeed, throughout the seventh and eighth centuries, Northumberland enjoyed, with slight exceptions, all the blessings of peace and religion. During this time the holy St. Cuthbert lived and died. The monasteries of Weremouth and Jarrow were founded by Benedict Biscop; Wilfrid, the greatest of Saxon church-builders, reared his masterpiece at Hexham; and the Priory of Tynemouth and many other sacred buildings were erected. The youth who was to become

the Venerable Bede, the historian of the church and the preserver of learning, grew up under the tuition of the monks of Weremouth. But fresh trouble broke upon the country. From the old home of the Saxons over the North Sea, and from the Swedish and Norwegian fjords, came the war ships of the Norsemen, generally known in history by the name of Danes. The peaceful villages of the coast were assailed, and their inhabitants slaughtered without mercy. The fair abbeys and monasteries were plundered and destroyed. Tales of the richness of the land brought fresh adventurers to share the spoil, and ever-increasing hordes poured in and overran the country. The trembling inhabitants of Monkchester heard with dismay the tidings of the spread of the invasion, and one day saw the Danish fleet under the dreaded Raven Banner appear, threading its way between the wooded banks of the Tyne. The town was probably at this time still enclosed by the old Roman walls. The story of its capture is not told in history, but certain it is that, in the year 875, the fleet of Halfden was anchored at the mouth of the Teams, a tributary of the Tyne, only a mile away, and that soon that Danish chieftain ruled over the kingdom of Northumberland. Weremouth, Jarrow, and Tynemouth monasteries, and all the religious houses of the north, were plundered and burnt. Lindisfarne, where the Episcopal See had been settled for two hundred and forty-one years, was destroyed. Bishop Eardulph and his monks escaped with the sacred vessels and relics, amongst them the remains of St. Cuthbert, and fled from place to place before the merciless Danes. Their wanderings with the body of the saint, and their final settlement at Durham, and the foundation of the cathedral there, form one of the most interesting chapters of the early history of the church.

Meanwhile, the Danes had not been unopposed. In the south, King Alfred the Great maintained his stout struggle against them, and at length succeeded in defeating them ; but in the north they still held their ground, though nominally the vassals of the Saxon king. The rulers of the north, as of the south of England, for many years were sometimes Saxon and sometimes Danish, and the two races gradually intermixed. To this day the Scandinavian element is very visible in the appearance and dialect of the population of the north, and many of the peculiar manners and customs of the Norsemen still survive.

The Danish power really fell when Canute, King of England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, died. His two sons are mere names in history. The Saxon line being restored in the person of Edward the Confessor, we find Northumberland under the administration of her famous earls. One of these, the giant Siward, is he who is mentioned by Shakespeare as employing his power to overthrow the tyrant Macbeth ; another was the infamous Tostig, son of Earl Godwin, and indirectly the cause of the success of the Norman invasion On account of his cruelty and misgovernment he was driven from his earldom by the Northumbrians. It speaks

well for the justness of their cause, that the brother of the earl, Harold, afterwards king, being sent by Edward the Confessor to chastise and reduce them to subjection, on hearing their story, took part with them, and recommended that his brother should be superseded by a new earl. The after-conduct of the deposed Tostig more than confirms the justice of his brother's view. He murdered a number of his domestics, and cutting their bodies into pieces, had them packed in barrels and sent as a present to Harold. Having thus expressed his contempt of the humanitarian principles of his brother, and his own superiority over any such weakness, he withdrew from the country. When he returned, it was a sad day for Saxon England. He arrived in the Tyne with Harfager, king of Norway, and five hundred sail of Norwegian war vessels. Harold, now king, marched north and defeated the invaders at Stamford Bridge, in Yorkshire ; but the victory was dearly bought —the flower of his troops were slain. In nine days' time, after a forced march, Harold himself, with a wearied and weakened army, was defeated at the battle of Hastings, and William the Norman reigned in England, "King," as he termed himself, "by the edge of the sword."

Still, the earldom of Northumberland was perpetuated, and its history during early Norman times shows the sturdy independence of the Northumbrians of that day. So long as the king appointed earls who were Saxon like themselves the people were well content, but they would have none of the Normans to rule over them. The famous Cospatrick and Earl Waltheof were both of Saxon descent, and both conspired against the Norman government. Cospatrick was forced to fly to Scotland, where he became Earl of Dunbar, and Waltheof was beheaded by King William. Both were faithfully served and bitterly mourned by their people. Robert de Comines, successor to Cospatrick to the earldom of Northumberland, on entering his earldom was murdered, together with seven hundred of his retinue, at Durham, by the insurgent Northumbrians. On the very morning of his entry—a snowy January morning it was—he was surprised, and perished in the flames of his house. A party of Danes had landed in Northumberland ; they took and plundered York, and joined the rebels. Malcolm, king of Scotland, also joined them, and Edgar Atheling, grandson of Edmund Ironside, was proclaimed king of England.

Then it was that the Conqueror paid his only visit to the north. He defeated the combined Saxons, Danes, and Scots, and laid waste the whole country of Northumbria. He slaughtered the people and burnt their houses ; he gathered together the whole of the grain and set fire to it. The town of Monkchester was almost razed to the ground, and desolation reigned within her ruined walls. A great famine followed and completed the misery of the people ; men fed on the flesh of horses and dogs, and, if we may believe the historian, even ate one another in their great strait.

The country at this time was in a deplorable state indeed, as is witnessed by the account of some monks who travelled from Evesham, on a mission to Monkchester, to try and rekindle the flame of religion where it had once so brightly burned. The leader was one Aldwine, and he and his companions found the country north of York a barren wilderness, almost destitute of inhabitants. When they arrived at Monkchester it was deserted and ruinous. They found no remains of the former religious inhabitants, and there was not a single church or monastery left standing. The people of the district did not even know what a monk was.

The severity of the Conqueror did not for long tame the fierce spirit of the Northumbrians. About six years after the visit of the monks of Evesham, another Norman earl met his death at their hands. This was Walcher, Bishop of Durham, who had purchased the earldom. He became odious to the people through his severity and injustice. During a public assembly of his council at Gateshead, they beset the house with "a clamour which struck the whole assembly with terror." The cry of the mob in answer to all expostulation, was "Short rede, good rede, slea ye the Bishoppe." Walcher retreated to the church, but it was set on fire, and he with his ministers and guards was put to the sword. The work of vengeance on the Northumbrians for their conduct in this affair was entrusted by the Conqueror to his brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeaux, and it was done in a manner worthy of William himself. Shortly afterwards Robert Curthose was sent on an expedition against Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, and, returning unsuccessful, halted at Monkchester, and by the king's orders erected there a castle on the spot where the present Norman keep now stands. It was probably a wooden fortification, and hastily constructed. Under its shelter the town began to revive from its forlorn condition; and eleven years later (in 1091) the first Church of St. Nicholas was built by "Osmund the Good." At this time Robert Mowbray was Earl of Northumberland. He defeated Malcolm of Scotland, and for a time the affairs in the north became more settled, and many of the religious houses, amongst them the Priory of Tynemouth, were rebuilt.

In 1095 Mowbray raised the standard of revolt against William Rufus, and that monarch marched north and besieged him in Bambrough Castle, the chief seat of the earldom. The earl fell into the hands of the king, and was imprisoned for life; and now we come to a fresh chapter in the history of the walls of Newcastle.

CHAPTER II.

THE WALLS OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

WHEN Mowbray fell, Newcastle rose; a new state of affairs was instituted. Hitherto the Earl of Northumberland held the town in his demesne, and was legal proprietor of the soil and tenements. The people only had a sort of copyhold estate in their possessions. In addition to his rents, the feudal lord imposed upon them as many tallages or arbitrary taxes as he thought fit. But now, in the words of Harding the chronicler, the king

> "The people to incline,
> The town to build, and wall as did append,
> He gave them ground and gold full great to spend,
> To build it well and wall it all about,
> And franchised them to pay a free rent out."

In place of their late feudal lord, the townsmen were placed under the authority and protection of the Sheriff of Northumberland for the time being. To him each burgher paid a definite free rent for his property, and through him to the crown, the town collectively paid an annual fee of £50. A provost was appointed by the crown to be the chief magistrate of the town, and he held concurrent jurisdiction with the Sheriff of Northumberland in all municipal matters.

Robert Curthose, as we have seen, built a fort of wood amidst the ruins of Monkchester. Rufus improved upon this by building a castle of stone. He did more: he repaired the Roman walls in such parts as suited his plans, and added to them new ones on the west, taking in more ground to allow of the expansion of the town. For those works he would find abundance of stone ready cut to his hand in the ruins of the Roman and Saxon buildings. He repaired the bridge over the Tyne, and caused many new houses to be built.

Newcastle, as the town was now called, would be a busy place in those days, and the population would rapidly increase. The security afforded by the castle and the walls, the favourable situation of the town for trade, and the prospects of employment which the many new buildings opened out, would draw towards it many strangers of all classes. The idea of the king was to make the new town not only a military post, but a great commercial emporium. He granted to the inhabitants many privileges; and these, emanating as they did, directly from himself, ensured the loyalty of the burghers to the crown, and secured their opposition to the semi-independent nobility with their arbitrary exactions.

The walls of Newcastle, when completed by Rufus, would enclose but a very small space. We have no certain means of

knowing their situation, but it has been supposed from the fact of certain excavations in Collingwood Street having exposed portions of a wall of Roman hewn stone, but not of Roman building (the discovery of which we owe to the keen observation of Mr. Ventress, an active local antiquarian), that, roughly speaking, they were built as follows :—A portion of the Roman wall would be utilised as the northern boundary ; a line drawn from the top of the stairs leading from Dean Street into St. Nicholas' Churchyard, to a little to the north of the west end of Collingwood Street, would about follow the site of this. The south wall would run along the edge of the steep bank overlooking the river, and would be formed by extending the south wall of the castle to about the head of the Tuthill stairs, perhaps as far as the site of the Whitefriars' Tower. The east wall would run along the verge of the steep western bank of the Lort Burn—from the castle, to the head of the stairs in St. Nicholas' Churchyard before mentioned, when it joined the northern wall. By drawing a line between the western extremities of the north and south walls, we arrive at the course of the western boundary. Within this small compass lay compact and secure the whole of the town of Newcastle.

We may, in imagination, strive to recall the aspect of the country immediately outside at this time. The sentry on the eastern wall would look down into the valley of the Lort Burn, and see it at high tide, flowing deep and full beneath him, and swelling into greater width where it joined the Tyne. At low water he would see the gleaming yellow sands grow out of the water, and the little stream winding its way across the site of the future Sandhill, into the yet unsullied waters of the river. On the further bank of the Lort valley he might perhaps see, amongst the trees, the ruins of many a Roman villa, and on the spot where All Saints' Church now stands, the remains of the temple which the Romans are supposed to have built there and dedicated, like the great wall, to "all the gods." He would see the great wall itself disappearing over the hill-top into the valley beyond, where lay the ancient town of Pandon, snugly ensconced amongst its pleasant trees, its quaint old homesteads clustering round the still remaining palace where the Saxon kings had once kept court.

From the southern wall the sentry would look down the steep banks, upon the waters of Tyne, which washed their feet, for at that time the site of the Close was overflowed by the river. He would see the ships sailing or lying at anchor, below the bridge, for the trade of the port was reviving, and the Tyne was beginning again to have the busy aspect of the old Roman days. Along the shore he would see the little shipyards, and the vessels gleaming white upon the stocks, and growing day by day beneath his eyes. The busy din of the shipwright's axe and hammer would come to his ear, and he would see the long lines of oxen slowly dragging the ponderous waggons, laden with oaken timber from the woods close by. The fishing-boats of Pandon and Newcastle would be

seen, and as the fishermen hauled their nets, the morning sun would ever and anon sparkle on the glittering silver sides of the struggling salmon. Across the river he would see the houses and the church of Gateshead, not long before the scene of the assassination of Bishop Walcher, the dark mass of hilly moorland rising behind, with the south road winding like a thread over its spongy and treacherous surface.

Looking towards the west would be seen the valley of the Tyne winding away amongst its wooded banks, until shut in by the desolate, purple hills behind ; while a little to the north the Roman wall would be seen holding its way over the rising ground on its course to the Western Sea ; and from the northern walls would be seen a pleasant country intersected by little valleys ; the eye would rest on the dark mass of oak forest which grew on what is now the Town Moor. Beyond this the flat moss of the Northumbrian lowlands, dark and desolate, abounding in quagmires and morasses, supposed by popular tradition to be the abode of dragons and serpents of portentous size, stretched far away to the feet of the Cheviots and their spurs.

The rising importance of Newcastle was not without its effect upon even the most remote districts of the county. The shepherds of the Cheviots who folded their sheep and goats amongst the ruined walls of ancient British forts, and watched around them, armed to the teeth, against the attacks of wolves or Scotch marauders, heard of the new market which was opened to them, and hastened to send thither their wool and goats' skins. The fox, the marten, the squirrel, and the beaver which abounded by the alder-fringed rivers were captured, that their skins might be sent to the same omnivorous mart.

The men who were engaged in the chase of these and other wild animals must have had many of the characteristics of the North American trappers of a later day. Like them, pursuing their calling amidst wilds far removed from the dwellings of their fellow-man, and exposed to the inroads of savage foes and the attacks of wild beasts, they would pass their lives in a constant state of adventurous danger, not without its charms to some minds, when ameliorated by the excitement of the chase, and the sense of freedom and independence which such a wild life induces.

Newcastle flourished, and the new walls of Rufus were soon found to be too small for the increasing population. In the next reign, that of Henry I., we find two religious establishments outside the town. These were, the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, and the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew. The latter is mentioned as early as 1086, the last year of the Conqueror's reign. Both were situated a little to the north of the town, on the western bank of the Lort Burn. During the frequent incursions of the Scots into Northumberland, they appear to have spared these places, exposed as they were to attack, but it is not likely that any private houses, except those of the dependants of the two religious

establishments, were built outside the walls of Newcastle until the reign of Stephen. That usurper made over the government of Northumberland to David, King of Scotland, on condition of his ceasing to espouse the claim of his niece Matilda to the English throne. David's son Henry was created Earl of Northumberland.

Newcastle was now no longer exposed to the attacks of the Scots, being under the immediate protection of a Scottish prince, so that residences and shops were built outside the town in the neighbourhood of St. Mary's and St. Bartholomew's, and soon a new outlying district, the origin of the present Newgate Street, sprang up. Adjoining this new district King David is supposed to have built the church, dedicated to St. Andrew, which is standing to this day; part of its architecture is certainly of his period, and its being dedicated to the Scottish patron saint strengthens the supposition. Between the new monastic quarter and the walls of the town lay a piece of land on which the Cloth, Groat, and Bigg Markets now stand. This was granted by King David to the hospital and nunnery before mentioned. Well might the church canonize this king, for he was more than liberal toward it; well might his successor say of him, the builder of Kelso, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Drybrugh Abbeys, that "he was a sair saint to the crown." As well as to the church, he was liberal to his people. Under his government Newcastle enjoyed not only the blessings of peace and security, but also the perpetuation of many important privileges granted to her by Rufus and the late king. She enjoyed, too, the advantages of what has been termed "a very well-considered system of municipal government." This system is specified in a document which has descended to our times, and which bears the title of "The Laws and Customs which the Burgesses of Newcastle had in time of Henry I., King of England, and which they ought to have." It was probably the result of an inquiry instituted by David, or by his son Henry, Earl of Northumberland, as it is certainly the foundation of the celebrated "Leges Burgorum" enacted by the former for the government of his four boroughs of Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Berwick, and Stirling. It served also as a model for the charters granted by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, to the burgesses of Gateshead and Sunderland, and by the Archbishop of York to those of Beverley, then a town larger than Newcastle.

Henry II. was not the man to quietly allow part of his kingdom to remain in the hands of any other prince. He, on his accession, disputed the title of the Scottish monarchs to the Northumbrian earldom. William the Lion was taken prisoner in the struggle which ensued, and which will be spoken of more at length in our account of the Castle. The English crown once more resumed possession of Northumberland. The hostile incursions of the Scots rendered Newcastle a valuable stronghold to King Henry, and we find him bestowing fresh favours upon the burgesses.

The first royal charter granted to the town of which there is no record was granted by him. By it many more privileges were bestowed; amongst others the burgesses of Newcastle were freed from toll and every other impost for goods which they could prove to be their own, in any part of the king's dominions.

The land which King David, as mentioned before, had given to the nunnery and hospital was taken back from them by Henry. The same piece of land (now the Bigg Market and Cloth and Groat Markets) was afterwards given by King John to the burgesses whose houses were destroyed when he made the castle moat, and it was soon covered with dwelling-houses and shops. These were extended outwards from the northern wall along the right bank of the Lort Burn until they united with the monastic quarter near St. Andrew's Church.

While the town was thus spreading out beyond the walls on the north side, it was not standing still in other directions. The Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin had already, in the latter end of the reign of Henry II., been removed to a space just outside the western wall of the town, very near the spot where George Stephenson's monument now stands; and the old domicile had been added to the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew which adjoined it. Soon around the new hospital many houses were built, and the suburb, afterwards to be known as Westgate, was formed. In the vacant space between the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew and the new suburb just mentioned, was built a monastery of Black Friars. Southwards between the new Virgin Mary Hospital and the river (on the ground where Hanover Square now stands), the Friars of the Sac had a strip of land assigned them, and on it built their house. In 1216, the last year of the reign of King John, the old Church of St. Nicholas was destroyed by fire, and the present edifice was commenced shortly after.

On the east side of the town, over the Lort Burn, where the low end of Pilgrim Street now is, another new suburb was meanwhile growing and keeping pace with the others. To the north of it, on the eastern bank of the Lort, opposite the nunnery, the Monastery of the Grey Friars was built in the reign of Henry III., and gradually the eastern suburb crept up towards it, and Pilgrim Street began to form. Probably it was for many years merely a rural lane leading past the Grey Friars to the open country beyond, where it passed between the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, founded by Henry I. for the reception of lepers, and the Hospital of St. James, at the Barras Bridge. Beyond these it led to Jesmond, with its little chapel, where the pilgrims went to worship at Our Lady's shrine. Pilgrim Street is first mentioned by the name of "Vicus peregrinorum," in the reign of Edward I. (1286), and about the same time we first hear of All Saints' and St. John's Churches.

By this time there had been a good many new houses built in the old part of the town, a great part of which was destroyed by

fire in 1248. We must not omit to mention, too, that by this time Newcastle had got rid of the government of the Sheriff of Northumberland, and had now a Mayor as Chief Magistrate. The first mayor whose name is recorded was Peter Scott, created in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of Henry III. (1251), although the title is mentioned eight years earlier. The office of provost was abolished, for the mayor performed all his functions. The difference between the two was more than in name, however, for the mayor was elected by the burgesses, while the provost had been appointed by the crown. Another important change had been made in the tenure of the burgesses by the charter granted in 1213 by King John, after many efforts on the part of the townsmen. Under it the borough was confirmed in perpetuity to the burgesses at an advanced annual rent of £100, to be paid direct to the crown, and not through the Sheriff of Northumberland as before, so that the borough was now really held in fee farm. The bailiffs of Newcastle appointed by King John, or at least first heard of in his reign, and about whose office some misconceptions appear in history, were merely officials whose duty was to collect the customs of the port. They had nothing to do with the government of the town.

To proceed with the extension of Newcastle. We had advanced as far as the reign of Edward I. The town of Pandon, which was still separate and independent, though its rapidly growing neighbour was gradually approaching and threatening to absorb it, had a Convent of White Friars, founded in the reign of Henry III., on the Wall Knoll. Its junction with Newcastle was advanced a step by the erection of the house of the Austin Friars on the east bank of the Eric Burn, in the year 1290. The roads and little lanes between the two towns, which afterwards became Manor Street, Silver Street, and Dog Bank, began to be lined with dwelling houses.

Even on the south, where the waters of the Tyne might have been supposed to stay any further extension, the spirit of progress then abroad was not content to rest without some further improvement. The foreshore of the river, lying below the steep castle hill, was embanked, and the site of the Close was reclaimed. Here, too, new houses would soon be built. Below the mouth of the Lort Burn, the site of the Quayside was won from the water in like manner, and we have no doubt the new works proved very convenient to the merchants of the period, though the bulk of the trade of the port was then, and for many years afterwards, carried on up the Lort Burn, which ran behind the warehouses of the Cloth Market, and carried the vessels to their doors. It is difficult to believe that such could ever have been the case, now that the valley has been levelled up and Grey Street built over where it was; but to those who remember Pandon Dene before it was filled in, the fact will not seem impossible.

From the end of Tyne Bridge a road would probably lead round the base of the castle hill, by the side of the Lort Burn so far, and then up the Side to the upper part of the town. By fording or ferrying across the burn and ascending the Butcher Bank, access might be had to the eastern suburb of the town. It would be a pleasant sight to watch the stir and bustle on the river ; to watch the ships, both English and foreigners, sailing up between the beautiful sylvan banks—the sea-gulls wheeling in the air above their white sails—or to see them lying at anchor, or moored alongside the quay, sails all furled or hanging in graceful folds to dry, while the busy groups of quaintly-dressed labourers and seamen swarmed like bees, hard at work loading or unloading cargo. Then there were the colliers, taking in their freights, for it was some years since King Henry III. granted a charter to the townsmen of Newcastle to dig for coal in the neighbourhood of the town ; and the keels would be seen, then as now, gliding past the quay, with the piled up black heap amidships and the black-faced figures guiding their course.

Up the Lort Burn, past the castle towering up on the left, and far up between the steep banks where the gardens and trees were even then beginning to shrink away before the rising mass of new houses, it would be pleasant to watch the boats sailing, and see the bales of wool and other merchandise wherewith to load them, carried down the steep stairs from the back of the shops in the Bigg Market. There would be the portly form of the merchant in his long gown, with book in hand, superintending the delivery of the cargo, his stout men hurrying up and down, and his saucy apprentices diligently labouring under the eye of the master. Then when the day was done, and the last load was carried down, perhaps, by the twinkling light of lanterns, and the night came on, it would be pleasant to see the worthy merchant, his comely dame and family, his men and apprentices, gathered round the supper-table. Pleasant to see the wholesome viands disappear before their healthy labour-sharpened appetites, while the roaring fire blazed in the recess of the chimney corner. And pleasant the slumbers which brooded over the inmates of that house, when, doors and windows bolted and barred, they lay down to sleep, and no sound was heard save the chirping of the cricket on the hearth, the quiet crackle of the expiring fire, and the low murmur of the burn outside.

Pleasant, no doubt, was burgher life in Newcastle in some respects, but no more exempt from its troubles in the reign of Edward I. than is human life at any time. It must not be supposed that the town had risen and extended as we have described, without experiencing many misfortunes and checks. Fire, pestilence, and famine had been abroad in her streets, and human enemies from without had threatened and assaulted her from time to time. The Scots in time of war, and the Border thieves from Tynedale, at all times might be expected

with sudden onslaught to dash into the outlying parts of the town, and slaying all they met, make off with whatever came to hand. The workmen engaged upon the outside buildings, or in tilling the fields and gardens which lay on the outskirts, might truly be said, in the words of Holy Writ, to have "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon." Strong guards would be required night and day, and the time of the citizens would be very much occupied with this necessary duty. But even this arrangement did not prevent marauders from frequently breaking suddenly into the town, pillaging and destroying, and making clean off with their booty before a sufficient force could be concentrated to engage them. After each of these visits the people of the town no doubt increased the number of the guards, and took other steps to prevent their future recurrence—but all to no purpose, the inroads continued. It was evident that something must be done ; the mayor was, no doubt, requisitioned, and towns' meetings were held, and the question was considered and argued, and put off from time to time. At length an event occurred which brought the matter to a crisis. One of the chief merchants of the town was seated at his desk in his own counting-house, quietly poring over his ledger, when a party of Scots, on one of their flying visits, suddenly burst into the town, and some of them finding his door open, entered his house and carried him off with them, *nolens volens*, doubtless not forgetting also to take any of his money-bags which might be lying handy. Nor would they allow him to return to his bereaved family and accustomed pursuits until a heavy ransom had been paid. On his return, the first thing he did was to propose the walling-in of the town, accompanying his proposal with the promise of a substantial subscription towards the cost. What had happened to one might happen to another. The wealthy citizens entered heart and soul into the idea, and it was resolved forthwith to commence the building of a new town wall.

CHAPTER III.

THE BUILDING OF THE EDWARDIAN WALLS.

IT was a great task which the people of Newcastle undertook, the building of a thick and high wall, with turrets and gateway towers, of such wide circuit as to enclose not only the whole of the houses of the town, but also the more outlying parts where lay the monasteries with their grounds and gardens. From the fragments which still remain, we may form some estimate of the task they set themselves

in constructing the new, and what have proved to be the last walls of Newcastle. They were assisted, of course, by the religious bodies, for whose safety and convenience the walls were perhaps extended to a greater distance then they would otherwise have been. The neighbouring barons, too, who had residences within the town, helped the work by erecting parts of the walls and the towers which were called after their names. All classes felt the need of protection, and saw the advantages which a strong fortified town would yield.

The building of the walls appears to have been commenced on the west side of the town, behind the house of the Black Friars. South of that part, it was carried as far as the river at the Close Gate. Northwards, it was continued round to the corner tower overlooking Pandon, and then, instead of turning east, it was probably carried straight down to the river, thus leaving out the town of Pandon, but including the district of All Saints. There may have been, when the walls were first built, a gate called the Cowgate, near that part of Pandon which still bears that name. This gate would be necessary to allow of communication between the two towns.

Pandon, with its thickly peopled streets and convenient situation, had long been looked upon with envious eyes by the townspeople of Newcastle, who clearly saw the increased importance their town would attain could they incorporate with it this thriving neighbour. So closely had they now grown together that they were to all intents and purposes one town ; but this was not sufficient for the Newcastle magnates. They were in favour of *de facto* annexation. And at length they had their wish. Edward I., by charter dated 20th December 1299, empowered the burgesses of Newcastle to purchase Pandon from the Lord Robert de Byker, and Ladararia, his wife (it was her inheritance), and add it to their town.

A few years afterwards (1307) the building anew of the east walls is recorded : this was done to include Pandon within their circuit. Thus was the town protected on all sides except the south, where, doubtless, the river was considered a sufficient guard at the time.

During the building of the walls the war between Edward I. and the Scotch was raging ; consequently the town was kept in constant turmoil. English armies were mustering there and marching from thence to the north. Scottish armies were hovering on the Border ; Wallace was in the field, and many attempts were made to surprise Newcastle. It is said that on one occasion Wallace and Robert Bruce, after wasting Northumberland, burnt a great part of the town.

Constantly expecting the foe to appear, the position of the builders upon the walls must have been strikingly like that of the Jews, who under Nehemiah rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem. To quote again the account of the latter undertaking—" They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded,

every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." Pestilence and famine, too, visited the town again during the building, so that "for very hunger the thieves in the prisons devoured the new comers; nay, even parents did eat their own children."

Edward I. died and left the Scottish war to his son, who did not gain much by the legacy. Our town was very much troubled by the Scots during his reign, but seems to have given a good account of them, for the king sent a letter of thanks to the mayor and goodmen of the town for their good services against their hostile neighbours. He also wrote the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy to allow the Newcastle townsmen to buy corn and provisions for the defence of the town, without exaction of any but the old and accustomed dues. It was in the reign of Edward III. that the enclosure of the town was completed by the building of the south wall along the river side. The work was done at the expense of the inhabitants, and the king, in consideration of their doing it, graciously restored to them the town, which had been shortly before seized by the crown for certain misdemeanours on their part—to wit, the electing of a mayor without a royal warrant. But these seizures and restorations were as frequent in those days as lovers' quarrels and reconciliations. No less than four times in five years do we find them repeated—which gives some idea of the power of the king in the good old times. It must in fairness, however, be added that his majesty granted to the burghers the amount of customs taken for goods sold in Newcastle for seven years, towards the reparation of the walls.

Newcastle had now reached the height of her medieval splendour, and the climax of her prosperity was fittingly marked by an event which evidenced the humiliation of her ancient enemy. It was a great day in the town when, after the battle of Halidon Hill, Edward Baliol did homage to the English king for the crown and kingdom of Scotland in the Church of the Black Friars.

The completed fortifications must have presented a magnificent appearance, and doubtless well deserved the encomiums showered upon them by many eye-witnesses. The walls were above two miles in extent, from twelve to twenty feet high, according to the nature of the ground, and eight feet thick. There were eight gateways defended by strong towers, besides smaller posterns disposed at convenient places when the distance between the gates was great. Along the course of the walls were many strong semi-circular towers, and square watch towers between them. Figures of armed men cut in stone, after the manner of those still to be seen at Alnwick Castle, were placed upon the towers. The lower half of one of these was in 1860 found in a house beyond the Westgate, and another in 1882 during the excavations in Pandon. Both were presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle. The gates and posterns were furnished with portcullises and drawbridges,

these latter being necessary on account of a fosse or ditch of twenty-two yards across, which surrounded the walls. The course of the walls may be roughly stated thus :—Commencing at the river side (where Davidson's mill now stands in the Close), they ran due north to the end of West Bailiffgate, then they swept round in a curve, passing through the portico of the Central Station and the foot of Westgate Hill to the top of Newgate, where stood the Berwick gate. Then they ran east nearly in a straight line to the Carliol Tower, then south to the Corner Tower below the Manors railway station ; next east to the Sallyport Tower, thence south to the riverside at Sandgate, and lastly along the water's edge to where they started.

But walls, and gates, and towers were useless without vigilant eyes to watch and strong arms to defend them. The town was divided into twenty-four wards, and the inhabitants of each had their own specified parts of the fortifications to defend. Thus was Newcastle made a fortified town of the first class, and her inhabitants rested for a while from their labours.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM PLANTAGENET TO STUART.

THE reign of the heroic Edward III. was indeed a happy and glorious reign for Newcastle. We have seen how, in it, her walls were completed. We have yet to see how, under their shelter, she throve and prospered.

There was room enough and to spare for town extension, for the wide circuit of the new walls enclosed many vacant spaces suitable for building upon. The Lort Burn valley divided the town into two portions. It was spanned by a bridge called the Upper Dean Bridge, where the High Bridge now crosses Grey Street. Probably there was another bridge lower down the valley where the Roman wall crossed, and where a new bridge was built in the succeeding reign upon its site. There may have been another bridge lower down still, near the Sandhill, though it is not mentioned thus early in history. The lanes leading from the main streets to these bridges, and the cross lanes which connected in other directions the principal thoroughfares, would gradually be lined by new houses, and become streets themselves. Thus would be formed the streets we know as the High Bridge, the Low Bridge, the Butcher Bank, High and Low Friar Streets, and others.

The remains of the old walls of Rufus, their day being past, were pulled down as useless cumberers of the ground. The con-

trast between the little space they had enclosed and the comparatively immense area the new walls surrounded, was one which could not fail to fill the citizens with pride. They would speak of their own time, the wonderful fourteenth century, with its enlightenment and material advancement, pretty much in the same complacent way we speak of ours, the nineteenth ; pretty much, no doubt, as succeeding generations will speak of their time when they look back upon ours.

Trade was good, and increasing. The chief business of the town was the export of wool. Grey, in his *Chorographia*, says :— "The burgesses and good-men of the town began to trade and venture beyond the seas into foraigne places ; they builded many ships ; procured a charter from the King of England, to carry fels beyond seas, and bring in foraigne commodities. The staple was then at Antwerp in Brabant, called *Commune totius Europæ Emporium.* This charter of the merchant adventurers was the first charter that was granted by any king to any towne. After which grant this towne flourished in trading, builded many faire houses in its Flesh Market (then called the Cloath Market). The merchants had their shops and warehouses there, in the back part of their houses ; the river of Tine flowed and ebbed where boats came up with commodities, which trade of merchandise continued for many years. In that street the mayors and aldermen and richest men of the towne lived."

Certain events which took place about this time had results which benefited the town greatly. Hitherto the chief seat of the woollen manufacture had been in Flanders and the Netherlands, and most of the English wool was sent thither, though a duty of one mark per sack was imposed on all exported. The Earl of Flanders, the affianced husband of the daughter of our King Edward III., broke his troth and married the daughter of the Duke of Brabant. This of course hurt the pride and roused the anger of the English king ; and he determined upon a means of revenge which should not only damage the forsworn Count of Flanders and his new kinsman by marriage, but which should at the same time prove of benefit to his own country of England.

Edward resolved that from henceforth England should reap the benefit of the manufacture of her own produce. Instead of going to fill the coffers of foreign tradesmen, and increase the wealth and importance of continental princes to such an extent that they founded orders of knighthood in its name, English wool should be English woven, English worn. The Duke of Burgundy might distribute his order of the Golden Fleece, but the true Golden Fleece itself should remain in England, or if purchased by foreigners should be purchased at a rate which would place a six-fold duty in the English treasury. The export tariff was altered, and the rate on wool was raised to forty shillings per sack.

The king did not stop here. He invited the weavers, cloth

makers, and dyers from Flanders and other places to come over to England to settle and work at their trade. The invitation was well responded to, and many of the craftsmen brought over their mystery to England, attracted by the liberal offers of King Edward and the prospect of exchanging their poverty-stricken and down-trodden condition for one of comparative comfort, if not affluence, in England. To quote the words of Fuller in his *Church History*:—"At home their fare was coarse and their accommodation wretched, but here they expected to feed on fat beef and mutton till nothing but their fullness should stint their stomachs, and that they should enjoy a proportionate share of profit to themselves."

Edward's queen, Phillippa, was a Fleming herself, being the daughter of the Duke of Hainault, and her influence was strongly exerted in favour of her countrymen that they should be well treated. The first one who came over, "John Kempe of Flanders," was sent for by her command. He founded at Norwich the first woollen manufactory in England, it is said—though it should be remembered that "craftsmen Flemings" had emigrated to England before this time. In the reign of William Rufus great numbers of them came over, and were settled by that king in the waste lands of Northumberland and Cumberland, where they founded many distinguished houses. They were oppressed and banished on the accession of Henry II., and many of them took refuge in Scotland—which country, by their knowledge and industry, they contributed much to advance in the arts of peace. Nor in the arts of war were they deficient in skill. They were famous military engineers, and contributed much by their construction and management of engines and appliances to the success of William the Lion's expedition into England, of which we shall hear more in the account of the castle.

To return to the wool trade. Eleven English towns were appointed by Act of Parliament, whither all merchants were bound to carry their wool, cloth, and other goods for sale "by the great," or as we now call it, wholesale. One of these emporiums or staple towns was Newcastle-on-Tyne. To a town so essentially maritime in its commerce, it is difficult to understand how the imposition of a prohibitive duty upon such an important export as wool could be beneficial. It may be that the increase of home trade more than made up for whatever falling off there was in that with the continent, but certain it is that the town increased in population and trade. The rising importance of the coal trade of the port at this time must also be taken into account. The demand for the new fuel all over the country, especially London, had much increased, and the keels were kept busy on the Tyne, loading the colliers which carried the black diamonds far and wide.

Secure from the attack of foes, and in the enjoyment of all the material comforts which worldly prosperity can bestow, peace and plenty were now no strangers within the gates. Newcastle was also singularly fortunate in that she had at hand the means wherewith

to satisfy the intellectual and spiritual cravings of her people. The town, as we have before seen, had long been rich in religious establishments, and now their number remained the same, though changes had taken place. The Friars of the Sac, who had their house at the foot of Westgate Street, had died out till only one single brother of the order remained. The order was dissolved, and the house was given to the Carmelites or White Friars, who removed to it from their old house in the Wall Knoll, in Pandon. This was in the reign of Edward I., and their vacated house was allowed to stand empty until the time of which we are now speaking, the reign of Edward III. Then the Trinitarian Friars took possession of it, and founded the Priory of St. Michael on the Mount. The presence of the friars was productive of much good to Newcastle. They taught, by precept and example, that worldly prosperity was not the be-all and end-all of existence ; that charity should go hand in hand with wealth, and that the cares of this world ought not to divert the mind from all thoughts of the next. They were the custodians of knowledge and science in those dark ages, and as they did not hide their light under a bushel, their learning, slowly but surely, began to temper the gross ignorance which prevailed amongst the people.

The constant companionship and teaching of such men could not fail to have good effect upon the lives of the townspeople they dwelt amongst. Those great characteristics which belong to the typical Newcastle merchant, the benevolent munificence and the pious spirit which have founded and maintained so many charities for the relief of suffering mankind, and have erected so many monuments to the glory of God—their origin may be traced to the influence of the Friars. Even yet, in our time, this influence is not dead. The munificent spirit which inspired Roger Thornton, Robert de Rodes, and other worthies who followed in their footsteps, still survives amongst their successors of the nineteenth century.

It was to her walls that Newcastle was indebted for the blessings she enjoyed, for storms were raging without. The Scots were constantly making inroads into England, and but for her bulwarks she must often have felt all the horrors of pillage and destruction. The mighty armies of the English kings, which were assembled to repel and punish the invaders, were generally mustered at Newcastle, and many a stirring sight was witnessed from the walls as the immense cavalcades, glittering in all the picturesque array of medieval chivalry, marched out with braying trumpets and waving banners from her gates.

These Scottish invasions and English reprisals are more matter for general history than for an account of the walls of Newcastle, but one of them is too interesting to be passed over. It was in the reign of Richard II., after that monarch had invaded Scotland and burnt Edinburgh, that the Scottish nobles decided upon a return invasion of England, on a large scale. They

assembled a great army and marched for the Border. It is only the doings of one part of this army which concern us now. This part, under the command of the Earl of Douglas, was detached, to fall suddenly upon the country round about Newcastle, lay it waste, and plunder and destroy as he best thought fit, and if possible seize the town.

The Earl of Northumberland was on the alert. He despatched his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to oppose Douglas. Sir Henry (Shakespeare's Hotspur), one of the first soldiers of the age, wisely threw his army into Newcastle, and resolved to save that important town from the clutches of the enemy. The remaining part of the story of Douglas's expedition against Newcastle and its results is told in the famous ballad of "The Battle of Otterbourne." We give it as then related, omitting certain verses which, though most interesting, do not properly belong to our present narrative.

"It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

And he has burned the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire,
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
'Oh, wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?'

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And oh, but he spake hie:
'I am the lord of this castle,
My wife is the lady gay.'

'If thou'rt the lord of this castle
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die.'

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode most furiouslie.

But oh, how pale his lady look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

'Had we been twa upon the green
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' me.'"

The fight took place just outside the wooden barriers which were placed beyond the moat to embarrass an assaulting enemy, and when the English champion was unhorsed he was dragged within the barriers by his own people. This accounts for the disappointment expressed by Douglas in the last verse quoted. Percy replied—

> "But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
> And wait there dayis three,
> And if I come not ere three dayis end,
> A fause knight ca' ye me."

How Douglas marched to Otterbourne and waited the prompt approach of Hotspur is told in the ballad. The story of the tremendous moonlight conflict which ensued, and of the brave deeds done on both sides, is related with circumstantial detail. The last verse tersely tells the result—

> "This deed was done at Otterbourne,
> About the breaking of the day;
> Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush,
> And the Percy led captive away."

Similar events led to the battle of Homildon Hill a few years later—when Richard II. had been supplanted by the aspiring Bolingbroke—where Hotspur totally defeated the Scottish army. While the battle was raging, watch and ward was kept on Newcastle walls, and the citizens anxiously gazed towards the north for the messenger of victory or defeat.

Before the last-named battle was fought, a new dignity had been conferred upon Newcastle. It was, by royal charter dated A.D. 1400, finally emancipated from the jurisdiction of the Sheriff of Northumberland, and created a county in itself, with independent organisation, under the style of "the Town and County of Newcastle-on-Tyne."

There is little to note in the history of the town during the Wars of the Roses. The loss of the early corporation records has doubtless deprived us of many interesting local details connected with this time. The continued commercial importance of the town is evidenced by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Edward IV., whereby it was ordered, "that no wools, wool-fels, shorlyngs or morlyngs of the growth of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham, Richmondshire, or Allertonshire, should be shipped anywhere but at Newcastle, on pain of forfeiture." We know that King Henry VI. and his queen fled hither after their defeat at the battle of Towton, and that Edward, the victor, was also here a short time afterwards. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, had a grant of the castle, and was warden of the north marches, so that the town was frequently honoured by his presence. His conqueror and successor, Henry VII., in whom "both roses flourished, red and white," abode here for a considerable time

while his ambassadors were at the Scottish court treating for amicable arrangements between the two countries.

The town by this time had once more outgrown her walls. The suburb of Sandgate, on the east, by the water-side, was built and inhabited by those engaged in the coal and shipping trades. Gallowgate and Sidgate, afterwards called Percy Street, were extended outside the Newgate on the north-west. In the reign of Henry VIII. we come upon some interesting information regarding the walls. The dissolution of the monasteries must have fallen with peculiar hardship upon Newcastle, which contained so many of those establishments. Besides the poor they supported, great numbers of artizans and labourers were employed in various ways by them, and these were all thrown out of employment. There must have been great want and misery in the town, yet we do not find that the king's commissioners were here resisted as they were at Hexham, Newminster, and other places. There was great excitement in the neighbourhood, culminating in the formidable insurrection known as "the Pilgrimage of Grace." The state of Newcastle at this time (1537) is described by Sir Ralph Sadleyr, who was sent north by the government to report. Writing to Cromwell, he says, speaking of the mayor and aldermen—"I assure your lordship they have shewed themselves honest, faithful, and true men to the king; for albeit the commons of the town, at the first beginning of the tumult, were very unruly, and as much disposed to sedition and rebellion as they of the country were; yet I assure your lordship the mayor and aldermen and other heads of the town did so with wisdom and manhood handle the commons of the same, that they did fully reconcile them, and so handled them, that, in fine, they were determined to live and die with the mayor and his brethren in the keeping of the town to the king's use against all his enemies and rebels, as indeed they did. The town itself is surely a strong town, and the mayor thereof is a wise fellow and a substantial. He and James Lawson, who is one of the aldermen, brought me upon the walls of the town, which, I assure your lordship, be very strong, and then they shewed me how they fortified the town. All along the wall lay sundry pieces of ordnance, and at every gate of the town they kept watch and ward, and still do. Every gate-house is full of bows and arrows, bills, and other habiliments of war, and upon every gate lay, on the towers, two great pieces of ordnance, which would scour every way a mile or two or more. All which ordnance, they told me, that every merchant, for his part, brought out of their ships. They made also great gates of iron upon their bridge, and be victualled within the town, they think, for a whole year. I assure your lordship they have done their parts very honestly, and have, in my opinion, deserved much thanks, praise, and commendation."

The mayor mentioned by Sir Ralph was Robert Brandling, who acquired the estates of Gosforth and Felling by marriage with

Anna, daughter of John Place, Esq. of Halnaby. He was afterwards knighted by the Protector Somerset.

The instructions given to the Council of the North for setting forth the laws against Popery to the people are very characteristic of the style of government of Henry VIII.—"The abuses of Rome they shall so beat into their heads, that they may smell the same, and punish all contemptuous offenders."

The next part of the ordinance, however, almost reconciles us to the despotic tone with which it begins :—

"Also to see that poor people be not oppressed by those who have taken and enclosed commons called intakes." Applicable this to other times besides those of Henry VIII.

Besides the testimony of Sir Ralph Sadleyr to the strength of Newcastle walls, we have in the same reign that of the great antiquary Leland. In his *Itinerary*, he says :—"The strength and magnificens of the waulling of this towne far passeth all the waulles of the cities of England, and most of the townes of Europe."

To the labours of John Leland we owe the preservation of much precious information relating to the past, which was stored up in the libraries of the monasteries of England, and which but for him would, at the dissolution, have been totally lost. He was chaplain and librarian to Henry VIII., and that king bestowed upon him the title of Royal Antiquary. He was empowered in 1533 to search the archives and libraries of all the abbeys, cathedrals, etc., for objects of antiquity. He spent six years in travelling, collecting materials for illustrating the history and archæology of Great Britain. At the dissolution he wished to have all MSS. and other objects of antiquarian interest belonging to the religious houses carried to the king's library, but was unsuccessful. He, however, collected vast stores of material, and set to work to arrange and classify them. The labour was too great; through the fatigues of study his mind became deranged, and he died in 1552. The *Itinerary of John Leland*, in 9 vols, 8vo, was compiled from his papers, and printed by John Hearn. The original collections are in the Bodleian Library, and have been of immense service to many subsequent writers.

Under Edward VI. we find Newcastle repeating, but in another direction, the tactics she had pursued with regard to Pandon in the reign of Edward I.

For centuries the burghers of our town had looked with a jealous eye upon their powerful neighbours, the Bishops of Durham. Constant disputes had been going on concerning the river Tyne and its conservancy. Now the burghers saw a chance of striking a blow at their ancient rivals, and quickly embraced it. The See of Durham was vacant, and they boldly petitioned that the town of Gateshead might be annexed to Newcastle. They alleged that people came from it and committed depredations in their town, and then escaped back unpunished; that they cast rubbish into the river, to the great detriment thereof; and that they allowed

their part of the bridge to decay through neglect. The prayer was granted. By Act of Parliament, Gateshead was disjoined from the county of Durham, and became part of Newcastle. On the death of the young king, and the accession of Mary, the Act was repealed, and Newcastle lost its new suburb. At the same time, the idea of a new Bishopric of Newcastle, which it had been proposed to form, was abandoned.

Though thus curbed in her swelling ambition on the south, the town continued to spread in other directions. Houses were being built outside the walls, between the Pilgrim Street gate and the Magdalen Hospital, at the Barras Bridge. Thus was formed the street now called Northumberland Street.

The dwellers in the outskirts in those days were exposed to many inconveniences. Often they had to seek protection within the walls, on the announcement of the approach of a Scottish invading force. Often they were swept upon suddenly without any announcement at all, by the moss-troopers of North Tynedale and the Debatable Land. The reforms which Cardinal Wolsey had introduced with the wardenship of the borders, and which were now more fully developed, did much towards the preservation of tranquillity. Watch was kept day and night at all the fords and passes of the countryside, but the guard were sometimes eluded, or forced by the determined freebooters. If we may believe the ballad of "Jock o' the Syde," they were even able on desperate occasions to defy the strong walls and gates of Newcastle.

Jock o' the Syde was a famous moss-trooper, who lived at the Syde in Liddesdale. As says Sir Richard Maitland—

> "He is well ken'd, Johne of the Syde,
> A greater thief did never ryde,
> He never tyris
> For to break byris,
> Ouir muir and myris,
> Ouir gude ane guide."

After the rebellion of the earls had been crushed by the forces of Queen Elizabeth, the leaders of the revolt fled, by way of Brampton and Carlisle, into Liddesdale. The Earl of Northumberland was surrendered by the Earl of Mar, Regent of Scotland, into the hands of the English Government, and was executed at York. The Earl of Westmorland was also taken prisoner, but escaped through the devotion of Jock o' the Side. That border worthy, says tradition, gained access to the earl's prison, and, by exchanging clothes with him, enabled him to pass the guards and escape. Jock was left behind, in the prison, and when the deception was discovered, was carried to Newcastle, and there closely shut up, pending his execution. The ballad describes his rescue by his cousins, the "Laird's Jock," and the "Laird's Wat," sons of the Laird of Mangertown, assisted by Hobbie Noble, a banished

English borderer. Disguising themselves as peaceful countrymen, and with their horses "the wrang way shod, on they rode for the water of Tyne."

"At the Cholerford brig they all light down,
And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the walls of Newcastle town.

But when they came to Newcastle town,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells ower laigh,
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock,
'There's naething for't; the gates we maun force.
But when they cum the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrongs wrang;
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er played pa!
His life and his keys at anes they have ta'en,
And cast the body ahind the wa'.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call—
'Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?'

Jock answers thus, wi' dolefu' tune—
'Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep;
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,
And thus to mese my waes does seek?'

Then out and spak the gude Laird's Jock—
'Now fear ye nu', my billie,' quo' he;
'For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, to set thee free.'

'Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever, alas! this cannot be;
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.

Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron
They hae laid a' right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and drierie."

'Fear ye na that,' quo' the Laird's Jock;
'A faint heart ne'er won a fair ladie;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free.'

The first strong door that they cum at,
They loosed it without a key;
The next chained door that they cum at
They gurred it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back,
The Laird's Jock has got up fu' hie;
And doun the stairs, him, airns, and a',
Wi' nae sma' speed and joy brings he."

Through the dark night and beating rain they rode as fast as the heavy irons of the rescued prisonor would permit, for twenty miles or more, until they reached the banks of the North Tyne at Chollerford. The river, swelled by the rains, was running "like a sea," but the intrepid Laird's Jock guided them safely through, and just in time, for—

"They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,
A' English lads, baith stout and true.

But when the land-sergeant the water saw—
'It winna ride, my lads,' quoth he.
Then cried aloud—'The prisoner take,
But leave the airns, I pray, to me.'

'I wat weil no,' quo' the Laird's Jock:
'I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be,
My gude bay mare—for I am sure
She has bought them a' fu' dear frae thee.'

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they could them hie;
The prisoner is brought to his ain ireside,
And there o's airns they mak' him free.

'Now Jock, my billie,' quo' a' the three,
'The day is comed thou wast to die;
But thou's as weel at thy ain ingleside
Now sitting, I think, twixt thee and me.'"

So ends the ballad; it gives a graphic picture of one phase of life in the reign of Elizabeth. During the same reign terrible deeds, done in the name of religion, were witnessed in Newcastle; and the records of the time throw a lurid light upon the state into which the public mind had lapsed through bigotry and blind fear. Catholics were persecuted now, as Protestants had been in the reign of Mary. In the books of the corporation we come upon many entries, at this period, of payments for apprehending and executing seminary priests. Minute details are given of the prices of the various instruments, human and otherwise, employed in these services. All Romish priests discovered in England were apprehended and barbarously executed. In August 1592 one of them named Lampton (supposed to have been a Lampton of South Biddick) was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Newcastle Town Moor, in sight of his relations and friends. This is only one case of many.

It was not only the Catholics who suffered: all who dissented from the service of the Protestant established church were most

rigorously treated—Catholic or Puritan, it was all one. One of the latter, named Udale, was a shining light in Newcastle. He died in prison, whither he was committed, as being the author of "one of the books of Martin Marprelate;" the argument of his accusers being, that as the bishops were the queen's servants, to speak or write against them was to defame the queen herself."

As far as the burgesses of Newcastle, as a body, were concerned, the great event of Queen Elizabeth's reign was the granting of the "Great Charter" of 22nd March 1600. By it the ancient privileges of the town were confirmed, subject to the payment of the ancient fee-farm rent of £100, which is continued to the present time. In addition to the old ones, many new and important privileges were conferred to the burgesses.

In the reign of James I. we find the signs of more peaceful times, in the letting of the towers of the town wall to the various trades guilds for meeting places.

These signs, however, were, it turned out, deceptive, for the town was shortly to undergo her fiercest trials. Passing on to the reign of Charles I., we come to the most interesting part of the history of Newcastle's walls and towers. The account of their vicissitudes during the great rebellion we reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE OF NEWCASTLE.

THE strained relations between King Charles I. and the Parliament had reached a forward state. Three times had the House been summarily dissolved, and the arbitrary monarch had not hesitated, in spite of privilege, to commit some of the members to prison. The Commons, in their turn, had enjoyed a sure victory, for Charles had been obliged to sign the "Petition of Right," which declared "that it was illegal for the king to levy taxes without the consent of Parliament," and that "the king had no right to imprison people who refused to pay them."

Five years had passed over since the petition was signed: the fires of discontent, for a time almost quenched, were again glowing brighter and brighter in the hearts of the people of England, fanned by the unwise and illegal conduct of the infatuated king. The Petition of Right was set at naught; all the royal promises were broken; taxes had been raised by the authority of the crown, and the people were harassed and ground down by exactions unknown since feudal times. The Nonconformists were persecuted and forced to fly the country; "thousands of the best scholars,

merchants, lawyers, and farmers were flying over the Atlantic, to seek freedom and purity of religion in the wilderness."

Such was the state of affairs in the June of 1633, when King Charles paid his first visit to Newcastle, on his way to Edinburgh to be crowned King of Scotland.

Merrily rang the church bells, and loudly cheered the people, as the king, attended by a gallant cavalcade, rode into the town. What discontent there was showed not itself to-day, and the loyal borough gave itself wholly up to rejoicing.

Seated next day at the hospitable table of the mayor, surrounded by the smiling faces of his courtiers, and listening to the flattering adulation of the citizens, little thought King Charles of the important part the old town was destined to play in his future life. And as little did he think that, at no distant day, the country to which he was travelling to be received with honour, and crowned as king, was to rise in rebellion against him ; still less that the evil genius which should cause this now sat by him, in the person of Dr. Laud, that "little, low, red-faced man," as Sir Simon D'Eues calls him, on whom largely rests the blame of his master's fate. "The ridiculous bigot, contemptible as his character was, came at the very time to instil all his absurd superstitious ideas of the royal prerogative into the king's too willing ear—being in that respect the very mouth-piece of the church." So says Macaulay ; and the biographer of Ambrose Barnes, of whom we shall hear more further on, strongly confirms the opinion—thus, "the king gratified the church with a power to prosecute, and the church gratified the king with an unlimited prerogative. Whatever little Dr. Laud was, he was the same." The king departed from Newcastle, and next year we have a little glimpse of the town walls, in the account of the visit of three Norwich travellers. It says—"The town is surrounded with a strong and faire built wall, with many towers thereon. It hath seven gates, and is governed by a mayor (Mr. Cole), then fat and rich, vested in a sack of sattin, and twelve aldermen."

In the following years of 1635-6 travellers to Newcastle would be few, for the plague was there. Five thousand of the inhabitants were carried off ; trade was at a standstill ; the town was deserted by all who could fly ; and "in the untrodden streets unwholesome grass grew of great stalk and colour gross, a melancholic poisonous green."

Sanitary precautions against disease were in those days little thought of until the sickness came. Great dunghills stood in every street, even up against the church walls ; and open sewers were almost universal. Some there were who recognised the physical causes of the pestilence, and strove to remove them, but there were others again who attributed it to the visitation of God, on account of the spiritual degeneracy of the times. Of these latter was Dr. Robert Jennison, D.D., afterwards vicar of Newcastle, who published a pamphlet of warning and rebuke. It

was entitled, "Newcastle's call to her neighbour and sister townes and cities throughout the land, to take warning by her sins and sorrows, lest this overflowing scourge of pestilence reach even unto them also."

In 1638 the order of the king came to fortify the town against the Scots, who were by this time in rebellion. They had taken this step rather than submit to have the Liturgy of the English church forced upon them. They had entered into the "Solemn League and Covenant," to resist to the death the infringement of their religious liberty. Newcastle was commanded to furnish 250 pikemen, 250 musqueteers, and 350 dragoons for the king's service.

In 1639, Charles in person arrived, at the head of his army, on his way to chastise the rebels.

No doubt there were many sympathisers with the conscientious scruples of the Scots, even in the loyal town of Newcastle, for the intolerant rule of Laud was strongly enforced here. The Catholics as well as the Puritans, were, if known to be such, cast into prison, or if suspected, subjected to the closest surveillance. All men were required to attend their parish church and there listen to the service of the church as by law appointed. All other religious services were forbidden, and persons holding or attending them were treated with the utmost rigour of the law. Alvey, the vicar, and Sir John Marley, afterwards to become the mayor and defender of the town, were notorious persecutors.

The king's position was now much more precarious than at the time of his former visit. The obnoxious tax of ship-money had been levied and resisted, and the southern part of his dominions was almost as bitterly aroused against him as Scotland, already in open revolt. His expedition against the Covenanters collapsed suddenly. He made peace with rebels in arms, a hollow peace as it proved, without striking a blow, and returned to London.

The next year (1640) the good people of Newcastle heard with dismay that the Covenanters had again taken the field, and were resolved this time to enter England. Then came the news that the king was marching for the north. Soon the advance guard of his army under Lord Conway entered Newcastle—he himself, with the main body, being advanced as far as York. The command in chief was entrusted to the Earl of Strafford, in place of the Earl of Northumberland, who was sick, though with the army.

Now came the news that the Scots had crossed the Tweed. Within a week they had reached the Tyne, and were encamped upon its northern bank at Newburn, a few miles only west of Newcastle. They were commanded by Sir Alexander Lesley, one of the most skilful and practised generals of the age, who had seen much service with Gustavus Adolphus, and bore the rank of field-marshal under that great soldier.

Lord Conway drew out his little force on the opposite bank of the river at Stella, to oppose their passage, and if possible hold

them in check until the arrival of the main body of the royal army from York. He was greatly outnumbered, the proportion of the enemy's force against his being as five to one. The two armies watched each other for some time. The English threw up earth works on Stella Haugh to protect their gunners, and the Scotch mounted their ordnance on the tower of Newburn Church and on the sloping banks which overlooked and commanded their adversaries' position. How on Friday, 28th August, the action was precipitated by accident, which the Scottish leader took instant advantage of, and how the English forces were defeated and driven from the field, is matter of history. Our concern is with Newcastle.

Such garrison as could be spared had been left here under command of Sir Jacob Astley, who had been appointed governor. The news of defeat soon reached the town, and late at night came Lord Conway's orders for immediate evacuation. At five the next morning the garrison marched for Durham; in their haste they sunk part of their field artillery in the river. The town was thus left naked and defenceless, for the townsmen were unprepared for defence, having counted upon the services of the king's troops. What could be done was done by the mayor. He shut the gates on the approach of the Scottish vanguard under Douglas, Sheriff of Teviotdale, and only opened them after "great assurance was given of sincerity and peacefulness of their intentions."

Thus fell Newcastle, and the next day saw the old church of St. Nicholas thronged with the Scots, and the pulpit occupied by Alexander Henderson, that great and good Presbyterian divine, of whom we shall hear more afterwards. Consternation, as a matter of course, reigned in the town and neighbourhood on the approach of the Scots. The coal trade, which employed ten thousand people, was stopped, the shops were closed, and many people fled, leaving their houses and goods behind, for they expected the Scots would give no quarter. Amongst those who thus consulted their safety were the Episcopal clergy of the town, Alvey the vicar amongst them, doubtless urged on his way by sundry prickings of conscience concerning his treatment of the Nonconformists. The Scots did not proceed to any such extremities as the fugitives had supposed. They did, indeed, in their religious zeal and hatred of all that savoured of Popery and "the idolatry of the mass," unhappily destroy or mutilate many of the tombs and monuments in the churches, and one of them immortalised himself by a piece of sharp practice, which is recorded in the register of St. Andrew's Church, under date 9th February 1641, thus :—"Thomas Knox and Joan Lawton, marred the 9 day—one of the Skots army and would pay nothing to the church." Their leader was too good a disciplinarian to permit any great excesses, and seems even to have acted with great forbearance under the circumstances. Thus, for instance, he requisitioned the mayor for bread and provisions, and on being refused, employed people himself and paid them, part in money, part in promissory notes.

The burden the town was called to bear was heavy enough. The Scottish Convention levied contributions throughout Northumberland and Durham for the support of their troops. The share of Newcastle amounted to £200 per day, besides straw and hay.

The occupation lasted more than ten months. In August 1641 the enemy quitted the town, receiving from the king £60,000 as a war indemnity.

Next year the quarrel between the Parliament and Charles took the form of actual warfare, and the great civil war commenced with the battle of Edge Hill.

The want of resolution on the part of the king in the campaign against the Scots doubtless precipitated the conflict. The Commons saw that violent measures were more likely to succeed than the constitutional ones they had hitherto employed.

Time rolled on, and from day to day tidings reached Newcastle of the varying fortunes of the contending parties. Both sides were anxious to have the support of the northern counties, both especially coveted the possession of Newcastle, which meant the control of the coal supply, now become a necessity all over the country. The Parliament passed an ordinance for associating the northern with the midland counties, for the purpose of raising troops. But the north was loyal and true to the king. Northumberland, Newcastle, Durham, and Cumberland were associated by the Earl of Newcastle, in support of the royal cause.

William Cavendish, Baron Ogle (his mother was one of the Ogles of Ogle, in Northumberland), Viscount Mansfield and Earl of Newcastle was one of the most able and distinguished men of the day. He had been a great favourite in the court of James I. He was learned, polite, and brave, and did good service to King Charles during the war. As well as his own personal services he contributed to the royal cause both men and money. He was elevated to the dignity of Marquis, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, and at the time of which we write he was Governor of that town. He spared no effort to ensure the loyalty of all the associated counties we have named, and to strengthen the fortifications of Newcastle.

In 1643 came news which touched nearly the citizens of our town. The English Parliament sought and obtained the alliance of the Scots; they even went so far as to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant, or a modification of it, which was framed and sent to Westminster for their signature.

The mayor of Newcastle at this time was Sir John Marley, a staunch royalist. Only last year, he had, together with other townsmen, been summoned as a delinquent by the Serjeant-at-Arms to appear before the House of Commons, but of the summons he took no notice, and within a month after was appointed mayor by mandamus of the king.

Up to this time Newcastle had felt tolerably secure. The royal arms were everywhere triumphant throughout the northern coun-

ties. Hull was the only northern town held by the Parliamentary forces. But the Scottish alliance changed all this. The townspeople saw their danger and redoubled their exertions to place the town in posture of defence. The walls were repaired, guns were mounted, and a large detached fort was erected in the Shieldfield, on the east side of the town, and another outside the Sandgate, by the water side. Such of the houses outside the walls as might afford cover to an enemy or obstruct the fire of the town artillery were destroyed. Newcastle was not disposed to tamely submit again to the entry of the king's northern foes. Nor did she forget his enemies in the south. London, the stronghold of the rebellion, whose citizens went heart and soul with the Parliament, was taught that rich and powerful as she was, the little Tyneside town had power to punish even her. The supply of coal was stopped, and soon there was a fuel famine in the metropolis. The House of Lords earnestly recommended the Commons to send ships to Newcastle for coal. The gunmakers petitioned Parliament for coal to carry on their trade, and the scarcity became so great that an ordinance was made to supply the poor and others with wood, in default of coal, as "Newcastle was surprised by the Papal and malignant forces."

So passed the autumn months of 1643. In January 1644, in stormy, snowy weather the Scots army crossed the Tweed and advanced into Northumberland. The royal forces in that county consisted only of two regiments of foot and six troops of horse. They were in no condition to cope with the much superior force of the enemy, and gradually retired before him upon Newcastle. In a few days the Scots held the whole county, "with the exception of Tynemouth Castle and the towns of Newcastle and Shields, the latter wholly indefensible."

On the 3rd of February the invading army appeared before Newcastle and summoned it to surrender. This being met by a peremptory refusal, they prepared to assault.

Now the wisdom of constructing the Shieldfield fort was apparent. The experienced eye of the Scottish general, the same Lesley, "that old little crooked soldier," who was here four years before, but who had since then been created by King Charles, Earl of Leven—saw that the fort must first be taken. According to Rushworth, who wrote at the time, "a smart dispute occurred; the town had raised a fort at the entrance of the Shieldfield, to gain which the Scots sent out two parties, one to attack the fort on the east side, the other on the west—in which service, divers of them were cut off by the cannon, and particularly Patrick English, the Earl of Lindsay's captain-lieutenant, was slain. The same evening the Marquis (of Newcastle), for the better guard of the town, set the Sandgate, a street without the walls, and the other suburbs on fire, which continued burning all Sunday and Monday."

The Earl of Leven had probably expected to take possession of the town without trouble as he did before, but now seeing that

it was likely to hold out for some time, he proceeded on his march southwards—leaving six regiments of foot and some horse to watch her. His great object was to effect a junction with Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary general, who was opposed to the royal army in Yorkshire.

When the Scots drew off from Newcastle, the marquis hastened to join the king at York, and on the 2nd of July the great battle of Marston Moor was fought, resulting in the complete overthrow of the royal forces. The marquis fought gallantly. His Northumbrian regiment of White Coats, enlisted from his own tenantry, behaved with especial bravery. They stood their ground against overwhelming odds, and were cut to pieces in their ranks, for they would neither fly nor ask for quarter. Only thirty who were made prisoners escaped death.

Now was the Earl of Leven free to resume the siege of Newcastle.

An additional force of ten thousand Scots, under the Earl of Callender, crossed the border and advanced to his assistance. On the 13th August the town was closely invested.

Leven was quartered at Elswick, a colliery village close by, on the west; Callender at Gateshead. The latter general threw a bridge of keels across the Tyne below the mouth of the Ouseburn, and established himself upon the north bank of the river, where he raised a battery to guard his bridge. The place is still known as the Battery Quay. From thence he extended his lines northwards and joined those of the Earl of Leven, which were drawn round by the west and north of the town. The earth-works of the Scots were vigorously proceeded with—three thousand countrymen, with mattocks and spades, being pressed into their service. The miners of the district, too, were forced to work at the mines and other works. There were five strong batteries on the south bank of the river alone.

Newcastle was completely surrounded; the townsmen on the walls, for there was no regular garrison, saw enemies on every side. But this did not make them flinch. Headed by their brave mayor, Sir John Marley, "unaided by superior military advice, the loyal ardour and unflinching courage of the townsmen enabled them to hold out against a numerous and well-appointed army, supported by the resources of two kingdoms."

They were soon obliged to retire from the Quayside and the lower parts of the town, where they were too much exposed to the fire of the Scotch position at Gateshead, and kept to the heights, which they laboured day and night to make secure.

Sir John Marley was a host in himself, and to his efforts and military skill the town owed its power of resistance. He was aided by some royalist Scottish lords, and by many brave Newcastle gentlemen, but he himself was the heart and soul of the defence. As fast as the walls were damaged by the enemy's fire, he caused them to be repaired. He had the gates built up with

stonework or strongly barricaded. He made secure the round tower of the castle overlooking the bridge, and placed guns upon it. He repaired the keep and armed it in the same manner, and "so he managed bravely for a long time."

While the brave defenders were working and fighting their guns within, the Scotch were not idle without. Their guns thundered on all sides, sending their deadly missiles into the town. Houses, and churches, and buildings of all kinds were damaged and destroyed by the shot which was fired to breach the walls. Saint Andrew's Church suffered much from the fire of the batteries planted on the Leazes, and we are told that while a Conventicle was being held on the latter place, a shot from the town rudely interrupted it by killing the preacher.

Numbers of the townspeople were slain. Women and children within the town were exposed to almost as much danger from stray shot and flying splinters as were the defenders of the walls.

The Scots were furious at the stubborn resistance of a town held by a mere handful of men. The effective fighting force of the town was only fifteen hundred men. Their besiegers numbered thirty thousand, and had, besides, a strong and perfect battering train.

There is an account of the siege written by one William Lithgow, a Scot, who was an eye-witness of it. Some part of his account we here transcribe. He says—"The walls about the town are both high and strong, built both without and within with saxo-quadrato; and maynely fenced with dungeon towres, interlarded also with turrets, and alongst with them a large and defensive battlement, having eight sundry ports and four parochial churches, the which walls, the defendants within had marveilously fortified, rampiering them with interlynings and mountagnes of earth. The streets that were answerable to their barrocadres ports, and in frequent passages, were also custen up with defensive breastworks and planted with demi-culverines of irone; and above all other works the towne castle itself was seriously enlarged with diverse curious fortifications; besides breastworks, redoubts, terreniat demi-lunes, and withall three destructive horne works, two of which exteriourly are strongly pallisaded, and of great bounds. Nay, the very capstones of the battlements round about the towne were surged and underpropped with little stones; that in case of scaileting they might have tumbled them over upon the assailants; which indeed, for the facility of the action, schoole-boys might have performed. Yea, and all the gapes of the battlements were shut up with lime and stone, having a narrow slit in them, through which they might murther our souldiers, and secure themselves from a just revenge. The graffe about and without was digged deeper, and the exteriour root of the walls were steeply lyned with clay mixt with earth to intercept any footing for leddars or climbing thereon. All the ports about were closed with lyme and stone, and strongly barrocaded within, having no passage save at little

posterne doores where they had their quotidian intercourses. The townes mayne construction rising upwards, divides itself in two corners, the one north at Weavers' Tower, the other south-west at Hattmakers' Tower, decyphering two hornes, like unto Calabrian females with their bogling busks ; but indeed more like unto the Novocastrians themselves, that retrograding adorne their cuckolds frontispieces with the large dimensions of Acteon's monstrous-made hornes. Upon the towne's north-east side, and a little without, there was a fortress erected, called Sheiffield Fort, standing on a moderate height and champion-like, commanding the fields ; the modell thus : it standeth squarely quadrangled, with a foure-cornered bastion at every angle, and all of them thus quadrat ; they are composed of earth and wattles, having the north-east side of one bulwarke pallosaded, the rest not, save along the top of the worke about they had laid the masts of ships to beat down the assailants with their tumbling force. At the entry whereof there is a wooden drawbridge, and within it two courts-du-guard, the graffe without is dry, and of small importance, save onely that repugnancie of the defendants within, which commonly consisted of three hundred men. . . . The walls here of Newcastle are a great deal stronger than those of Yorke, and not unlike to the walls of Avineon, but especially of Jerusalem ; being all three decored about the battlements with little quadrangled turrets ; the advantage resting onely with Newcastle in regard of seventeen dungeon towres, fixt about the walls (and they also wonderful strong) which the other two have not. . . . As for the number of the enemie, either souldiers or townesmen that carried armes during the seige, indeed it is no part of my intention to meddle with them, although they meddled too much with us, neither with their hungry troopers, and far worse, their hungered horses ; yet nevertheless (as I was informed) they were but eight hundred of the trained band, and some nine hundred besides of voluntiers, prest men, colliers, keill-men, and poore tradesmen, with some few experimental officers to overtop them, which were at last overtopped themselves."

The acquaintance with foreign towns and costume which Lithgow shows in his account was gained by personal experience. He was a great traveller, and according to his own account journeyed on foot more than thirty-six thousand miles through Europe, Asia, and America. During his travels in Spain he was imprisoned and tortured by the Inquisition, which perhaps accounts somewhat for his testiness against the "Papish Malignants" who defended Newcastle.

Many times was the town summoned to surrender, and as many times did the brave mayor refuse, though the demands of the enemy were seconded by the supplications of the suffering people. On one of these occasions, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat ; but after four hours' debate they separated without coming to any conclusion, "finding the governor very high."

The Earl of Leven now sent his famous threat to destroy the spire of St. Nicholas' Church if the town were not immediately surrendered ; but Sir John Marley was equal to the occasion. He placed his Scotch prisoners in the lantern of the tower, and his answer is thus given by Bourne—"That they would upon no terms deliver up the town, but would to the last moment defend it. That the steeple of St. Nicholas' was indeed a beautiful and magnificent piece of architecture, and one of the great ornaments of their town, but yet should it be blown into atoms before ransomed at such a rate. That, however, if it was to fall it should not fall alone ; that the same moment he destroyed the beautiful structure, he should bathe his hands in the blood of his countrymen, who were placed there on purpose either to preserve it from ruin, or to die along with it."

The church was not fired upon, and the town continued to defy her enemies. Sir John Marley, indeed, seems to have thought the Scots somewhat inactive, for on the 19th of October he sent the following rather sarcastic letter to their leader :—

"MY LORD—I have received diverse letters and warrants subscribed by the name of Leven, but of late can hear of none that have seen such a man ; therefore, to remove all scruples, I desire our drummer may deliver one letter to himselfe. Thus, wishing you could think of some other course to compose the differences of these sad distracted kingdomes than by battering Newcastle, and annoying us who never wronged any of you, for if you seriously consider, you will finde that these courses will agravate, and not moderate, distempers. But I will refer all to your own consciences, and rest, your friend, JOHN MARLEY.

"*Newcastle, 19th October.*"

Leven's ire was raised, and he determined to assault the town at once. Preparations were pushed forward ; in fact they were almost complete at the time, for the mines were all ready and loaded, and had been nearly reached by the countermines of the townsmen.

On the morning of the twentieth the siege batteries, strengthened by fresh guns, opened fire furiously on all sides, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the order was given to spring the mines, and maintain the breaches for a general assault. Late in the afternoon the assault was delivered. For two hours the townsmen obstinately defended the breaches, but after that time, and after great loss on both sides, the Scotch succeeded in entering the town. The Earl of Buccleuch's and Loudon's regiment forced the breach near the Close-gate, and the Edinburgh and another regiment entered by the breach under the Whitefriars' Tower. The Newcastle horse charged them repeatedly, but they stood their ground till reserves poured in, and then advanced into the town. Meanwhile, the breach near the Newgate was assaulted by five regiments and entered after a fierce struggle, in which many were slain, in-

cluding Lieutenant-Colonel Home, Major Hepburn, and Captains Home and Corbet.

A fire ship had been set afloat in the river when the order to assault was given—the intention being to burn the ships lying alongside the quay, and thus distract the attention of the defenders. Lord Callender's brigade advanced to the attack from its position near the Glasshouse Bridge, and mounting the breach near Sandgate, pushed forward to the Sandhill "with colours flying and roaring drummes."

The Shieldfield fort was taken after a desperate resistance, and the breach near the Weavers' Tower was the scene of a gallant struggle, in which Colonel Henderson, Major Moffit, and many others were killed.

At Pilgrim Street gate a curious incident happened. It was so well and bravely defended by Captain George Errington, Lieutenant William Robson, and Ensign Thomas Swan, that the assailants outside could gain no entry. After all the rest of the town was taken it was attacked from within, and its defenders were obliged to capitulate. Even then, those outside could not believe that it was taken, but continued to fire on their own friends who called over to them to come in, taking them for townsmen.

The town was now wholly in possession of the Scots—all except the keep of the castle, and to this Sir John Marley and his officers retreated and continued to defy the enemy. With him were the Earl of Crawford, Lords Maxwell and Reed, Sir Nicholas Cole, Sir George Baker, Dr. Wishart, and other determined royalists.

Matters becoming desperate with them, they offered to surrender on condition that they might withdraw and join the king. This offer was refused ; and after holding out four days, they were forced to surrender unconditionally. When they came forth from the castle, a mob of roughs collected and almost tore them in pieces, as the cause of their sufferings and losses during the siege. Sir John Marley was imprisoned in the castle, and the Scots lords who had assisted him were sent to Edinburgh for execution. Thus was Newcastle, after a siege of ten weeks, lost to the king ; and of so much importance was the capture considered by the Parliament that a general thanksgiving was ordered for the victory.

General Leven, to his honour be it said, was merciful to the defeated townspeople. He permitted no pillage or slaughter after the capture. Lithgow is very much surprised and rather indignant at this, and "is ravished with admiration, to behold how in the heat of blood and goaring slaughter they got so soon mercie and quarter."

There was nevertheless enough of mourning and desolation in Newcastle. There were widows and orphans and ruined homes in plenty, both in the town and in the suburbs—rich and poor suffered alike—the exigencies of warfare spared none. We have seen how the houses in Sandgate and the suburbs were fired by the defenders

themselves, and may imagine the damage done within the walls by the concentrated fire of so many guns.

The construction of the batteries, and of the trenches and mines and countermines, resulted in the ruin of much property. Even at Gateshead we find Sir Thomas Riddell afterwards petitioning the king for compensation for damage done to his house by the Scots, "whereby your petitioner and his posterity are like to be ruinated and undone." There is in existence a curious letter, purporting to have been written by one of the Scotch officers to the same Sir Thomas, offering for a "consideration" to protect the knight's property, by causing the earthworks and fortifications proposed to be made upon it to be carried in another direction.

Sir Thomas Riddell was knighted by James I. The Riddells of Swinburne and Felton are descended from him. His mansion was built on the site of the ancient hospital of St. Edmund, at Gateshead, part of the old building being incorporated with the new. It was called Gateside House, and afterwards belonged to the Claverings of Callaly.

The letter is as follows :—"Sir Thamas—Between me and Gad it maks my heart bleed blend to see the wark gae thro' sea trim a gairden as yours. I ha been twa times wi my cusin, the general, and sae shall I sax times more afore the wark gae that gate ; but gin aw this be doun, Sir Thomas, ye maun mak the twenty punds throthy, and I maun hae the tagged tailed trouper that stands in the stawe, and the little wee trim gaying thing that stands in the neuk of the haw, chirping and chirming at the newn tide of the day, and forty bows of bear to saw the mains withawe.

"And as I am a chevelier of fortin and a limb of the house of Rothes, as the muckle maim kist in Edinburgh auld kirk can weel witness for these aught hundred years bygane, nought shall scaith your house within and without to the validome of a twa penny chicken.—I am, your humble servant, JOHN LESLEY, Major-General and Captain over sax score and twa men and some maire, crowner of Cumberland, Northumberland, Marryland, and Niddisdale, the Merce, Tivitdale, and Fife ; bailie of Kirkadie, governor of Brunt Eland and the Bass, laird of Liberton, Tilly, and Wholly, siller-tacker of Stirling, constable of Leith, and Sir John Lesley, Knight, to the bute of aw that."

"The original, or what is termed such," says Surtees, the historian of Durham, "but which I suspect to be a waggish imposture (perhaps of date not less ancient than the supposed 'transaction,') was found amongst some waste paper by a Mr. Jackson, a corn dealer of Newcastle. He showed it to a friend, Mr. Amble, recorder of Durham, 'a man of great wit and humour,' who sent a copy of it to the editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. It was printed in that paper June 23rd, 1764."

Of the hero of the siege, Sir John Marley, we are glad to say that he was not so unfortunate as the Scottish lords, his friends. An order was made out for his committal to the Tower of London,

but he managed to escape abroad. His estates were sequestered and sold, but we shall hear of him again. Well he deserved the praise of the poet who sang—

"And stout Sir John Marley,
Who fought late and early;
Though the garrison lived and fed rather barely,
Oh, what a brave Knight was Governor Marley."

And well did the old town he so bravely defended deserve, for her gallant stand, the motto conferred upon her by King Charles, for whom she fought so well—the motto she still bears upon her arms—*Fortiter Defendit Triumphans.*

CHAPTER VI.

KING CHARLES I. IN NEWCASTLE.

"The glories of our life and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

—*Shirley.*

ON the 13th of May 1646 King Charles again entered Newcastle. This time the townsmen beheld him no longer possessed of royal authority, but as a helpless captive in the hands of the rebellious Scots, to whom he had given himself up at Newark.

Still they gave him a royal welcome. Bonfires blazed, the bells were rung, drums were beaten, and trumpets brayed. He still was nominally a king. He rode through a lane of muskets and pikes to his lodgings, escorted by three hundred Scottish horsemen, those next him bareheaded. The dwelling assigned to him was the best the town afforded, the stately mansion of Anderson Place, which stood in its spacious and beautiful grounds on the west side of Pilgrim Street. In the same house the Earl of Leven had his head-quarters. For about ten months the king dwelt here, and seems to have enjoyed for some part of the time a great measure of liberty. It was still possible that matters might be arranged with the Parliament; indeed, in July proposals for a safe and well-grounded peace were sent by the Lords and Commons, but he would not consent to the terms. The Scots, besides, were

ostensibly his friends, for he had thrown himself upon their protection, so that they sought to gild the cage as much as possible, and theoretically he was at perfect liberty; only they took good care to watch him narrowly, that he did not communicate with any of his Cavalier followers in the south, nor with his queen, who was on the Continent.

The stately figure of the sad-faced king would be familiar to the people of the town as in his daily walks he perambulated the streets, accompanied by his children and attendants, and followed by his Scottish guards. Doubtless his cultivated mind found much matter for attention amongst the ancient monuments which then crowded the churches, and his artistic eye would be gratified by the picturesque beauty of the place. Cause for reflection, and perchance remorse, would he find in the condition of the poor battered walls and towers, the ruined houses, the mourning apparel of the people, and the many newly raised mounds in the churchyards.

As he rode through the Pilgrim Street gate, and along the road which led across the beautiful valley of the Pandon Burn, he would see the lately ruined fort at the Shieldfield, no longer "champion-like commanding the fields," but desolate and empty, and bearing all the signs of determined siege and desperate resistance. From the Shieldfield, where he and the princes were wont to go to play at golf, he would see the long line of the eastern wall, shining bright in the morning sun, and disfigured by many a hideous gap and breach, which the masons were even now repairing. There, over the top of the Carliol Croft Tower, he would see the stately steeple of St. Nicholas, happily still uninjured, being at least one fair and beloved object left to Newcastle and England, out of so many which had perished in the struggle he had caused. The merry voices of the young princes, pursuing their sport with all the joyous carelessness of boyhood, would break sadly on his ear, reminding him of times gone by, when they played together under such different circumstances; when instead of having for onlookers a band of uncouth and surly Scotch soldiers, already beginning to show the contempt which springs from too much familiarity, their every wish was anticipated by troops of courtly nobles.

But the time at length arrived when even such sad pleasures as this was denied him. In the winter of 1646 a Dutch vessel arrived in Shields harbour, and her captain came up to Newcastle and took up his quarters at the sign of the Peacock, in one of the chares off the Quayside. His ostensible business was simply to dispose of his cargo and obtain another; but besides, he was charged with a secret mission by the queen of England. This was no less than to secure the escape of the king; and as an earnest of his reward, he received one hundred pounds. Messages were exchanged between the Peacock and the "Newe House," as the king's lodging was called. All was arranged for the night of the 25th of December. The king, closely muffled and disguised, sat

up all night waiting the signal to start, but the wind proved unfair, and the attempt was put off.

Another night was appointed, and this time Charles, accompanied by Sir Robert Murray, a faithful friend, cautiously descended the back stairs of the house. Horses were waiting outside the walls ; a ship lay in the river, ready to slip her cable and sail at a moment's notice. But there, at their posts, stood the sentries, vigilant and watchful over the stately prison house. A stouter heart might have surprised and overpowered them, and would have made at least a determined effort to escape. But the king hesitated, then drew back, and finally returned to his rooms and gave up the enterprise for the time being.

His friends abroad still continued on the alert, and another attempt was planned. This time the ship was sent to Hartlepool. The governor of that place was loyally inclined, and would have helped the project. Unfortunately for the hopes of the king, a mischance occurred—a letter from Sir Robert Murray to the governor of Hartlepool, in which the details of the plan were described, was carried by the messenger to the mayor of Newcastle, whether intentionally or by mistake we know not. The mayor took it at once to General Leven, and thus the whole scheme was made known to those most interested in frustrating it.

Nothing, however, was said. The king was suffered to suppose that the letter had reached its proper destination, and the preparations for the escape were carried on as if the secret was unknown.

This time, by good luck, as they thought, no guards were to be seen, and King Charles and his party got safely clear of the house, and took their way in silence along the side of the Lort Burn, which flowed through the grounds. Swiftly they made their way through the midst of the sleeping town. They reached the middle of the Side—their hearts beat high with hope. Here the burn was arched over, and now they had only to wade for some distance along its covered bed, until they reached the boat, which they had assurance was ready to receive them. Once on board, they had only to cross the river, mount the horses which waited for them on the other side, and ride for Hartlepool and liberty. But when they reached the arch beneath, which the burn entered, they found the iron gates most unexpectedly closed. Still they might force them open, or by climbing the banks, make their way by the streets to the waterside. While they hesitated which course to pursue, lights suddenly gleamed around them, and they found themselves surrounded by the Scottish guards. Resistance was out of the question, and they were ignominously conducted back to their quarters ; so ended all further hope of escape at that time.

Now there were no more rambles in the town, no more excursions to the Shieldfield. The guards were doubled, and the king was not even allowed to enjoy the privacy and quiet of his own apartment. A guard was kept there constantly. The unhappy

monarch was subjected to the greatest insults and humiliations by the coarse soldiery. They talked and jested aloud in his presence, and he who hated the fragrant weed, almost as much as did his royal father of "Counterblast" fame, was compelled to inhale the fumes of the vile tobacco which they smoked under his very nose.

To add to his misery, he was continually pestered by the visits of the fanatical Covenanters, the Kettledrummles, and Mucklewraths, who fancied they had a mission to convert him to their way of thinking, by hurling at his head fierce threats, interlarded with Scriptural quotations, of what should befall him did he not turn from the error of his ways and sign the Covenant.

The visit of Alexander Henderson, the divine who, it will be remembered, preached in St. Nicholas' Church four years ago, was somewhat of a relief to Charles. He was a man of different stamp to those we have mentioned above, and appears to have been honestly anxious for the king's safety. But his errand was distasteful; he also sought to convert the royal captive to Presbyterianism. The Scots were ready to have defended Charles's cause against the English Parliament had he consented, but he most obstinately refused. So Henderson went heart-broken away, and died, it is said, of grief, soon afterwards at Edinburgh.

The tale of King Charles's ready-witted discomfiture of one of the Scotch preachers in St. Nicholas' Church has often been told. The Covenanter wound up a long discourse by calling upon the congregation to sing the fifty-second Psalm, and gave out the first lines—

> "Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
> Thy wicked works to praise,"

whereupon His Majesty stood up and called for the fifty-sixth Psalm instead—

> "Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
> For men would me devour."

The people waived the minister's Psalm, and sang that which the king had called for—doubtless a sudden feeling of pity and commiseration had come over them.

There were others of King Charles's friends besides those on the Continent who had not lost hopes of his escape. Chambers, in his *History of the Rebellion in Scotland*, relates that "about the middle of December 1646 Robert Leslie, brother of Lieut.-General Leslie, came from the king out of Newcastle with letters and a private commission to the Marquis of Huntly, showing that His Majesty had a mind to free himself from the Scots' army at Newcastle, and if he might escape, he would come to him in some part of the north of Scotland, and therefore desires him to have in readiness what forces he could make." But the king's sojourn in Newcastle was drawing to a close. We are told that towards the end of his detention he became moody and impassive. He passed

much of his time playing at chess. While so engaged one day, the news was brought that the Scots had agreed to deliver him up to the Parliament on payment of a sum of money. He went on with his game, and did not appear to be the least affected.

The news proved to be true, and soon Major-General Skippon arrived with a train of waggons carrying £200,000, all in specie, being half of the payment. The price of the king's head was counted by the Sheriff of Newcastle, Ambrose Barnes being one of the tellers, for which task he (the said Barnes) was presented with a pair of gloves by the major-general. We shall hear more of this Ambrose Barnes afterwards, for he became a famous man in the town.

The money was told, and paid over to the Scots, and the hapless king was delivered over to the Parliamentary Commissioners. He passed once more over the Tyne Bridge, on his way to the south and to the scaffold, and Newcastle saw him no more.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMMONWEALTH TIME.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means." —JOHN MILTON.

BEFORE the departure of King Charles from Newcastle, the Scots army had quitted the town, and withdrawn into their own country.

Major-General Skippon, and after him Colonel Robert Lilburn, governed the town for the Parliament. The Puritan garrison, it would appear, did not agree well with the townsfolk, for there occurs, 5th October 1647, "a petition of the major and burgesses of Newcastle against the oppression of the soldiery, under the command of his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, now resident here." Before the end of the year, Sir Arthur Haslerigg was appointed governor.

Sir Arthur was a staunch Presbyterian, and had sturdily opposed the unlawful straining of the king's prerogative. He was one of the famous "five members" of the Long Parliament who were accused of treason, and whose attempted arrest by Charles precipitated the rebellion. He commanded during the war a regiment of cuirassiers, nicknamed from their armour, "The Lobster

Regiment." He was bold, active, and determined, and had done good service to the Parliamentary cause. Being of ancient Northumbrian family and very rich, he had great influence in the north, and his appointment was popular with the Newcastle people.

He was very energetic, on entering into his office, in the repairing of the walls and fortifications, and succeeded in obtaining a grant from Parliament towards the expenses of the works. There is an order in Common Council, "to present Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Baronet, with a silver basin and ewer of the value of £30 for his good services in this affair."

There are many other entries in the Common Council books of the period which show the great damage the walls sustained during the siege. There is "an order for repayring the towne wall, especially a breach near a place called the Pink Tower," "in length fifty-five yards, about three yards thick, and six yards and a-half high." Again, mention is made of a "committee about the repayring of the towne wall at the Friars (the White Friars, where a great breach was made), being fifty-six or seven yards." These extracts will give some idea of the immense gaps which had been made in the old bulwarks of the town.

The fort at the Shieldfield had been, before this, repaired, as a testimony of the town's love and respect to the Parliament, for the great favour that had been shown them. Another fort, we are told, was built in Sandgate, as an outwork to defend the town.

While the work of reconstruction was thus proceeding in Newcastle, events which greatly increased its urgency were taking place elsewhere.

The Parliament, in which the Presbyterian element predominated, had overpowered the king, and virtually deposed him, and had, in its turn, been overpowered by its own army. The Independents seized the reins of power in England, and the Presbyterian party was thrown into the background. Then the Parliament made overtures to the king, who was at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, offering on certain conditions to replace him on the throne. These conditions were not accepted, but insurrections in his favour burst out in many parts of England and Wales. Royalists and Presbyterians made common cause, for both were equally threatened by the increasing power of the Independents. This second civil war did not, for a time, seem likely to affect Newcastle, but in those days there was no such thing as security. The Scotch moderate Presbyterians took arms in favour of the king and of their co-religionists in England, and sent a numerous army, under the Duke of Hamilton, over the west border into Lancashire, where the royalists, under Langdale, were already in the field.

Now was Newcastle again in peril. The Scots had changed sides, but so had she, and so they were again her foes. Once more she roused herself for action. The repairs in progress were hurried on. Extraordinary measures were taken—the inhabitants

of the town, by order of the Common Council, were turned out, by tuck of drum, every morning at six o'clock to repair the "earth-works, sod-works, and other defences." Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Catholics, Baptists, Independents, and all the other sects of that swarming time of sectarians, were obliged, for once, to work together in concert. In case of any refusing to come, they were fined by the Council eightpence per day.

But the town's defences were not this time put to the test. The risings in the south were suppressed by Lord Fairfax and the other leaders of the army. The combined forces of Hamilton and Langdale were totally routed by General Cromwell at Preston in Lancashire, and Newcastle again breathed freely.

After his victory, Cromwell determined to enter Scotland and complete the work by joining the Duke of Argyll and the rigid Presbyterians against the Moderates who still there held the field. Argyll and his party, in their hatred of the more moderately inclined of their own sect, were willing to act, even with the Independents they detested, for the purpose of destroying all chance of the re-instatement of a king who would not subscribe the Covenant.

Now came to Newcastle the news of Cromwell's approach, and all the town was agog with expectation. Now marched north the Puritan army, and in it that famous regiment, led by that still more famous man who was the talk of England. Over Tyne Bridge and far along the south road rushed the curious ones of the town, the sooner to see him who was the hope and expectation of the age, and that famed host he led, whose doings were the theme of every tongue.

No gorgeous pageant was it that burst upon their view, as when last they went forth to Sheriff Hill to meet the royal army, marching to place itself between them and the threatening Covenant. Here were no coxcomb soldiers, no gay cavaliers on prancing steeds, no fluttering of feathers and flourishing of silver trumpets. Only a mass of horsemen in uniform array of scarlet, no glitter was there, save the glitter of cold grey steel, no sound save the trampling of the horses' hoofs. They advanced solemn and formal of aspect, even to grotesqueness, were it not for the consciousness of power and the terrible earnestness and pent-up enthusiasm visible in their features, which caused the rising smile of the onlooker to slink within itself and give place to the gravity of unconscious awe. The very horses seemed to partake of the character of their riders, as they paced steadily forward with measured movement, the curb upon the mouth, the wild fire of restrained energy glancing in the eye.

In the midst rode the leader, even amongst such men conspicuous. Their earnestness of purpose, their terrible, though subdued enthusiasm were all in him intensified—for in him was the source from whence all theirs sprung. They were indeed the famous Ironsides, but he was the mighty smith who, with prodigious labour, had fashioned them into shape. On the coarse, rough-

hewn face of Cromwell shone the light which was reflected in theirs, the victorious light which told of Marston Moor, of Naseby, and of Preston ; but brighter still shone that which told of faith in other victories to come.

Winding in long array behind came the remainder of the army. No soldiers such as the curious one were wont to see in days gone past ; no careless mercenary fighters by professions ; no mere substitutes representing the power of the English people, but the English people itself, in arms to right its wrongs and scatter the disturbers of its peace. To quote the words of one who may have stood by the wayside on this very occasion—a Newcastle apprentice—the same youth Ambrose Barnes who told the money for which the Scots delivered up King Charles—"Not like other armies, composed of mercenaries of rude profligate manners, but of sober, judicious, serious volunteers, it being Cromwell's maxim to enlist none but such ; many of them being gentlemen of good families and fortune, all of them of honest callings and trades, who, knowing the cause they had espoused, ventured their all for it, and were trained to the discipline of religion as well as of arms, both officers and soldiers making up so many pious Christians to be found this side heaven." As for the charge of fanaticism so often made against them, he pertinently remarks :—"There was some wild humorists amongst them, but the disgracing of it for an army of capricious enthusiasts for the sake of a few in it is grossly unjust."

Cromwell reached Scotland, joined Argyll, and after suppressing the Moderate Presbyterians, returned to England.

About the middle of October he reached Newcastle, where he stayed three days. The people received him "with very great acknowledgments of love," and he and his officers were sumptuously entertained by the mayor. While at dinner in the mayor's house, the town's waits played outside on a little bridge over the Lort Burn, near the Sandhill.

On the 20th October the general left Newcastle, and before he again returned many great events had taken place. The head of King Charles had fallen on the scaffold, and the Commonwealth had been proclaimed. The state of confusion and danger into which England had been thrown by the change of government and the reaction which followed the death of the king, had called forth the powers of Cromwell. Imminent mutiny in the army was first to be strangled in its birth, for at all risks this, his great instrument, must be kept well in hand. The obstinate temper of the Rump Parliament, he was obliged to bear, till more convenient season for bringing it to its senses. His next step was the sharp and bloody suppression of the rising in Ireland, while the revolted fleet under Prince Rupert was chased from the seas by Blake, and the hopes of the royalists in England were crushed by the execution of the Duke of Hamilton and Lords Holland and Capel.

In Scotland a danger more serious still than all these threatened

the Commonwealth, and it was in his way to grapple with this danger that Cromwell paid his next visit to Newcastle. The rigid Presbyterians, since the death of King Charles, had turned against their old allies the English Independents, and had actually proclaimed the Prince of Wales king, as Charles II., but upon condition "of his good behaviour, and strict observance of the Covenant, and of his entertaining no other persons about him but such as were godly men and faithful to that obligation." The Prince had consented—lured by the bait of an empty title (for the Covenanters took care to allow him no real power), to throw aside the friends who had stood by him during his misfortunes and exile, to publicly acknowledge and lament the transgressions of his father and the idolatry of his mother, and to league himself with the bitter enemies of his family—with the men who had sold his father's life for money. Hearing of this, the English Parliament had made preparations for war. General Fairfax, troubled by scruples of conscience, refused to take command of the army which was to act against his fellow-Presbyterians, so in his place General Cromwell took the chief command of the expedition.

On the 15th of July 1650 the army arrived at Newcastle. Cromwell rode into the town, attended by the governor, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, Colonel Pride (the purger of Parliament) and other officers, who had ridden out as far as Durham to meet him. After being entertained by the governor, who appears (unlike Lord Fairfax) to have had no compunction about attacking his fellow-religionists, the general marched for Scotland. He took with him, as reinforcements, five companies drawn from the garrison of the town, and crossed the Tweed at the head of fifteen thousand men.

The army of the Covenanters, under Lieutenant-General David Leslie (old Leslie, the Earl of Leven being also there as a volunteer), was posted in a very strong entrenched position, extending between Edinburgh and Leith. The young prince was with them at first, but the clergy, who took upon themselves the ordering of everything, made him withdraw, being alarmed by his increasing popularity amongst the soldiers.

Cromwell saw that to attack them in their strong entrenchments was well nigh impossible. The summer days passed on, and frequent posts rode to Newcastle with news from the army, how they were still lying watching their opponents, who would not venture from their position to give battle.

The autumn came, and the posts ceased. Then came news by sea that Cromwell had been forced by want of provisions to retire and fall back upon the sea-coast at Dunbar, and that he had been followed up by the Scots, who now occupied the heights of the Lammermuir Hills, from whence they overlooked his position. That they had occupied all the passes to the south, so that he was completely hemmed in, except on the side where lay the sea. It was his turn now to be watched. His once dreaded army was considered by the enemy as fully within their power. To use his

own words—"they did express so much insolency and contempt of us, to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension."

More serious became the position of the English army every day, and graver the news which reached Newcastle. It was the beginning of September, and dull tempestuous weather, and gloomy as the dull September weather itself were the thoughts of the Newcastle people, when suddenly in the midst of the gloom arrived the news of a great battle at Dunbar. The Scots, so said the messenger, had been defeated, but the news appeared too good to be true, and anxiously the governor waited for further confirmation. At length a post arrived, this time by land, which was a good sign in itself, and brought to Sir Arthur a bulky packet, sealed with red wax. It was addressed in the well-known handwriting of Cromwell himself.

"For the Honourable Sir ARTHUR HASELRIDGE,
att Newcastle or elsewhere,
Thease, haste, haste."

Opening it, the governor found the following letter, evidently written in a hurry, for it had been folded while still wet, and the ink had come off on the opposite paper. Cold comfort it contained—

"DEAR SIR—We are upon an engagement very difficult, the enemie hath blocked up our way att the pass at Coppersneth, thorough which we cannot gett without almost a miracle. He lyeth so upon the hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty, and our lying heere day by day consumeth our men, whoe fall sicke beyond imagination. I perceive your forces are not in a capacitye for present reliese, wherefore (whatever becomes of us) it will be well for you to gett what forces you can together and the south to helpe what they can, the business nearly concerneth all good people. If your forces had beene in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspeth itt might have occasioned supplies to have come to us, but the only wise God knowes what is best, all shall worke for good, our spirits are comfortable (praised be the Lord) though our present condition bee as it is and indeed wee have much hope in the Lord, of whose mercy we have had large experience. Indeed doe you get together what forces you can against them. Lett H. Vane know what I write, I would not make it publick least danger should occure thereby. You know what use to make hereoff. Let me heere from you. I rest your servant.—O. CROMWELL.

"Its difficult for me to send to you, lett me heare from (you) after.

"*September 2nd*, 1650."

Sorry news, indeed, brought this letter of September 2nd, but there was another, dated the fourth, in quite a different strain. It confirmed the good news of the defeat of the Scots, and began—

"SIR,—You will see by my enclosure of the secnd of this month, which was the evening before the fight, the condition we were in att that time which I thought fitt on purpose to send you that you might see how great and how seasonable our deliverence and mercy is by such aggravacon."

It urged Haslerigg to send reinforcements—not this time to fall upon the rear of the beleaguring enemy—but to assist in the forward movement of the general upon "Edinburgh, Leith, Starling Bridge and other such places as the Lord shall lead unto."

Carlyle, in his *Cromwell*, says of the first letter: "Autograph original found now (May 1847) in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne." — Robert Ormston, lately deceased (1883), whose grandfather, says Carlyle, was an old steward of the Hasleriggs. Soon following the news of the victory came to Newcastle the miserable remnant of the Scotch prisoners who were taken and sent south by the conqueror. There is a letter (quoted in Brand's *History of Newcastle*) from Cromwell to Sir Arthur Haslerigg, dated Dunbar, 5th September 1650. It says—"After much deliberacon we can find no way how to dispose of these prisoners that will be consisting with these two ends (to witt, the not loosing them and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur), but by sending them into England."

Another letter, dated Edinburgh, 9th September, says—"I hope your northerne guests are come to you by this time. I pray you let humanitie be exercised towards them. I am persuaded it will be comely; lett the officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to Lynn, some to Chester." We speak elsewhere of these prisoners and their treatment.

Many and wondrous were the tales which came to Newcastle of the famous battle—and when the town's levies returned from the war they would have rare "cracking" at nights round the warm Newcastle firesides, surrounded by their old cronies. Ambrose Barnes says in his memoirs, speaking of Dunbar battle—"The brave general being reduced to the necessity of engaging upon the utmost disadvantage, I have heard old Mr. Henry Hudson, then upon the spot, a servant of Sir Arthur Haslerigg, tell how he (Cromwell) rid all the night before through the several regiments upon a little Scots' nag, biting his lip till the blood had run down his chin, without his perceiving it, his thoughts being busily employed to be ready for the action now at hand." But the next day's work gives rise to a saying, among the Scots not yet forgotten—

> "Early in the morning,
> In an evil timing,
> Went we from Dunbar."

A Scotch preacher said—"The English general is worse than the devil; for the Scripture says, 'Resist the devil and he will flie from you,' but resist Oliver and he will flie in your face."

But these stories, as we have said, were told after the end of the war in Scotland, and it did not finish with the battle of Dunbar. As Cromwell had anticipated, the defeated Scots rallied once more, and this time it was Prince Charles, or as they called him King Charles, round whom they gathered. After much fencing with the English general they at length found themselves cut off from the north, and no way open for retreat except into England. In desperation they marched over the border and made their way south by way of Carlisle and Lancashire, Cromwell behind them, and all England rising in arms before and around them.

The news of the advance of the Scots into England once more caused the people of Newcastle to look to their walls and gates, for the enemy might chance to come that way either in his advance or in returning. But with the early September came the news of the annihilation of the Scotch army at Worcester—Cromwell's "crowning mercy." Later on, the complete pacification of Scotland by Monk and Lambert removed all further apprehension of attack from the townsmen of Newcastle. They occupied themselves during the time that Cromwell was working for some satisfactory and final settlement of the nation in extending their commerce and making up for time lost during the wars. The energetic foreign policy of the Protector, and the respect for England which was thereby induced abroad, brought increased oversea trade to the merchants of Newcastle. Ambrose Barnes, being at Hamburg and other places, "learning the course of foreign trade," observed "what a brave figure England made abroad."

Very interesting light is thrown upon the condition of our town by a book published in 1685, entitled, *England's grievance discovered in relation to the coal trade, the tyrannical oppression of the Magistrates of Newcastle, their charters and grants, the several trials, depositions, and judgments obtained against them*, by Ralph Gardiner of Chirton, in the County of Northumberland, gent.

The book is dedicated to Oliver Cromwell, and is written in a terse and pointed style, with many quotations from Scripture, after the manner of the times. The author is very bitter against the corporation and burgesses of Newcastle. He holds that their ancient charters are void by the change of the constitution, that they have no right to monopolise as they do the trade of the Tyne and force all goods to be brought to their town for sale, and all provisions, beer, etc., to be brought there, and none at Shields or elsewhere. He shows the great inconvenience caused to sailors and others by this monopoly. He is particularly sore on the head of beer, for he was a brewer himself, and had long been imprisoned in the castle of Newcastle for brewing and selling it contrary to the rights of the burgesses of that town. He holds that the corporation cannot even produce the charters by which they claim their monopolies and rights, they having been

destroyed by various disasters during the late troubles. Speaking of the monopolists pleading custom, he says—"Customary right is good law, but custom without right is an old error and ought to be removed; drunkenness and swearing is customary. Is it fit it should stand because of its custom? . . . Kings were before corporations, and could have better justified themselves for a continuance than corporations, by reason they might plead hereditary or electary conquerors, or customary, yet, being found a grievance, was taken and removed for their arbitrary actings. Why then must *their* power stand that is no law?"

Here is an extract which shows the arbitrary conduct of the burgesses:—

"Elizabeth Lumsdel, upon her oath, saith that one John Williamson's wife and servants, having bought forty pounds worth of tobacco (who dwelt at Braughton, in the county of Cumberland), which said tobacco, all duties of excise, custom, and toal were paid, and carrying the same through Newcastle towards Carlisle market, one Mr. Huntley and Mr. Stranguage, merchants, made a seizure of the said tobacco and horses by order from the magistrates, pretending it were foreign-bought and foreign-sold, and therefore confiscated to their own use. The poor people petitioned Sir Arthur Haslerigg for the same, who interceded hard with them for restoration thereof, but it was refused; yet they, fearing Sir Arthur's displeasure, sold the tobacco for thirty pounds, and restored to the poor owner but fifteen pounds."

Another tale he tells. About this time there was a great scarcity of food; indeed, a famine in Northumberland and Durham. "People let their beasts' blood, and made cakes of it." Horses, dogs, and cats died, and were eaten; many people were starved to death; "sixteen or seventeen dead in a hole together." At the same time many hundreds of bolls of corn were cast into the river, mouldy and rat-eaten, which had been kept by the Newcastle monopolists, so that the price might be advanced. Many of them boasted, "they hoped to see the day a bowle of corn's price should buy a silk gown."

Two years before the publication of Gardiner's book, the first History of Newcastle was printed. It is entitled, *Chorographia; or, a Survey of Newcastle-upon-Tine.* It was written by William Gray, and printed in Newcastle by Stephen Bulkley, the king's printer, in 1649, the same year in which the king was beheaded. We have already quoted some extracts from it, and shall have occasion to quote many more.

There is another book from which we have also quoted, and which, though not produced till long afterwards, is partly made up of matter written at the time of which we are now speaking. This is *The Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes, late Merchant, and sometime Alderman of Newcastle*, the same Barnes of whom we have before spoken. It is doubly interesting when compared with Gardiner's *Grievance*, as it contains the views of one of the very aldermen

there accused. Barnes is not silent concerning the troublesome brewer. He says—"He got his reward, being hanged at York for coyning," and so disposes of him. In justice to Gardiner, however, it is proved by the books of his enemies themselves that he was living two years after the R. Gardiner was hanged at York. In the books of the Free Brewers and Bakers of Newcastle twenty-two shillings expenses are charged for wherry hire going down the river to Chirton to spy into his brewery, and thus, as we have said, two years after the execution named by Barnes.

While busied in buying and selling, and exacting tolls and dues, and guarding their privileges, the people of Newcastle were, from time to time, called upon to prepare their fortifications against apprehended attack. The royalists at home and abroad were still living in hope of one day seeing King Charles II. on the throne, and busied themselves in plotting to that end. Newcastle having such constant communication with the Continent, was especially adapted for the surreptitious landing of an invading force.

Thus in the Thurloe State Papers, 1654, we read—"Newcastle was to have been possessed by landing some men there in some of the collier ships, who were treated with to that purpose, whoe, they say, doe now pass Tinmouth Castle without either examination or searche, if they are known to be colliers belonging to the towne ; soe that the men being stowed under deckes, they might remain privately there, till in the night time they might have landed and possessed the magazine and castle, where the king was informed there were store of armes and ammunition."

In the following year (1655) there was an abortive royalist rising in England, and the town of Newcastle was again put in posture of defence. The train bands were called out, and an order is mentioned in the Common Council books as having "come down from his highness the Lord Protector, to form four companies of our best affected townsmen, for the securitie and safety of the town." On the 26th February 1657 General Monk writes to the Protector from Dalkeith—"I thought fitt likewise to acquaint your highness that I doe more feare Newcastle than any town you have that may be surprised ; if he hath a design to any towne in England, I doubt that towne more than any towne in the northern parts, being there is no garrison in it, and many people disaffected." Next year we catch a fleeting glimpse of stout Sir John Marley, the gallant defender of Newcastle. Still true to the royal cause, he is mentioned in the State Papers as having been seen in England, on a secret mission, with a view to helping forward the restoration of Charles.

Which restoration was nearer than even the most sanguine royalist dreamed. On the 3rd of September 1658 the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester, the Lord Protector died, and was succeeded by his son, Richard Cromwell. Strange to say, the new Protector was allowed to quietly step into his father's place. Congratulatory addresses were sent to him from all sides, from

Newcastle amongst other towns. There is a letter from Mr. Thomas Errington of Newcastle to Secretary Thurloe, announcing the proclamation of Richard in that town. It says, "And forthwith his highness was proclaimed in state and in very solemn manner Lord Protector, and watches set at every gate in town. Mr. Mayor and others went the rounds that night, and every alderman goes the rounds at night, and sees the gates be well locked in, and the watchmen six at every gate. All these parts are in quietness, and I hear not one person as yet speak against his highness or your Lordship's proclamation."

But soon the terror of the dead lion's name wore off, and the weakness of "that foolish Ishbosheth," his son, was apparent. His resignation followed, and the army and the Parliament were once more at variance as to the course to be pursued. But the adroit manœuvres of General Monk ended in the restoration of Charles II. to the throne.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE ACCESSION OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.

DURING the time of the Commonwealth the ministers of the Church of England had been ejected from their churches, and their pulpits had been occupied by the Dissenters. Now that the monarchy was restored it was the turn of the Nonconformists to suffer, and they certainly were not spared by the triumphant Episcopalians. Special Acts of Parliament—the Corporation Act, the Act of Uniformity, and later on the Test Act—deprived them of all public offices, and prohibited their meeting for public worship. The Act of Uniformity compelled all clergymen to subscribe to the book of common prayer of the Church of England, and a period of tyrannical intolerance was inaugurated. The old friends of Church and State, who had been out in the cold so long, were reinstated in their former positions.

Sir John Marley was appointed mayor of Newcastle, and the mob of the town, which had once almost torn him in pieces, now turned with proverbial fickleness in his favour. On the day of his appointment we read that the retiring mayor, Thomas Bonner, a Nonconformist, was pushed and bruised in the Spital (the place of election) when he scrupled to surrender the staff of office to his successor.

The Dissenters of the town were sorely persecuted. Their houses

were in a state of siege, not a soul of them dare show themselves in the streets. All who did not attend church were fined ; those attending conventicles were not only fined, but subjected to imprisonment, death, or exile. A fuller account of these times will be found further on.

Coercion was followed by its usual consequences. Plots were formed by the Nonconformists, and many were the alarms of seditions all over England. There was a conspiracy of Anabaptists at Muggleswick, a village about fifteen miles south-west of Newcastle. Its object was to force the king to grant liberty of conscience *to all but Papists*, to take away excise, chimney money, and all taxes, and restore a gospel magistracy and ministry. Newcastle was in alarm, and the loyal citizens were in arms against the expected rebels. It is said that one night the town was attempted by a body of horsemen numbering about a hundred and fifty. The streets were illuminated at night by lanterns hung from the windows, and the gates and walls were strongly guarded. Suspected persons in the town were arrested, and the conspiracy came to nothing. It was in consequence of such conspiracies that the Conventicle Act was passed, which meted out death, exile, fine, or imprisonment to offenders. During the whole of the reign of Charles II., Newcastle was the scene of persecutions on the one hand and conspiracies on the other. The severity of the special laws lost nothing at the hands of his majesty's judges who were sent down to administer them, as may be imagined when we know that Sir George Jeffries tried many of the accused. How great is the power of an epithet is shown in the way the crimes of "Bloody Mary" are remembered and execrated, and those of the "Merry Monarch" forgotten and condoned. The horrors which took place in her reign in the name of religion are transcended by those which were perpetrated, in the same name, during the reign of Charles, that period of England's most abject degradation.

With religious intolerance was blended also an over-weening sense of the royal prerogative, which the great majority of the people submitted to tamely. The people of Newcastle in 1684 were called upon to submit to an exercise of the king's arbitrary power, to which his advisers had prompted him for the purpose of replenishing his Exchequer. The burgesses were notified that a surrender of their charters was expected of them, and that a new charter would be given them instead. This new charter was prepared to the effect that the king should have the power to appoint, or confirm, or annul the appointment of the mayor, sheriff, and town clerk, matters which had before rested in the hands of the burgesess alone. It was despatched from London, but before it reached Newcastle the king died, so that we know not how the people of the town would have received it. How they behaved in parallel circumstances afterwards we shall see.

The accession of James II. was a happy event for the Dissenters. He was in favour of toleration, and persecution ceased. There

was much rejoicing in Newcastle on the occasion of his coronation. The townspeople rang the bells, fired the guns, and—

> "Instead of fair water their fountains sprang claret,"

as a poet of the time observed in "A Jocoserious discourse, in two dialogues between a Northumberland gentleman and his tenant, a Scotchman, both old cavaliers," by George Stuart, licensed 12th June 1686. The landlord applies what was perhaps at that time a popular epithet to Newcastle, when he says—

> "What? thundering of cannon, there was no such thing,
> Twas the Cock of the North was clapping his wing."

There was now much freedom in religious matters in the town. As Barnes says—"The cap and mace were one day carried to Church, another day to the Mass House, another to the Dissenting meeting house." For some time the king, "James the Just" as he was called by a Jesuit preacher in Newcastle, was very popular, but the popularity was of short duration. It was soon found that the toleration of Dissenters was merely a screen for the re-introduction of Romanism, which in the preceding reign had been as rigorously persecuted as was Dissent. Then came the attempts of the king, in continuation of his late brother's policy, to seize into his own hand the power wielded by the municipal local authorities of the country. From Newcastle he removed the duly elected mayor, sheriff, and aldermen, to make room for his own nominees, and caused the corporation to be packed with creatures of his own. Then he demanded the surrender of the old charters of the town, and that a new one should replace it. The Crown, by the new charter, was to have power to annul or confirm the election of the officers of the corporation.

A brave majority of the Council held out against this outrageous attempt on the liberty of the burgesses. The minority who were of the king's party, including Sir William Creagh, mayor by royal mandamus, drew up and signed a petition, surrendering all the ancient privileges, and asking his majesty to grant a new charter, and do exactly as he had demanded. Thus the whole resources of the town were placed in the hands of the king.

But, to their honour, the people of Newcastle were not so easily to be deprived of their ancient rights. At the next election (1688) they refused to elect the king's nominees, and returned as mayor and sheriff Aldermen William Hutchinson and Matthew Partis, two of the most uncompromising of the Protestant party.

All over England the same feeling arose. Then came the news that William of Orange was on the seas. Too late the king offered to restore the old charters and all the ancient privileges of the corporation. At Newcastle the mob, which had shouted and drank the claret at his coronation, tumbled his statue into the Tyne, and shouted for King William.

It is curious to note the sudden ups and downs of those days. Strange turns of fortune are seen on all sides. Thus we find a polite note from the mayor, by order of the Common Council, to Dr. March, the vicar, to the effect "that his salary will be stopt unless he pray for King William and Queen Mary by name."

"Bonnie Dundee" triumphant at Killiecrankie, Newcastle must needs arm herself again, against the possible attack of her old northern foe. But happily the peril was averted. The old walls were not needed; the danger being past, they were not of immediate importance, and were left to the ravages of time.

So they seem to have continued during the reign of William and Mary. In 1696 there was a plan for the invasion of England, drawn up by the abdicated king and his friend and ally, Louis XIV. of France. In *Nairn's Papers* a translation of this plan is given, and the following is part of an extract from it given by Brand:—

"The town of Newcastle, one of the most considerable in England, is situated about a league from the sea, on the River Tyne. . . . The town is surrounded only by an old ruinous wall, without ramparts or ditches, and is commanded by heights on all sides. . . . In the counties of York, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and in the bishopric of Durham, are all the excellent studs, consequently the cavalry and dragoons might easily be mounted. Besides, 20,000 carriages and cart-horses, which carry the coals from the mines to Newcastle and Sunderland, will be found in that country, and may be useful for carrying the baggage of the army; but a more important consideration is, that the greatest part of the imhabitants of these districts are well affected towards his majesty, and may join him without any hindrance." This projected invasion, however, never took place, and the town walls were still neglected, and became more ruinous than ever.

During the war against France and Spain in the reign of Queen Anne, more than one petition was made by the mayor and Common Council, that the fortifications might be made secure. So important was this matter considered, not only by the people of the town, but by the country at large, that "an order was made that the whole House of Commons should attend the Queen with an address, to request her majesty to give speedy and effectual orders for putting the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne into a posture of defence, and securing the port of Tynemouth."

We do not know that any action followed upon this, but whatever the result, no danger at this time approached the town. Marlborough kept the enemy too busily engaged abroad to allow them time for invading England. The death of the Queen raised the hopes of the Jacobites, and soon the walls of Newcastle, so long neglected, were again looked upon for protection against an enemy in arms.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WALLS OF NEWCASTLE DURING "THE 'FIFTEEN," AND "THE 'FORTY-FIVE."

"My lord's lost his land, and my ladie her name,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."
—*Old Jacobite Song.*

KING GEORGE I. ascended the throne in 1714, and in the following year, so long and so sadly remembered in the north as "the 'Fifteen." the adherents of the Pretender raised the standard of rebellion.

The Northumberland rebels mustered at Morpeth in October under General Forster, and were soon joined by the young Earl of Derwentwater. They had expectation of surprising Newcastle, which town they fully expected would have opened its gates to them immediately on their appearing before it. In this, however, they were mistaken. Nothing was further from the thought of the town authorities.

"The mayor and corporation," says Patten, in his *History of the Rebellion*, "equally discovered their loyalty and evinced their spirit on this trying occasion, and before the arrival of any regular forces, put that important town into a posture of defence.

"They raised immediately what men they could, and secured and imprisoned all Papists and suspected persons, and armed and encouraged the inhabitants for their own defence. They got the militia and train bands, who about that time were ordered to muster at Killingworth Moor, near the town, to be taken into it for its better defence. At the same time the Earl of Scarborough, lord lieutenant of the county of Northumberland, repaired with his friends to Newcastle; and the gentry of those parts, after his lordship's example, mounted their neighbours and tenants on horseback, so that the town was full of horses and men, both townsmen and countrymen unanimously declaring for King George. The gates were walled up with stone very strong. A body of seven hundred volunteers was armed by the town for its immediate guard. The keelmen offered a body of seven hundred men more, to be always ready at half-an-hour's warning; an association having been formed by the whole body of loyal inhabitants. In the middle of this hurry, a battalion of foot and part of a regiment of horse came to Newcastle, and then all their fears vanished."

Soon followed the other bodies of royal troops, under Lieutenant General Carpenter, and the army marched against the insurgents, who had retreated to the north. So ended all part of this rising which concerns Newcastle. On its suppression the town relapsed again into a state of quietude, which was undisturbed by fear of

enemies from without for about thirty years, so that the old defences again were left to decay.

Newcastle had a narrow escape from a terrible calamity in 1716, but her enemies this time were without the walls. A party of Swiss dragoons, who were quartered here, tempted by the great wealth of the inhabitants, formed a plan to mutiny, and plunder the town ; but the design became known, and they were prevented by the English troops.

In 1736 was published *The History of Newcastle*, by the Rev. Henry Bourne, which gives us much valuable information concerning the walls, as of other parts of the town, as he saw them. He says—

"It (Newcastle) is surrounded with a stone wall, which at the time it was built, and for many ages after, was undoubtedly of very great strength. This had several gates belonging to it, round towers, and square turrets. On the outside of it is a ditch or trench, and on the inside it is rampered with earth. . . . It is now going fast into ruins, several of the turrets and some of the round towers being fallen, but the towers which stand, together with some little parts of the wall adjoining to them, are kept in good repair by their respective companies."

Speaking of the Quayside, he says—"Through this street goes the remaining parts of town walls, which is continued from the east end of the Merchant's Court (on the Sandhill) to Sandgate, which make in some manner two streets, the inside and outside of the Key. On the top of this wall is a walk along it as is along the other walls of the town, and at the bottom of it are a great many gates, which are called water-gates."

Bourne gives in his book a plan of Newcastle, which however, is a copy of one published by James Corbridge in 1723. It shows the town all lying within the circuit of the walls, except the comparitively small surburbs of Newgate, Westgate, Pilgrim Street gate, and Sandgate. The space within the walls is only about half occupied by buildings, and abounds in gardens, orchards, and open spaces. There is the Carliol Croft between Pilgrim Street and the town wall. There are gardens behind the houses in Pilgrim Street. There are gardens at the Blackfriars in great number, and the trees are flourishing in the Nun's gardens and fields, about where now the Butcher Market stands. There are trees also, in the spacious grounds of Anderson Place, where King Charles was confined ; in the Vicarage garden in Westgate Street, in the Whitefriars, where Hanover Square now is, and many other places.

The thirty years of rest which Newcastle enjoyed after the suppression of the rising of 1715 came to an end in the reign of George II. He had been on the throne eighteen years, when in 1745 the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, landed in Scotland, and speedily found himself at the head of the Jacobite clans.

Our town, as before, declared for the house of Brunswick. The

inhabitants voluntarily entered into an agreement to appear in arms for the defence of the place, against his majesty's enemies. The interesting document which was signed on this occasion, by eight hundred and thirteen persons, is preserved in the archives of the town. It is worded as follows :—

"The town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the county of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

"*Whereas* an actual rebellion is begun in Scotland, and the city of Edinburgh is now possessed by a Popish pretender and his adherants ; we, whose names are hereunto subscribed being duly sensible of the many blessings we enjoy under his majesty's happy administration, and that the continuance thereof can nowise be effected but by supporting King George on the throne of these realms and his royal family ; and, as it is to be apprehended that the rebels may proceed to make an attempt upon the town, do voluntarily oblige ourselves to appear in person, or to provide duly, or when we shall be required, an able man, to act in concert with his majestie's forces in this town, for the defence thereof against all his majestie's enemies.

"Dated this 15th day of September 1745 :—

"M. Ridley.	Cuthbert Smith (Mayor).
"Nath. Clayton.	Aubone Surtees.
"Ed. Collingwood.	Geo. Cuthbertson."
"Ralph Sowerby.	and 806 others.

M. Ridley who heads the list was Matthew Ridley of Heaton, who was the heart and soul of the movement for the defence of the town. When the Duke of Cumberland passed through Newcastle afterwards on his way to Culloden, he told Mr. Ridley "that he had it in charge from his royal father to deliver to him his particular thanks for his loyalty and good conduct in the preservation of this country."

On the Sunday following the date of the above agreement, "the alarming news of the defeat of General Cope at Dunbar arrived at Newcastle, and threw the people into the greatest consternation. Many of the most opulent inhabitants fled immediately and removed their most valuable effects into the country with the utmost precipitation."

Meanwhile the preparations for defence were vigorously carried on. The *Newcastle Courant* of Saturday, 28th September, says—"We have lately got several more cannon, and are assured that ten thousand troops will shortly arrive here from the south, so that we hope to give a good account of the rebels if they come to pay us a visit. On Wednesday last part of the militia from the county of Northumberland came to town—viz., about four hundred foot, well armed, and headed by many fine gentlemen, who are determined to defend his majesty, this government, and the religion and liberty of this kingdom, against all invaders."

At the end of the next week 600 of the King's Dutch troops arrived from Berwick, where they had landed. The *Courant* of

12th October in announcing their arrival says further :—"Every day this week some part of the gentleman volunteers who are determined to defend his majestie's person, etc., and this town in particular, have been employed in learning the military exercise ; the principal parts of which they are now expert in, particularly the gentlemen that compose the company with red and pink cockades. . . . Last Wednesday and Thursday a great number of cannon, nine and eighteen pounders, were carried from the Sandhill on their carriages and placed on their proper parts of the town wall."

These parts are enumerated in a paper communicated by Mr. T. Aubone to Brand the historian, as follows :—

"The Close Gate, Whitefriars' Tower, Postern Gate, Heslop's House, Old Roper's Tower, Dobison's Tower, Westgate, Hatters' Tower, Glaziers' Tower, Paviours' Tower, St. Andrew's Tower, Newgate, Pilgrim Street Gate, Weavers' Tower, Cutlers' Tower, Roper's Tower, Pandon Gate, Carpenters' Tower, Sandgate, on the wall above the pant, Broad Chare, Sandhill Corner, Bridge End, Mayors' and Close Gate."

The *Courant* of 19th October gives the following particulars :—"Several of the watergates on the Quayside are built up with gun holes in them. The town walls are all repairing, and we expect a reinforcement of his majestie's forces every day. Last Sunday the Hon. General Hulke arrived here, as is also Colonel Walsh. Last Monday our volunteers and militia, also the Dutch and English soldiers, were reviewed by the Hon. General Hulke ; after which they were all stationed at their proper places on the town walls (where we have about 200 cannon planted), there to answer at a minute's warning."

Here is a proclamation issued by the corporation and signed by the town clerk : "Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—All persons whatsoever residing without the walls of the said town, that have any ladder or ladders, are desired immediately to bring the same into the towns yard behind the hospital in the manors ; and it is ordered that no person whatsoever (except the proper gunners) shall come near the great guns within the said town after six o'clock at night, and that no person whatsoever fire a gun or other firearms in or near the said town in the evening, or at night when it is dark, upon pain of imprisonment. And all persons living without the walls, but within the liberties of the said town, who have in their custody any firearms, are desired immediately to bring and deliver them at the mayor's house. And all persons living within the said town, who have in their custody any pickaxes or shovels, are desired forthwith to deliver them at the same place. And notice is hereby given, that the fair, customarily held on the 18th day of October, yearly, will not be held on the 18th inst., but some time after, of which publick notice will be given.—CUTHBERTSON."

While the town was thus armed and guarded, fires were lit and kept burning all night, all round the outside of the town, at a distance of 200 yards from the walls, to prevent surprise.

We have many interesting particulars of this anxious and stirring time in the journal of John Wesley, who was then living in the town. His dwelling was outside the walls, at the Orphan House which he had built in Northumberland Street. The man of peace writes :—

"*Sept.* 20.—The Mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town by the first alarm. Now, also, Pilgrim Street Gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for us, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire to all that trust in Him. . . .

"*Sept.* 21.—The same day the action was, came the news of General Cope's defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling of the guard, and for walling up Pandon and Sally-Port Gates. . . .

"*Sun.* 22.—The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meantime our poor neighbours on either hand were busy in removing their goods ; and most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy in carrying away their money and goods ; and more and more of the gentry every hour rode southward as fast as they could. . . .

"I never saw before so well-behaved a congregation in any church at Newcastle as was that at St. Andrew's this morning. The place appeared as indeed the house of God ; and the sermon Mr. Ellison preached was strong and weighty, which he could scarce conclude for tears."

The next part of this extract is very characteristic : it shows the cool judgment and essentially practical turn of mind of the great Methodist, as well as the child-like faith which made him see a special divine interposition in almost every circumstance of life :—

"All this week the alarms from the north continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would still stay without the walls : others told us we must remove quickly, for if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look how the cannons on the gates were planted ; and I could not but adore the providence of God, for it was obvious—1. They were all planted in such a manner that no shot could touch our house. 2. The cannon on Newgate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim Street Gate on the other, that none could come near our house either way without being torn in pieces.

"On Friday and Saturday many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in with their servants, horses, and arms. Among those who came from the North was one whom the mayor ordered to be apprehended, on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone he cut his own throat,

but a surgeon coming, quickly sewed up the wound, so that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented.

"*Sun.* 29.—Advice came that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach Newcastle by Monday evening . . . On Saturday a party of the rebels (about a thousand men) came within seventeen miles of Newcastle. This occasioned a fresh alarm in the town, and orders were given by the General that the soldiers should march against them on Monday morning. But these orders were countermanded.

"Mr. Nixon (the gentleman who had some days since, upon being apprehended, cut his own throat) being still unable to speak, wrote, as well as he could, that the design of the Prince (as they called him) was to seize on Tynemouth Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and ammunition ; and thence to march to the hill on the east side of Newcastle, which entirely commands the town. And if this had been done, he would have carried his point, and gained the town without a blow. The mayor immediately sent to Tynemouth Castle, and lodged the cannon and ammunition in a safer place. . . .

"*Thursday* 31.—At ten I preached on the Town Moor, at a small distance from the English camp, the Germans lying by themselves."

The English camp on the Town Moor was that of Marshal Wade, who had 15,000 men under his command. As soon as he arrived at Newcastle the Marshal selected this place to post his troops, as he there covered Newcastle and the mining districts around, which it was most important to keep out of the enemy's hands. It was fully expected that the Pretender would march south by the east coast and make an attempt upon Newcastle. On hearing of the vigorous preparations for the defence of that town, he changed his mind, and determined to advance upon Carlisle. The small detachment mentioned by Wesley as being so near Newcastle was despatched to cause the English general to believe that the plan of attack was still unaltered. Wade was deceived, and while he still lay upon Newcastle Moor, he learned that the rebels had crossed the west border, and were marching upon Carlisle. He at once set out to save that city, but had only reached Hexham when he heard that it had fallen, and that the Pretender, leaving a guard there, was marching for the south. The Marshal returned to Newcastle, but soon set out from thence for the south, in pursuit of the enemy.

During the time that Charles Edward was marching to Derby and again retreating into Scotland, there was much movement of troops to and from Newcastle. That town and the adjacent villages were continually called upon to find quarters for the soldiers. The inconvenience and expense must have been great, but the loyalty of the people, and their gratitude at escape from the danger which had threatened them, were such that they cheerfully

bore all. We are told in the *Courant*—"The magistrates and townspeople received them with a tenderness adapted to the circumstances wherein they were. The malt houses, public halls, and other empty buildings were warmed and fitted up ; while such as appeared most shattered were quartered in private houses, and kindly entertained at the proprietors' charge."

On New Year's Eve came the news of the retaking of Carlisle by the Duke of Cumberland, and "our bells were ordered to ring, which continued all night and next morning, so that we concluded the old and begun the new year with pleasant and cheerful countenances, and the church was observed to be thronger on Wednesday morning than is usual on New Year's Day."

It is hard to realise now the sense of relief and the joy which would then reign in the hearts of the people. Destruction and ruin—the Angel of Death himself—had swept by them, and they had escaped unscathed. But other feelings besides joy were aroused. Rage and hatred of the rebels and all their faction excited the mob, now that they had ceased to fear. The Duke of Cumberland passed through Newcastle on his way to Scotland against the rebels, and, says Brand—"He was welcomed at Gateshead by a kind of illumination which gave His Royal Highness great uneasiness to see." This was caused by the flames which rose from the burning Roman Catholic Chapel and Gateside House, the mansion of the Claverings—the same house we have mentioned before as being the residence of Sir Thomas Riddell. The fire had been kindled by a too zealous Protestant mob. Over the water at Newcastle there were kindred spirits, who, "two days afterwards, broke into a house called the Nuns (where was another Popish chapel), and took away and destroyed several goods, etc., belonging to it," thus combining profit with patriotism.

On the 16th April 1746 the rebels were totally defeated at Culloden, and on the twenty-first the news reached Newcastle. "Monday afternoon and till next morning" (they did not stint themselves in those days) "we had the greatest rejoicings of all sorts in this town known in the memory of man, on receiving the great and good news of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's obtaining a complete victory over the rebels, the 16th inst. near Inverness."

"On hearing the agreeable news, the young gentlemen of the Head School in this town expressed an uncommon joy on such a happy issue—who at their own expense, and with the greatest alacrity, ordered the school to be illuminated, tar barrels to be burnt, and in short, such a spirit appeared amongst them as made the inhabitants much admire."

With the defeat of the Pretender and the dispersal of his army the anxiety of Newcastle cased. Peace seemed now to be assured, and the old walls were once more neglected and forgotten.

CHAPTER X.

A TIME OF REST AND A TIME OF AWAKENING.

TIME rolled on, and the grey old walls, their time of usefulness now past, were found to be in the way. That part which ran along the river-side was the first to be interfered with. It impeded the loading and unloading of the ships, and narrowed the Quayside. The merchants complained, and in 1763 it was pulled down. The stones which composed it were used in the erection of St. Anne's Church, which was built on the site of an ancient chapel, dedicated to the same saint, on the high ground overlooking the eastern extremity of the pleasant suburb of Sandgate.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century there was a period of rest as far as town improvement and extension was concerned, and little change took place. Within the walls the pleasant meadows, gardens, and orchards were allowed to remain undisturbed. The open country, with its hay-fields and corn-fields, commenced immediately outside the walls, and the whole place preserved the rustic characteristics which caused John Wesley to write of it in 1759 :—"Certainly if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness. But I seek another country, and therefore am content to be a wanderer upon earth." This is strong evidence, coming as it does from a man who had travelled perhaps more than anyone else had done, over all parts of the United Kingdom, in the course of his ministrations.

The red-brick, red-tiled houses, overtopped here and there by clumps of tall trees—the towering steeple of the mother church raising "its head of majesty as high above the rest as the cypresse tree above the low shrubs"—the grey, time-worn keep, looking down upon the busy river with its crowd of white-sailed ships—must have formed a picture of exceeding beauty. In fancy one can see the old grey walls basking in the afternoon sun—aged veterans, their warfare over, resting from their labours, and reaping in a peaceful old age the reward of a well-spent and useful life. We can see the grass and the wall-flowers springing from the fissures and softening their ruggedness, and listen to the drowsy hum of the bees amongst the gardens which nestle close under our ancient friends and protectors, or to the twitter of the swallows as they build their nests beneath the corbals, while from the meadows outside comes the distant lowing of the cows.

But this period of rest came to an end together with the eighteenth century. Commerce, wealth, and population had increased, and the town awoke from her pleasant dream. The necessity for expansion and improvement was felt, and new streets began to rise, and the pleasant green spots within the walls to

become smaller and fewer. In the last years of the century Mosley Street and Dean Street were formed, and thus a somewhat more convenient way for traffic between the east and west parts of the town and between the Quayside and the higher parts was opened out.

With the commencement of the nineteenth century the walls were called upon for the last time to put on their armour. In 1804 the country was under apprehension of an invasion by Napoleon, and in that year the alarm was given all down the north-east coast that the French had actually landed. A false alarm it proved; the burning of some whins on the Lammermuir Hill had been taken for the preconcerted signal of invasion, and far and wide it was repeated, and the whole north country rose in arms. On the discovery of the mistake measures were taken to prevent its further recurrence. Certain official signals were agreed upon. In Newcastle everything was prepared for the transport of the women and children and old men to the Alston moors. Every one was apprised as to where they should find the waggons and what provisions and utensils they should take, when the red flag by day, or the red lamp by night, should appear on the steeple of St. Nicholas and on the castle, and the five minute guns should be heard giving the signal of alarm.

Mr. Fenwick, speaking in 1861 at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, says, "He remembers the circuit of the whole wall, and how it was occupied by the military during the last French war, the towers forming sort of guard-houses."

During the war the loyal spirit of the Newcastle people showed itself as in times past. They had formed themselves into an "Armed Association" for the defence of the town in case of the arrival of the enemy. As in times past, a Ridley was at the head of the movement. The Armed Association, we read, was under the command of Sir Matthew White Ridley, and it was his lady who presented it with its colours on the 3rd of January 1799, in the Nuns' Field, when the members in their blue jackets, white trousers, and round hats were drawn up to receive them. She also presented a standard to the troop of horse attached to the infantry. There was an immense concourse of spectators, and the ground was kept by the Newcastle Volunteers—another body of armed citizens.

In 1805 the battle of Trafalgar put an end to the apprehensions of the people, and there were great rejoicings in the town, the proud birthplace of the gallant Collingwood, who shared with Nelson the honour of the victory.

After the final defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, and when peace seemed assured to the world, Newcastle began in earnest the work of extension. The spirit of change was abroad, and the old town began to disappear before it. The walls and gates especially were heavy sufferers.

Just as this spirit was beginning to be felt—viz., in 1787, the

Rev. John Brand had published his *History of Newcastle*. In it we have a most valuable account of the town in what may be called its state of crystallization.

The reaction also brought its historian, for in 1827 was published the *History of Newcastle*, by Eneas Mackenzie, which chronicles the rapid changes produced by what the author calls "the improving spirit of the age," and preserves the memory of much which has since been swept away.

But greater changes than ever Mackenzie dreamed of were to come over Newcastle. A transformation the most complete was about to take place : the old-fashioned town of timber and brick was to become a town of hewn stone. The straggling chares with their quaint houses, and the open wastes and gardens, were to give place to a series of broad and magnificent streets of stately buildings, unrivalled for richness and breadth of design and artistic harmony of arrangement.

As yet, however, they existed only in the brain of one man. Towards the latter end of the eighteenth century, simultaneously with the birth of the spirit of change, was born in Newcastle the great magician who was to be the ruler of that spirit, and who was to direct it to noble ends. But for his guidance, it might, in its rage for alteration of some kind, have blindly destroyed the ancient and picturesque beauty of the town, only to give us instead a hideous mass of formal, monotonous streets. This man was Richard Grainger.

Born in Newcastle, he spent his boyish days amongst its strange old streets, and thus became acquainted with every hole and corner of the old town. In the long summer evenings, and in the happy days of the summer holidays, he, with his school companions, often gazed with admiration on the stately mansion of Anderson Place, with its enclosed grounds full of trees, and flowers, and shrubs. Perhaps on occasion they made closer though surreptitious acquaintance with the gardens and with the golden forbidden fruit there and in many other parts of the town, so temptingly displayed, as was the custom of boys in his day and before, and has been since. Often they climbed about the rugged old walls of the town, seeking for sparrows' and starlings' nests in the rents torn by cannon shot in the troublous times of long ago. Doubtless he often dragged his comrades with him to look again and again at the fine new houses in Collingwood Street, Mosley Street, and Dean Street, and admire the theatre at the head of the latter. Many a day would they spend with the builders as they worked at the new county courts in the Castle Garth ; and returning from Saturday afternoon excursions into the Shieldfield and Ouseburn valley, they would see the new bridge gradually extending across Pandon Dene. The demolition of the Westgate and other old buildings would be especially interesting, and as the stubborn masonry fell, and the clouds of white dust rose into the air, the boyish love of destruction would be attested by many a ringing cheer.

But school-books and holidays must be cast aside, and the work of life started in earnest. Young Grainger was sent to serve his time with a house carpenter and builder, and his apprenticeship over, he started building himself, together with an elder brother, who soon afterwards died. The steady persevering industry and great business capacity and sterling honesty of Richard Grainger were not long unacknowledged. His hands were soon full of work. Higham Place, near the Carliol Tower, nearly the whole of Blackett Street on the site of the northern line of the town wall, Eldon Square close by, and Leazes Terrace, outside the town altogether, rapidly followed one another. Then came the Royal Arcade, up to that time his masterpiece. Now was his character and ability fully recognised by his fellow townsmen, and his reputation was sufficiently established to enable him to start with confidence the great work of his life.

Anderson Place still stood in its twelve acres of grounds, in the centre of the town; on this Grainger had long had his eye, for once this property was in his possession he saw his way clear to a mighty improvement. His now proved abilities had gained him rich and powerful friends. In 1832 he purchased the coveted estate for £50,000, and immediately the historic mansion was razed to the ground, the Lort Burn, which ran past it, was arched over, and the valley it had worn was filled in. The undulating uneven ground became a level open space and Grey Street was started. Obstacles seemingly unsurmountable stood in the way of the daring builder, but his extraordinary energy overcame all. The theatre and the Butcher Market which stayed the southern extension of the new street were given up by the respective owners—a private company and the corporation. In their stead rose the Theatre Royal, as it now exists, with its noble Corinthian portico, and the New Market, which is the largest and finest covered market in the kingdom. Then Grey Street was completed, with its branching cross streets and noble blocks of buildings—Grainger Street, Clayton Street, and a host of others—in fact, Central Newcastle almost as we see it now.

While these great works were proceeding, Newcastle immensely extended her boundaries, which had remained unchanged since the year 1400, by including within them the contiguous townships of Elswick, Westgate, Jesmond, Heaton, and Byker, under the Municipal Reform Act of 1835. Henceforth she was the Borough and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the circumference of her boundaries was increased to sixteen miles. There was thus ample ground for extension. On all sides were heard the sound of the bricklayer's trowel and mason's chisel; the suburbs rapidly extended until the old town within the walls was completely engulphed and became but the centre of an ever-increasing mass of houses.

And now we come to the great event of the nineteenth century. The name of Richard Grainger is, indeed, a household word in Newcastle, but the name of George Stephenson is known the

wide world over. The story of his life is familiar to all. To William Hedley of Wylam belongs the honour of having first discovered and proved that smooth-wheeled locomotives would travel and draw upon smooth rails, and of having introduced many improvements in the construction of engines; but to George Stephenson belongs the honour of having accomplished the great work of the development of steam locomotive traffic, which has benefited every habitable part of the earth.

In 1835 part of the Newcastle and Carlisle railway was opened from Hexham to Blaydon. To the station at Blaydon passengers from Newcastle were taken by omnibus, and goods by steamer. In 1838 the line was completed between Carlisle and Redheugh, and in 1839 to the depôt at the Shot Tower, on the Newcastle side of the Tyne. In the same year the Newcastle and Shields railway was opened. In 1844 the completion of the Newcastle and Darlington railway opened out unbroken communication between London and the Brandling Junction Station, at Gateshead. On the 1st July 1847 Newcastle was connected by rail with Berwick, and thus placed on the main line between Edinburgh and London.

Many other smaller lines were meanwhile being opened for steam traffic in the district. On the already existing colliery railroads the locomotive largely superseded the old plans, and many new branch lines were constructed, opening out communication between the Tyne and the mining districts. Great increase of trade immediately accrued to Newcastle. The coal trade received a fresh impetus, and the Tyne received for shipment the output of many collieries which had before shipped from the neighbouring small sea-ports. The agricultural produce of Northumberland and Durham gravitated towards Newcastle, and the importance of her markets increased, to the detriment of those of the small county towns.

But there was one thing wanting—the wide and deep valley of the Tyne at Newcastle broke the continuity of the line from north to south. It was proposed to bridge it, but the stupendous difficulty of the task caused it to appear insurmountable. It was then proposed to leave Newcastle out of the route, and bridge the river a few miles lower down at Bill Point, where the banks were not so steep. Had this been done, Newcastle might now have been an outlying and quiet suburb of Walker—an interesting place from an antiquarian point of view, but decidedly behind the position she now enjoys in other respects.

The seemingly impossible task was, however, accomplished. Robert Stephenson, worthy son of his distinguished father, in 1850 constructed the High Level Bridge, and by its means the iron road spanned the valley of the Tyne, and the trains ran across a hundred and twelve feet above the river at high water. During the building of the bridge many parts of old Newcastle, in the neighbourhood of the castle, were swept away to make room for the abutments and approaches.

A railway station worthy of the town was the next necessity; and the Central Station was built. It covers a large portion of the site of the town wall and its towers. Enough of the old had certainly now vanished to make room for the new, but fate seemed in favour of the spirit of change. In 1854 great part of the dense mass of buildings which faced upon the Quayside was destroyed by the great fire and explosion of that year. The ruins were cleared away, and the present handsome stone buildings rose in their place. In other parts of the town alterations were made, old houses were pulled down and new ones built. Notable amongst such alterations was the destruction of the old picturesque houses which stood under the shadow of St. Nicholas, in the Groat Market, and the erection of the present town hall buildings.

Outside in the suburbs the domain of brick and mortar extended on all sides, and seemed fully to justify the doubts of the local poet who wrote—

> "Where canny Newcastle will gan te at last,
> Is far ayont maa understandin';
> But if it gans on as its deun for years past,
> It'll suin aboot Hexham be landin';
> For toon within toon and street efter street,
> Grainger pops up, without ivor heedin'
> How they're to be filled, unless some new leet
> Shows us how to be filled without feedin'."

Such parts as remained of the old walls were very little meddled with again until within very recent times. The alterations in Pandon and the construction of the new road across the valley, which necessitated the removal of parts of the old fortifications, may most appropriately be reserved for a future chapter. We shall next treat of the walls as they now remain to us, shorn of their former glory, smoke blackened, shattered memorials of times and men that have passed away.

CHAPTER XI.

A WALK ROUND THE WALLS—THE WEST SIDE.

WE are bound upon a melancholy pilgrimage, for it is a sad task to follow the line of the once strong and unbroken walls of Newcastle, and gaze upon the few detached fragments which now remain; sadder still when we know that even these few fragments are daily passing away and falling before the remorseless spirit of improvement and change now in full activity. Proud though we may be of the

increasing extent and prosperity of the town, we cannot but feel deeply the irreparable loss of these venerable relics of her ancient world-wide renown.

We will commence at the south-western angle of the fortifications, or rather at where it once was. Along the Close, where now stands Davidson's Flour Mill, stood, by the water's edge, the corner turret of the town wall. Before the mill was built part of this turret and of the foundations of the wall adjoining it were visible in the yard of Cookson's Foundry. The last time this turret was used it was a meeting-house of the Sailmakers' Company. Now not a trace of it remains.

To the north of it, and spanning the entrance to the Close, stood the Close Gate—also swept away. It was used as a temporary prison after the flood of 1771 swept away Tyne Bridge and the prison which stood upon it, and served as a meeting-house for the House Carpenters' Company and afterwards for the Sailmakers' Company. In 1797 it was taken down, the passage through the gateway being narrow, awkward, and dangerous, and the whole building very heavy and plain.

On the north side of the Close the end of the town wall, where it joined the gate, may still be seen, built square up and forming part of the wall which here bounds the street. From here the wall ran straight up the steep hill side, and inside it was a steep flight of stairs, very appropriately called "Break-neck stairs." A similar arrangement is still to be seen at Berwick Castle, where the wall climbs the steep banks of the Tweed. But the "Break-neck stairs" of Newcastle are gone, as is also the wall, though part of its foundations are visible amongst the rubbish which litters the ground on the hill side.

On the hill top we see part of the foundations on the north side of Hanover Street, at the entrance to a narrow opening which leads to Orchard Street. Very near here stood the Whitefriars Tower, built by the Carmelites or Whitefriars, whose house stood close by. No doubt a Roman fortification stood here in the days of Pons Elii, for when the tower was pulled down in 1840 many Roman remains were discovered, and amongst them an altar, now in the castle, dedicated to the god Sylvanus. Sylvan would be the neighbourhood then and even ages after; when the old mediæral tower was used as a meeting-house by the masons and also by the bricklayers and mettors, the place was beautiful with the foliage of orchard trees—very different is it now—the orchards are only represented by the name Orchard Street, but their site is covered by the famous engineering works of Stephenson & Co., and factories of other kinds.

For the full length of Orchard Street a piece of the town wall runs behind the houses on the east side, and you get glimpses of its top as you pass the various openings leading to the yards behind. By turning the corner at the north of the street, the end of this piece of wall may be seen built up square and even—though a

short time ago it was jagged and rough just as it had been left when broken off at the formation of the railway.

Inside the remaining line of wall—that is, on the east side of it—is Hanover Square. We will return and approach it from Hanover Street—Fletcher's Brewery stands just inside the town wall, the top of which can be seen over the outbuildings in the yard. Passing round to the front of the handsome, square, brick house adjoining the brewery, we see the long stretch of the wall—the other side of which we saw behind Orchard Street. Inside it here is a large enclosed space full of builders' material. Against the venerable wall are built stables, and sheds, and various other "lean to" erections. The wall itself is in fair condition; along the top of it, outside, runs an embrasured parapet intact, coping, stones and all, probably built in 1715 or 1745. The platform, or top of the wall inside this parapet is rough and grass-grown, and encumbered with the crumbling remains of wooden pigstyes and such like.

The quarter of Newcastle in which Hanover Square, and the adjoining streets now stand has a most interesting history. Here, as we have said, was the house of the Friars of the Sac or of the Penance of Jesus, who appear to have been a sort of Dissenters amongst the other religious bodies, for their order was founded by an expelled novice, and admitted members of both sexes, even though married. It also permitted then to retain property. The name was derived from the shape and stuff of their habit. They were here as early as 1268; but, as we have before mentioned, the order became extinct in 1307, and their house and land was given to the Whitefriars from the Wall Knoll.

This latter order of mendicants was founded by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1122, and their first habitation was on Mount Carmel in Syria, hence their name Carmelites. They were called White friars from the colour of their robes. Their possessions in Newcastle were large, and extended from the Westgate to the river side. At the building of the town walls they contributed their share by building the Whitefriar Tower, and most probably that portion of the town wall which we have just mentioned as still standing behind Hanover Square, for it was in the grounds of their convent, and the town made acknowledgment of their proprietorship of the site by paying them annually, on Christmas Day, a pound of pepper. For upwards of two centuries the white clad brethren dwelt in their beautiful house amongst the orchard trees, tilling their land, and worshipping in their convent church of St. Mary; but at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. in 1539 they surrendered their possessions, and their lands passed into the possession of various owners. During the Commonwealth part of them belonged to Dr. Jennison, vicar of Newcastle, and he still claimed and received from the corporation the pound of pepper on Christmas Day. Brand says that "within the memory of persons living in his time (1789) all the ground between

the Close and the Postern was laid out in gardens, the property of Mrs. Jennison, in the midst of which stood some remains of the Whitefriars, occupied as a gardener's house. Part of these remains are still to be seen in our day, in the kitchen of the square brick mansion of Mr. Fletcher, adjoining his brewery. This mansion was built by Dr. Adam Askew, who bought the ground from Mrs. Jennison.

Dr. Askew was one of the most eminent physicians in England, and a very wealthy man. He was the purchaser, in 1748, of the historic estate of Redheugh Hall, near Gateshead, which had been in the possession of various noble families since the year 1280, including the Whites, the Liddells, and the Radcliffs, of Derwentwater. He died in 1773, and his great wealth descended to his son, Dr. Anthony Askew, physician to St. Bartholomew's and Christ's Hospital. He only survived his father a year, and left ten orphan children—these mentioned on the Askew monument in St. Nicholas' Church, erected to his memory by his brother Henry Askew of Redheugh.

In 1727 the Hanover Square chapel was built by the Unitarians of Newcastle, in the middle of a large field formerly belonging to the convent of Whitefriars. They intended to have built, surrounding the chapel, a square of dwelling houses for themselves, to be called, "in testimony of their attachment to the reigning family and the principles of the revolution, Hanover Square." Some only of the houses were built, "but part of the property requisite to complete the scheme having got into the hands of persons who chose to apply their shares to purposes entirely different, the design was no further proceeded in; and the name remains, though the square it was intended to denominate had never any existence." The Rev. William Turner, minister of Hanover Square chapel, was a well-known figure in Newcastle society a hundred years ago. He came from Wakefield in 1782, and was active in all good works in his newly adopted town. He established Sunday schools, then quite a new institution, in 1784, and was one of the projectors of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The old chapel, after the members removed to New Bridge Street, was bought by Messrs. Harvey, the tobacco manufacturers, and now forms part of their establishment. The neighbourhood of Hanover Square has undergone little other change since it was first built. A quiet old-fashioned nook it is, looking more like part of some sleepy cathedral city than of a busy manufacturing town. The beautiful old rounded brickwork gables of the Fletcher mansion, the doorways with their shining brass knockers, and the ornamental leaden heads of the water spouts, all recall memories of the times of the Georges, with their Sedan chairs, powdered and bepatched beauties, and stately gentlemen in their old world but most becoming costume. Entering the enclosure beside the town wall, north of the house, and looking at the picturesque wreck which clings against it, we could almost imagine oneself back in the days

of T. M. Richardson, so like is it to the scenes he so often portrayed.

But we must proceed on our way. We go round by Clavering Place, and memories of honest Joshua Douglas, sometime town clerk, come upon us; how his daughter married Sir Thomas Clavering of Axwell, and brought her husband this property which bears his name. Residences of opulent citizens in times gone by are here, now turned into warehouses of various kinds. We see rows of hams and sides of bacon hanging in the drawing-rooms, and piles of tinned meats and provisions ranged on shelves around. Here lived Sir Robert Shafto Hawks and his lady, and another well-known Newcastle worthy, Robert Hopper Williamson, recorder of the town from 1794 to 1829, and also temporal chancellor of the county of Durham.

At the south end of Clavering Place we see the head of Tuthill Stairs, leading to the Close, close by the Children's Hospital. At the north end the railway runs across. Turning the corner to the right we will again make our way to the broken termination of the town wall we saw before at the north end of Orchard Street. Between here and Pink Lane there is not a trace of the wall now left, but we will follow its course as nearly as possible. By passing through the dark arch under the railway we reach the street called the Postern. Near here the wall joined the Neville Tower, adjoining which was the Postern Gate, from which the street derived its name. The Neville or Denton Tower, is supposed to have been built by John de Denton, bailiff of Newcastle in 1339, or by the Nevilles, the Earls of Westmorland, whose town house, Westmorland Place, stood close by, where now stands the Library of the Literary and Philosophical Society.

The Postern Gate was built for the brethren of the Virgin Mary Hospital, in the Westgate, that they might have convenient access to their grounds outside the wall. It was from this postern that a famous sortie was made in the reign of Edward III. The army of David of Scotland lay encamped outside in the Forth, watching the town, when one night there marched forth a "certain nombre of gallant gentlemen." They numbered at most three hundred spears, a mere handful against the Scottish host, but bursting suddenly upon the camp of the sleeping enemy they succeeded in throwing them into confusion and in capturing the Earl of Moray in his bed. They carried him with them into the town clad only in his night dress. He might well have said, with Edward I., when speaking of his first campaign—

> "I was a soldier then for holidays
> And slept not in my armour. My safe rest
> Was startled by the cry."

The furious Scots afterwards assaulted the barriers of the town, but says Froissard—"There were many good men of war within,

who defended themselves so wisely that the Scots were fain at last to withdraw aback to their losse."

"The Postern was remarkably strong, having gates of oak, iron doors, and a heavy portcullis. The arms of Clavering and Shafto were cut in stone over the gateway," says Mackenzie; probably placed there to commemorate some rebuilding of the gate in the seventeenth century, when gentlemen of these names occur as mayor and sheriff of the town. It was pulled down in 1805, together with the Neville Tower. The latter building was up to that time the hall of the Wallers', Bricklayers', and Plasterers' Company.

The town wall site now again cuts the railway, and the Central Station, with its eastern approaches, occupy a large portion of it. Running nearly due west from the Postern, the wall reached the West Spital Tower, which stood about the east end of the station north platform. It was built for the defence of the property of the master and brethren of St. Mary's Hospital, in Westgate. Both hospital and tower were removed in 1844. The wall next ran to Stank Tower, the site of which is about marked by the east end of the Central Station portico. Continuing on its north-west course, it next ran across Neville Street to Gunner Tower, which is still standing near the foot of Pink Lane, and used as a photographic studio. A portion of the wall also still stands adjoining it on the south side. The original name of this tower was probably Gunnerton Tower, since corrupted; for it is said to have been built by the ancient family of Swinburne, who had their mansion behind it. The village of Gunnerton, in North Tynedale, was part of the lordship of Swinburne in 1326, and it still is part of the Swinburne Castle estate, held by the Riddells. The Gunner Tower was in 1821 converted into a hall for the Company of Slaters and Tylers.

Further up Pink Lane, on the right hand side, is Forth Lane, a narrow opening from Westgate Street. In 1705 a gateway called Forth Gate was broken through the town wall, and Forth Lane passed through it, so that the townspeople might have easier access to the Forth House outside, with its bowling green and pleasant shaded walks.

The Pink Tower stood behind the present John Knox chapel; indeed it was pulled down to make room for this chapel, needlessly, as it afterwards turned out, for the old tower might still have been standing without interfering with the new building at all. To quote the words of Mr. Fenwick, when pleading in 1861 before the Society of Antiquaries against the destruction of the Weavers' Tower—"By a similar barbarism, the Pink Tower was levelled to make way for the John Knox chapel. It was a characteristic and picturesque object, and would have formed a touching and suggestive feature, had it been incorporated with the pacific building to which it succumbed."

Pink Lane is continued across Clayton Street to the foot of Westgate Hill. Here stood the famous West Gate of the town,

which, says Leland, was "a mightye strong thinge." According to tradition it was built by Roger Thornton, the Whittington of Newcastle, in memory of his having entered the town by this way, as the old saying goes—

> "At the Westgate came Thornton in
> With a hap, and a halfpenny, and a lambskin."

or another version,

> "In at the Westgate came Thornton in
> With a happen hapt in a ram's skin."

We take it that he was a country lad, who left home to seek his fortune in the town, with a warm homespun plaid over his shoulder, a small sum of money in his pouch, and perhaps a pack of wool on his back. It is certain that he brought with him a shrewd head, and no mean knowledge of the art of getting on in the world, for he lived to become "the richest marchant that ever was dwelling in Newcastell," and three times mayor of the town. He also represented it in Parliament several times, the last time being the fifth year of the reign of Henry V.

He was a speculator in lead mines, and we find him working some in Weardale under lease from the Bishop of Durham in 1401. But he will be chiefly remembered for his numerous and liberal gifts to the town which have caused him to be justly styled "the Patron of Newcastle." He was a great church benefactor and a friend of the poor. He built the great east window, "the best of all," in St. Nicholas' Church, and contributed many times to the "reparation and enorments" of the same church—also to all the other churches of the town. He built a town court and a Maison Dieu or hospital for poor people in the Sandhill, and after a life spent in doing good, he died in 1429, and was buried in All Saints' Church. His beautiful monumental brass is still to be seen in the vestry of the present church. His son, Sir Roger de Thornton of Witton Castle, married Elizabeth, the daughter of John, Lord Greystock, Baron of Morpeth, by whom he had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married George, Lord Lumley of Lumley Castle, ancestor of the Earls of Scarborough. This grand-daughter of old Roger Thornton brought her husband a princely dowry, for "the town and manor of Ludworth, Bradbury with the Isle, Bolum, Axwell, Swalwell, and lands scattered broad and wide over Durham and Northumberland formed a part of this rich heiress's inheritance."

The Westgate was used as a prison in the time of the Commonwealth, and afterward as a magazine for military stores. It was pulled down in 1811.

From near the site of Westgate to near St. Andrew's Church runs the largest remaining portion of the town wall. It is only broken in one place, where a breach was made a few years ago to allow Stowell Street to join Bath Lane. At one time a narrow lane ran all round the town, just within the walls, for military pur-

poses. It still runs inside this portion, and is called "The west walls."

We enter it from the corner of Westgate Road and Cross Street and find the wall running in pretty fair condition up the left hand side. We reach first of all the Durham Tower, and then after passing the gap where Stowell Street cuts through the wall we reach the Herber Tower close to the gateway of the Fever Hospital, the old "House of Recovery." The Herber Tower was the meeting-house of the Feltmakers, Curriers, and Armourers, at whose expense it was repaired in 1620.

The wall now turns off at a slight angle and runs north-east. A little way along may be seen the place where a small pointed doorway in the wall has been built up. This part of the wall, when built, ran through the grounds of the Dominican or Black Friars, the remains of whose monastery is still close at hand, and this postern was, by permission of Edward II., constructed to afford the brethren convenient access to their garden outside the wall. They were also allowed to make a drawbridge of wood, five feet broad, over the fosse, but on condition that the whole should be removed on the appearance of any danger. Probably the postern in old times was often built up and reopened. It would probably be during the great Revolution that it was finally closed.

A little further along the wall is pierced by the doorway of the bowling-green, a quiet nook, standing, like the Fever Hospital, on part of the old Wardens Close, where in summer time the members meet to enjoy their old English game.

The wall, with remains of a turret still to be seen upon it, now runs to the Morden, or Mordaunt's Tower, which is the hall of the Glaziers, Plumbers, Pewterers, and Painters, who repaired it in 1700, and have suspended from the roof of their meeting-house a cannon-ball dug out of the wall of the tower—a relic of the siege of 1644.

There is another turret on the wall after passing the Morden Tower—and then, on what was the Ever Tower, built by the ancient family of Eure, the Lords of Kirkley, and once the meeting-place of the Paviors, Colliers, and Carriage-men, is a large ware-house.

Andrew Tower stood opposite the west end of St. Andrew's Church—but now Darn Crook is continued over its site. Across this street called Darn Crook the old wall may be seen running along the north side of the churchyard as far as Gallowgate Baths, where once stood the great fortress of Newgate, which formed the north-west corner of the town defences. From hence the wall ran almost due east; but the account of this portion we reserve for next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

WALK ROUND THE WALLS CONTINUED—THE NORTHERN, EASTERN, AND SOUTHERN WALLS.

"These iron Times breed none that mind posterity ;
'Tis but in vain to tell what we before have been,
Or changes of the world that we in time have seen."

—DRAYTON.

OF the northern side of the walls of Newcastle not a vestige now remains. At the top of Newgate Street stood the New Gate which Bourne says "is not only the strongest but also the most ancient of all the other gates. It is of the same masonry and way of building with the part of the wall which leads from Westgate westward as far as Ever Tower, which is visually the oldest part of the wall."

The gate is first mentioned by the name of Newgate in 1390, having been before called "Berwick Gate." In this year a barbican or outer tower on the north side was added, having galleries communicating with the original portion, from which an enemy who succeeded in passing the outer gate might be assailed from above while attempting the second or main gate. Upon the north front, over the "new gate" were three shields of arms carved in stone—on one St. George's Cross, on the centre one the arms of England with the fleurs-de-lis *semée*, as they were before Henry V. reduced them to three in number—and the remaining shield bore the arms of the town. The gateway thus strengthened must have been a noble and massive structure, and when the drawbridge which crossed the outside deep moat was raised, must have been well nigh impregnable.

In 1399, when Newcastle was made a county of itself, and took custody of its own prisoners, Newgate became the common gaol of the town. Prisoners were before that time lodged in the castle.

In 1702 and 1706 wings on either side were added to the south tower. There was over the north entrance a statue supposed to represent King James I. It was placed in a niche, and had a crown and robes, and held a sceptre in the right hand and a globe in the left. Now much battered and disfigured it stands in the castle near the foot of the staircase leading to the chapel and guard-room.

A further addition was made to the west wing in the shape of a new main guard-house, the end of which abutted against the south front. This guard-house, with its arched front, faced the street and extended nearly to the present gate of St. Andrew's Church. From it the guard would turn out at one o'clock in the morning of 26th July 1746 to salute the Duke of Cumberland as he entered the town on his way from the battle of Culloden. A few years later

we find His Royal Highness again in Newcastle, and presenting the poor prisoners of Newgate with ten guineas.

We have the first symptom of the approaching end of the New Gate, when a foot-way was opened through the town wall on the east side of it. In 1811 this foot-way was widened to accommodate the increasing traffic, and the people began to feel or imagine that the Gate Tower was in the way. In 1820 Newgate gaol was presented by the grand jury of the town and county, "as being out of repair and inconvenient, insufficient, and insecure," and an Act of Parliament was obtained for building a new gaol. The commissioners appointed for carrying on the work were empowered to use the material of Newgate as far as possible in the erection of the new prison, and the time-worn old gateway was doomed to destruction.

To the honour of the town the removal of this "venerable monument of ancient times" was vigorously resisted by a section of the inhabitants. Numerous plans were suggested whereby it might be allowed to stand without interfering with the traffic; letters appeared in the papers pleading for its preservation; the local poets raised their voices in the cause of mercy, but all to no purpose—before the end of the year it also fell a sacrifice to "the improving spirit of the age."

In 1823 the work of destruction was commenced. The two wings and the North Tower were first demolished, and the ancient South Tower—the "Berwick Gate" through which the English army marched to the field of Otterburn four hundred years before—was left for a little time standing alone—the last, as it had been the first, of the structure. Then it too was destroyed, and all that now remains of Newgate is the portcullis, which is at Blagdon, the seat of Sir Matthew White Ridley.

Leaving Newgate, the wall ran along the site of the present Blackett Street. McKenzie, speaking of High Friar Street, which ran inside the wall from Newgate Street to the Grey Friars, says—"A long dead brick wall on the one side, and the town wall mouldering into ruins on the other, occupied a considerable part of the street, and had a dreary appearance, but the east end is now terminated by a new Dissenting chapel, after which the south side becomes part of Blackett Street. The spacious meeting-house of the Joiners' Company adjoins the chapel, and was for many years the principal ornament of the street." The street must have been dreary indeed, if its principal ornament was this bald and flat specimen of the architecture of 1803, which still exists. Unhappily the old town wall is gone, with its turrets and Blackett's Pant alongside, which to our minds must have been vastly more ornamental to the street than any number of modern monstrosities like the Joiners' Hall, if the etching needle of T. M. Richardson shows them truthfully.

At the top of Clayton Street, and opposite the centre of Eldon Square, stood the Bertram Mumboucher Tower, which took its name from a High Sheriff of Northumberland in the reign of

Edward III. and Richard II., who probably built it, as he was the possessor of property near at hand.

The site of Fickett Tower, the next in order, is occupied by St. James's Chapel, near the Monument, and from it the wall ran on to Pilgrim Street Gate, at the head of Pilgrim Street.

This latter gate, says McKenzie, "was a remarkably strong, clumsy, and gloomy building, and after the defence of the walls became unnecessary, a very great nuisance; the archway being so low as both to obstruct the passage of waggons and the free circulation of the air into the town. In 1716 it was repaired and beautified by the Joiners' Company, whose hall was above the gate. In 1771 convenient passage-ways were opened out on each side; but in 1802 the whole fabric was demolished."

There is a curious statement in the local records of a woman named Ann Potts, who lived in a hole in Pilgrim Street Gate, and who, being in liquor, let a candle take hold of some straw on which she and her child lay, by which the poor infant was burnt to death. This took place in 1744.

The material of that part of the town wall which ran between Newgate and Pilgrim Street was employed in forming the common sewer of Blackett Street. This now busy street with its thriving shops and endless stream of traffic contrasts strongly and favourably with the state of its site in the time of McKenzie, who says—"This street was commenced in 1824. Previous to this time it consisted of a few straggling houses and workshops, built against or adjoining the town wall. The north side consisted chiefly of gardens; but the street, being unpaved, was dirty and almost impassable. This place was formerly a useless waste where rubbish was deposited." The historian relates an anecdote concerning this place, which is somewhat amusing. Stephen Kemble had just retired from the management of the Newcastle theatre, and a cart load of rubbish was brought from his house in Newgate Street and deposited here in the King's Dykes, as the site of the moat outside the wall was called. The labourers, in digging amongst this rubbish, came upon a little figure which had been used in the play of 'Pizarro,' to represent Rollo's child, and taking it to be a dead body, carried it to a joiner's shop which stood near. Due notice was sent to the proper authorities, the coroner attended and a jury was formed, and gravely proceeded to sit upon the supposed body." On viewing it, one of the jurors touched it, and observed learnedly that it was in a very putrid state; but the coroner, being a surgeon, was not so easily deceived, and "his surprise and vexation may be easily conceived;" says McKenzie, "on discovering that it was a mere *doll*."

From Pilgrim Street the town wall ran east to Carliol Tower, and in the interval between these were three small turrets, one of which was called the Waits' Tower, and another had a curious old arch, compared by Brand to that above Pandon Gate. This part of the wall was pulled down in 1811, and the broad thoroughfare of

New Bridge Street stands on its site. The Waits' Tower just mentioned was the meeting-house of the town's waits, for as McKenzie says—"The old merry burgesses of Newcastle maintained time out of mind a band of musicians that waited on the mayor on gala occasions, played at weddings, and serenaded the inhabitants at Christmas time. They were called the town waits, and were dressed in three-cocked hats and blue cloaks, but amidst some modern, narrow, and gloomy schemes of economy this company was discharged above twenty years ago." We read that in 1635 the corporation found them in instruments, and that none were to teach music without license from the mayor. The company had the monopoly of playing at all feasts in the town. In 1646 the waits recommenced to go about morning and evening, according to ancient custom. One of the last members of the corporation band, and certainly the most famous, was the well-known John Peacock, that "excellent performer on the Northumbrian small pipes," and collector of north country music.

The Carliol or Weavers' Tower was spared when the rest of the northern line of wall was demolished, and for fifty years it was unmolested. It was a peculiarly interesting land-mark, being the north-eastern corner tower of the walls. In 1861 it was threatened with destruction, for the purpose of erecting a new police station on its site; but Mr. Fenwick drawing the attention of the Society of Antiquaries to it, that body deemed it right, by memorial in favour of the preservation of the tower, to fortify the hands of gentlemen willing to maintain any interesting feature of Newcastle. By a similar barbarism (we have before quoted the passage), "the Pink Tower was levelled to make way for the John Knox Chapel." For that time the Weavers' Tower was spared; but when the Free Library Act was adopted by the town, its site was chosen by the committee as the best place on which to build a new library. The storm of indignation which arose when the choice was made known will be well remembered, as will also the appearance of letters in the papers, the signing of petitions, and the holding of meetings with the object of preserving the ancient building. All to no avail; on the 21st May 1880 the old tower was levelled with the ground.

The Carliols, or Carleols, who are supposed to have built it, were famous townsmen of Newcastle. "They were originally merchants, and afterwards landed men," says Bourne. The second mayor of Newcastle was Henry de Carliol, and he held the office for ten years in succession from 1254. He was succeeded by Henry Carliol, who was mayor five times, and others of the name were afterwards mayors at various times. The family, in the reign of Henry III., founded the famous monastery of the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, on the west side of Pilgrim Street, not far from the tower which bears the founder's name. Besides this munificent tribute to religion and learning, they were patrons of All Saints' Church, and doubtless of the other churches of the town. Their

mansion is supposed to have stood in the Carliol Croft, where now stands Carliol Street and Carliol Square.

The Weavers' Tower, as we have before seen, played its part bravely during the siege of 1644, and it was repaired and fitted up by the Weavers' Company as a meeting-house in 1682. Again in 1821, "it was repaired, enlarged, and beautified, though in a style of architecture not in accordance with the date of building," and a flag-staff turret containing a stair-case was added to it. During the alterations honourable testimony of service was found imbedded in the old walls, in the shape of a twenty-four pound cannon shot. All Newcastle people will recollect the tower as it stood in its last days, half encircled by the wing of the new Mechanics' Institute, beside its little group of trees—a grateful sight to the eye amidst the monotony of modern architecture around. With it ended the line of the north wall, and the eastern wall began.

Following the line of the eastern wall, we go down Croft Street, along the east side of which it ran, and find at the foot the Carliol Croft, or Plummer Tower, still standing. It is at present used as a school, and was the Cutlers' Hall when Newcastle had a Cutlers' Company. In 1742 the Fraternity of Masons obtained a grant of it, and repaired and fronted it in a very handsome manner, as may still be seen, though its carved masonry is quickly mouldering away.

Still keeping as nearly as possible on the line of the wall, we proceed southwards, and reach the gloomy way called the "back of the gaol," with the black prison wall on one side and the still more forbidding building of the Clergy Jubilee School on the other. This school was built by the clergy of the diocese to commemorate the attainment of the fiftieth year of the prelacy of Dr. Shute, Bishop of Durham—hence its name. The corporation of Newcastle gave the site.

The little square stone house furthest along in the corner to the left was the first railway station in Newcastle. Here was the terminus of the Shields and also of the Berwick railway, before the building of the High Level and of the Central Station. This quiet corner was then the scene of constant bustle and confusion, and coaches and other conveyances ran between here and the termini of the south and of the Carlisle lines.

Passing under the railway by the subway close by, which perpetuates the right of way along the ancient Croft Lane, we reach the remaining part of that lane beside the Manors railway station. On the site of the house at the left hand corner of the lane stood the Austin Tower. It took its name from the monastery of the Austin Friars which stood near it within the walls, where the old stone tower (part of it) still remains. The Austin Tower of the town wall was the hall of the Millers and Coopers, and afterwards of the Ropers. In McKenzie's time it was much dilapidated, and its lower apartment having been converted into a stable, the Ropers assembled at a tavern.

Proceeding down Croft Lane we find it crossed by the new road which has just been made over the Pandon Valley. The construction of the road was commenced in May 1881, by pulling down many old houses and filling in Pandon Dene, which then lay deep down below us on the left. Before that time parts of the town wall about eight courses high were to be seen running down the east side of Croft Lane to the dilapidated Corner Tower at the head of Croft Stairs. At this point the wall turned at right angles, and ran eastwards, for the most part hidden behind the houses and warehouses of Stockbridge, to the foot of Pandon Bank.

This part of the wall was particularly interesting, for it is supposed to have rested on the same foundation as the great Roman wall which crossed the Pandon Valley at or near this point. The buildings on the north side of Stockbridge, as we have said, were backed by the town wall. About the commencement of the alterations, Mr. Oliver Heslop, who occupied an iron warehouse here, wrote an interesting letter describing the state of the wall adjoining. It was addressed to the Rev. Dr. Hoopell of South Shields, who had taken a great interest in the old works, and was published by him. We subjoin a copy of it :—

"*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 7th July* 1881.

"Dear Sir—I have read with great interest to-day the newspaper reports of your paper on the Discoveries in Pandon Dene, and it occurs to me that you may not be unwilling to receive what little information I have acquired on the spot.

"For many years I occupied the iron warehouse next door to Messrs. F. C. Angus and Co.'s leather warehouse—(you speak of theirs as an iron warehouse, and I mention this only for accuracy's sake)—and whilst their warehouse roof is built atop of the wall, as you describe it, with the north gable filled in flush with the outside face of the wall, the roof of the warehouse occupied by myself, up to the period of its demolition, was at right angles to Messrs. Angus's roof, and therefore parallel to the wall, and it rested on the inner face of the town wall, as shown in the annexed sketch. The town wall, you will see, formed the inside wall of my warehouse, and was about twenty-one feet high.

"The special feature of this portion of the ancient work was the existence of an outer parapet, with embrasures for cannon, and slits for small arms. At one place this parapet on the wall was perfect, having even the coping stones in position.

"As soon as I received notice to quit from the corporation, and learned that the demolition of the structure would be forthwith proceeded with, I communicated the fact to a gentleman who, I thought, would take a lively interest in the subject, adding that I believed this outer parapet was unique, and that I should be glad to furnish ladders or to break through an old door in my warehouse, which led on to the top of the wall, so that any member of the Society of Antiquaries could examine the locality without

trouble. I received no response to my invitation, however, and I therefore took such few notes as I thought might be of value. From the newspaper reports I conclude that this outer parapet must have been pulled down before you had an opportunity of examining it, and, if so, my letter may interest you.

"This portion of the wall was originally flagged on the platform, but neighbours took away the flags, and they were latterly replaced with cement. There were two embrasures for cannon that were in a perfect condition, and one that had been bricked up, and a fourth that had apparently been damaged, subsequently repaired, with apertures for small ordnance, and finally built up with massive stones.

"I took a rough sketch of the parapet, which I herewith enclose. It is taken from the top, or gun-platform, of the wall. The gun embrasure, you will see, is peculiar, as the lintel is formed of two stones apparently unsupported at the sides. Above the gun embrasure is a loophole, and to the right of it another and a smaller loophole. From the gun-platform to the top of the coping stone measured eight feet two inches. The parapet wall itself was one foot two inches thick. The loopholes for musketry were from the platform six feet to their sill, on which the soldier could rest his weapon on firing. He must, therefore, have been mounted on a cask, or other stand, to reach the loop-hole. The peculiarity of having a loop-hole immediately above the gun embrasure, as shown in my sketch, will strike you. One of the gun embrasures was three feet one inch high, by two feet nine inches wide. The second I measured was two feet nine inches high by two feet three inches and a-half wide. Between the cheeks of these two embrasures was a space of eight feet, and this space was pierced with two loopholes. The guns here appear to have been placed from seven feet six inches to eight feet apart. The annexed sketch gives the form and dimensions of the coping stone. Several indications of repair were visible in the parapet. I should state that the gun embrasures were not splayed, but straight, as shown in enclosed sketch.—Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"R. Oliver Heslop."

At the eastern extremity of Stockbridge the wall formed the northern boundary of an open yard used for storing old iron. There it could be seen rising to its full height, and projecting from it were the corbels which had once supported a turret.

At the foot of Pandon Bank the jagged ends of the wall might be seen on either side of the street. Between these two jagged ends had once stood the famous Pandon Gate. It was a very ancient structure, and there is an old Newcastle proverb, "As old as Pandon Gate." Grey, in his *Chorographia*, says—"One of these (Roman) towers remained whole in the towne wall of Newcastle, in Pampedon, older than the rest of the towers, and after another fashion standing out of the wall." Bourne calls it a Roman turret

Over the gateway was a curious arched superstructure, which made it resemble two gates, one above another. The gate had folding iron doors, and the west end of the tower was destroyed during the great siege. The Barber Chirurgeons, who held their meetings in it, were then forced to leave it, and built a new hall near the Austin Friars. Pandon Gate was wholly removed in 1795.

Before the recent alterations the wall might be seen after leaving the gap where Pandon Gate had stood, ascending the hill to the Sallyport Tower, and partly hidden by dwelling-houses, which were built against it.

The Sallyport, or Carpenters' or Wall Knoll Tower, as it was variously called—now standing high on its new stone base—was also assigned by tradition a Roman origin. Bourne says—"It was one of the towers of the old Romans," and quotes an old MS. to this effect, "before the taking down of the old tower, it was much of the same size, model, and stone with the Tower of Rutchester, in Northumberland, which was certainly one of the towers of the Picts' Wall." In 1716 the Company of Shipwrights built upon the under part of the old gateway "a very grand and stately square tower, adorned with four fair turrets built in the form of a lantern." About the beginning of the present century it was used as a school, and before the alterations in the vicinity commenced, the lower floor was inhabited, and the upper was used as a furniture warehouse. Within the gateway was a confused mass of buildings; amongst them some remains of the Trinitarian Monastery of St. Michael, but of these we shall speak further on. Happily the Sallyport, the only remaining gate of the town, has been spared and under-propped, and now stands an interesting and picturesque object from all points of view.

From the Sallyport the town wall ran, in very fair condition, down the right hand side of Causey Bank. Numerous shops and dwelling-houses were to be seen partly built into the thickness of the wall. Not far from the tower was a public house, the front of which stood upon the Causey Bank, the back being flush with the inner face of the town wall. Close by it on the inside to the south were nine stone turret corbels. A little below this a narrow opening through the wall led by a flight of steps to Causey Bank and the New Road. The wall on the inside—below this opening—was hidden by an accumulation of earth and *débris* of buildings, which were cleared away during the making of the new streets. The whole wall has now been removed. Until the recent alterations it ran down to the corner of Forster Street. During the excavation a counter-mine, which had been made during the siege, was uncovered, about twenty feet within the wall, and nearly opposite the north side of the New Road.

After crossing what is now the end of Forster Street, the town wall, at this point very strong and lofty, ran down to Sandgate, but was removed in 1810.

Sandgate itself, which stood on, or near the sands, by the river

side, was taken down in 1798. The river-side portion of the wall, which ran along the Quay to the Sandhill, was pulled down in 1763. It had numerous gates in it called water-gates, the largest being at the end of Broad Chare.

The part of the wall extending from the bridge end to the turret at the water's edge, near Close Gate, is shown in Speed's plan of Newcastle, dated 1610. When it was taken down we know not, but probably it fell before any other part, as at this point the town stood least in need of protection. It is not mentioned again in any account of the town.

We have now finished our survey of the line of ancient fortifications of Newcastle, and to prevent confusion, it may be as well to state here that after leaving the west walls at St. Andrew's Churchyard, the only parts of the wall now remaining eastward and southward, until we reach the fragment in the Close, are—the Carliol Croft Tower, the Corner Tower overlooking Pandon, and a piece of wall adjoining, but for the most part buried; and the Sallyport Gate.

The fosse or ditch which ran outside the walls, and added to their strength, has been filled in long ago, and its site utilised for streets and houses. While it lay waste it was called the "King's Dyke," and was claimed by the corporation, and by them let to various holders.

It is to be hoped that the few remaining fragments of the wall, which once encircled and protected our town, may never be again disturbed, but that they may be religiously preserved, so that posterity may have, as we have had, the benefit of their presence to quicken and stimulate the mind's eye, in glancing over the annals of their past, as being objects which were actually in existence, and played their parts in the stirring times so faintly figured forth in the dry pages of history.

PART III.

NEWCASTLE WITHIN THE WALLS.

CHAPTER I.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH.

"A dim and mighty minster of old time,
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past!"

WERE the whole town of Newcastle doomed to destruction—had every building in it to be levelled with the ground—and were the inhabitants allowed to name one, and one only, which should be allowed to escape the general fate, there would be no hesitation as to which that one should be. If Newcastle is the "pride of the north," the mother church of St. Nicholas is the pride of Newcastle, and when the whole town should be laid in ruins it would be the old church which would be chosen as the sole survivor. For St. Nicholas is, as we may say, the heart and soul of the town, the great characteristic feature of the place, and that which distinguishes it from all others.

Other towns may have castles, and bridges, and streets, and public buildings, older, and larger, and wider, and finer than hers, but none throughout the world can show a steeple like the steeple of St. Nicholas.

The great ecclesiastical architect of London could, when he built St. Paul's, rival in form if not in size the mighty dome of Michael Angelo; but when he attempted to copy the airy grace of the intersecting arches which support, miraculously as it appears, the massive lantern of our church, it was far otherwise. He could approach no nearer than the clumsy heaviness of St. Dunstan's-in-

the-East. Even when it was finished, we know how, with fear and trembling, he watched through his lense from London Bridge the removal of the scaffolding, dubious of the result.

Other towns can show copies of our famous original, but all are far behind it. It is the surprise and admiration of strangers and the constant delight of the townsmen of Newcastle.

Rare Ben Jonson saw it, we presume, on his journey north to visit Drummond of Hawthornden, and wrote the well-known poetical enigma, so it is said, concerning it, as follows :—

> "My altitude high, my Body foure square,
> My foot in the Grave, my head in the Ayre,
> My eyes in my Sides, five Tongues in my Wombe,
> Thirteen hands upon my Body, four images alone.
> I can direct you Where the Winde doth stay,
> And I time God's Precepts thrice a day ;
> I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not,
> Tell me now what I am, and see that you miss not."

Gray, the author of the *Chorographia*, says—"It lifteth up a head of majesty as high above the rest as the cypress tree above the low shrubs."

Pennant, in his *Itinerary*, time of Charles II., says—"It is very justly the boast of the inhabitants."

Bourne, the historian of the town, says—"The steeple is the most curious in the kingdom."

A writer in the *Monthly Magazine, or British Register* for 1801, says—"The glory of Newcastle is the steeple of St. Nicholas, its principal parish church. . . . The many unsuccessful attempts to imitate it have only served to enhance the value of the original and the merit of the unknown architect."

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, vicar of Newcastle, in a letter to the churchwardens in 1804, writes thus of the steeple—"It is a fabric, in my opinion, the most beautiful that exists in the world—which surpasses the cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the mosque of Sultan Saladin at Jerusalem, the church of St. Peter at Rome, even the temple of Minerva at Athens."

McKenzie, in his *History of Newcastle*, says—"That St. Nicholas' Church, on a bold eminence, presents from all points of view a most striking and august specimen of architectural skill." The steeple he calls "one of the noblest and most admired structures which adorn our island." He speaks of "the boldness, originality, and magnificence of this architectural prodigy. Viewed at a distance, the whole combines in one grand effect ; in detail, the happy application of the principles of arcuation, thrust and pressure, to every part, excites the greatest surprise and delight. It is a triumph of English art. It rivals in execution and surpasses in ingenuity the proudest edifices of the ancient Greeks and Romans."

Rickman, the celebrated architect, says—"The church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle, is a large and handsome church, mostly of decorated character, except the steeple, which is of later date.

This church is a cross church, but has no tower at the intersection. The choir is enclosed for service, and is of a character rather different from the eastern parts. There are some fine windows left, but some have been inserted, others altered and modernised. The steeple is the most beautiful feature of the building, and is a most excellent composition; it is early perpendicular, not much enriched, but producing a very fine effect. It is the type of which there are various imitations. The best known are St. Giles' at Edinburgh; the church at Linlithgow; the college tower at Aberdeen; and its modern imitation by Sir C. Wren, at St. Dunstan's in-the-East, London; but all these fall far short of the original. The tower is engaged, and opens to the nave and aisles by beautiful arches. The corners are bold buttresses, crowned by octagonal turrets, with pinnacles. From the base of these turrets spring four flying buttresses, on the intersection of which is placed an elegant lantern crowned with a spire. The flying buttresses are crocketted, and are peculiarly graceful in their forms. This steeple is as fine a composition as any of its date, and the lightness and boldness of the upper part can hardly be exceeded."

Such is the recorded testimony to the effect of this beautiful building upon various minds, at various times. How highly may we not estimate the elevating effect it has produced upon tens of thousands of minds, in its time, and which has never found expression upon paper. Since the day when, stripped of its scaffolding, the new steeple shone out clean and white in the morning sun, somewhat before the beginning of the Wars of the Roses, how many thousands of eyes have gazed upon it with delight, and how many hearts has it softened and awed by its majestic presence! Even now, blackened by time and still more by smoke, it is beautiful under all aspects. In the dull light of the leaden sky of early spring; in the merry sparkle of the summer sun, when we see it against the blue sky and white, swift-flying clouds; in the glow of an autumn sunset, when its pinnacles and vanes are bathed in golden light, and its lower parts are enfolded in luminous purple shadow—at all these times it is beautiful. In winter, when we see it amidst a blink of uncertain sunlight, with the fresh fallen snow encrusting every projection, and even sticking fast to the perpendicular walls, sparkling and glittering in the frosty air, it is perhaps most beautiful of all. By night, when the dark storm-clouds roll across the sky, and the street lamps flicker in the gust and cast long reflections down the wet streets, when the wind howls through its arches, it has a weird and awful look, as its huge black mass towers upwards, calm and imperturbable, far away out of sight, into the mysterious darkness and swirling turmoil above. And when the air is calm and the moon is up high in the southern heavens, how softly the graceful and misty form of the steeple melts into the pale blue sky beyond, where a few light trailing clouds alone disturb the still repose, while the Castle in the distance is seen as a pale grey shadow on the purple haze of the horizon.

Let us glance backwards at the history of the church. Most probably the spot on which it stands has been in turn the site of the temples of various races—Britons, Romans, and Scandinavians have worshipped here their various gods. A Christian church was built here soon after the Conquest. It probably arose on the ruins of the Saxon church of Monkchester, and its building has been ascribed by some to Henry I., and by others to "Osmund the Good," Bishop of Salisbury, Earl of Dorset, and, some say, Chancellor of England, a nephew of William the Conqueror. Henry I. granted it to the Canons of St. Mary, Carlisle, and Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, confirmed the grant. In 1216, the last year of the reign of King John, this church was destroyed by fire, and shortly afterwards the present edifice was begun and finished, all except the steeple, in 1350.

While the architects were planning, and the masons were cutting the stones into shape, and while the church was growing in its framework of scaffolding, there were stirring events happening. The weak rule of Henry III. gave us one of our greatest privileges —a representative parliament. Edward Longshanks, his son, a man of different mettle, conquered Wales, and urged his stern struggle with Scotland. Then Edward II. ran his career of defeat and misfortune, and perished in Berkely Castle; and during his reign the builders of the church saw more than once the soldiers of Bruce and Wallace near, if not in the town. Edward III., a king indeed, made Scotland and France in turn feel his power. It was four years after his heroic son, Edward the Black Prince, won the battle of Cressy, that our church was completed, as we have said, all except the steeple. It had only a square tower with open battlements, such as we see on Durham Cathedral. The beautiful lantern, with its supporting arches and pinnacles, was not added to the tower until after the lapse of another hundred years. We owe it to the munificence of a certain wealthy lawyer, who lived in Newcastle in the reign of Henry VI. His name was Robert Rhodes, and he seems to have had quite a passion for church-building and adornment. He not only built the steeple of St. Nicholas, but was also a benefactor to the other churches of the town—the dependants of the mother church.

Robert Rhodes, Esquire, learned in the law, was a man of great importance. He was controller of customs and subsidies of the king in the port of Newcastle, and represented the town in Parliament for many years. He left Newcastle at the request of the Prior of Durham, who appointed him steward of the convent there, for which position "a learned man like him was necessary." At Durham we find him located in the South Bailey, near the Watergate, and during his stewardship the stately central tower of the Cathedral was built. Sir Gilbert Scott considers that it bears indications of the commencement of a crown or lantern like St. Nicholas. Had it been added to the lofty tower, we may imagine what a magnificent sight it would have been. It is probable that

Rhodes was the suggester of the proposed lantern, and that his death, which occurred in 1473, prevented its erection; for in the year following, the prior writes of "the re-edification of our steeple, begun but not finished in default of goods, as God knoweth."

The Church of St. Nicholas had another great benefactor in Roger Thornton, the famous Newcastle merchant, of whom we have before spoken. He died forty-six years before Robert Rhodes, and amongst other gifts to the church, built the great east window, which, as Gray informs us, "surpasseth all the rest for height, largeness, and beauty, where the twelve apostles, seven deeds of charity, etc., were figured with this inscription—"Orate pro animâ Rogeri de Thornton, et pro animabus Filiorum et Filiarum." This window was entirely replaced in 1863, having become very insecure, and the old glass all gone.

In the course of ages the old church has had many other patrons, and many restorations and alterations, as a matter of course, have taken place. In 1787 a great alteration took place, and the church suffered much at the hands of its restorers, but this we shall speak of more at length further on. In 1832 the tower appeared to be leaning to the south, and in that year the buttresses on that side were added. In 1834 the north porch was rebuilt, and only a few years ago the whole church was restored under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott. The corporation of Newcastle, who, as Mr. Longstaffe says, had indeed some "gross and terrene" interest in the bells, always kept the glory of the town (the steeple) in good repair, though commercially careful to record in 1594 that their payment was only "so far as the steeple reacheth. There were also under the vicarage three chapels in three townships, called All Hallows', St. John's, and St. Andrew's. The corporation supported in a handsome manner all the ministers, and were, practically at least, the patrons. After the loss of their elective power, they withdrew their subscription." It will be remembered that the church and these three chapels were granted to the See of Carlisle by Henry II. Newcastle was a vicarage under Carlisle down to the presentation of the Rev. Clement Moody as vicar by Bishop Percy in 1853. After that time, and up to the creation of the See of Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham held the presentation.

We will now visit the precincts of the church, and afterwards inspect the interior. St. Nicholas' churchyard is a retired spot. Dwelling-houses, forming three sides of a square, overlook the graveyard. A narrow cartway and a flagged footpath run between the houses and the iron railings of the churchyard. Though those railings are seen the north, east, and south sides of the church, for the most part plain and uninteresting in character. At the south-western corner of the churchyard is Amen Corner, where now stands a large block of modern offices on the site of some old-fashioned houses pulled down a few years ago. One of them was once the shop of that famous Newcastle book and print seller, Joseph Barber, great grandfather of the present Bishop of Durham,

Dr. Joseph Barber Lightfoot. It was the first circulating library in Newcastle.

In the churchyard was the printing office of Messrs. McKenzie & Dent, publishers of McKenzie's *History of Newcastle*—in the same house which was the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society in its young days, and which stood on the site of the original Grammar School of the town. In the south-eastern corner still stands one of the most interesting houses in Newcastle, and indeed in England—the one with the tablet by the side of the door, which marks it as the workshop for many years of Thomas Bewick, the engraver. It stands there just as he saw it, when, punctually morning after morning, he entered it and commenced his day's work. In the upper room, lighted by those two windows in the roof, he sat and worked during the latter years of his life, wearing his hat, and quietly whistling the while. Often he has looked out upon the churchyard, almost as we see it now, only the railings were then of wood instead of iron, and sometimes he would see a funeral which we do not. The graveyard is now, of course, disused, and the black headstones stand thick in the long grass, interspersed here and there with piles of old carved stonework, once part of the church, while a few low trees maintain a brave struggle for life. On a summer afternoon it is sometimes very quiet and peaceful here in the old churchyard, when, as it happens on occasion, the inhabitants of the surrounding houses seem to have gone to sleep, and nothing is heard above the subdued sound of traffic in the neighbouring streets except the lazy caw of the jackdaws up in the high steeple, and the plaintive mellow note of an imprisoned blackbird, to whom the sight of the stunted churchyard trees has recalled sweet visions of his native woods. Perhaps an old black cat sits with his paws folded up underneath him on the top of a tombstone, dozing in the warm sunshine, though not so fast asleep that he cannot keep an eye on the blackbird's cage.

The churchyard would be a beautiful place in the olden time, when there were more trees about, and when the Grammar School stood in the north-east corner, and the banks sloped down behind to the Lort Burn. The Nether Dene Bridge entered the churchyard where the stairs now run down to Dean Street.

On the south side of the churchyard a narrow flight of stairs leads down to the Burnt House Entry, and so to the Side. The Burnt House Tavern was formerly very frequently visited by the beadle and churchwardens of St. Nicholas on a Sunday morning during service. They went to see that the house was clear of Sabbath-breaking idlers, who would rather gather in a public-house than in a church ; but that was in the good old times, when beadles and churchwardens acted up to the ancient traditions of their offices.

Standing at the head of these stairs, we see a square, squat building of classic architecture, huddled close in against the south wall of the church. It stands on the site of the ancient vestry, and

the present vestry is on its ground floor, while above is the church library. In ancient times the library consisted of a few books, some of them chained to reading desks in the choir and elsewhere, but it was gradually increased by the liberality of various benefactors, and was under the control of the mayor and burgesses. In the year 1736 Dr. Thomlinson, lecturer of the church and rector of Whickham, bequeathed his books, in number sixteen hundred volumes, to the corporation of Newcastle for public use. In the same year Sir Walter Blackett, a famous worthy of the town, whose name, as Brand says, "is immortalised in the annals of charity and humanity," erected the building now before us, which Dr. Bruce truly calls "this incongruous edifice," for the better accommodation of the books of Dr. Thomlinson and other benefactors. "The curious old vestry, which was in unison with the rest of the church, was on this occasion," says Sykes, "torn away to admit this piece of patchwork. It is lamentable to think of the *Gothic* improvements with which this beautiful structure has at various times been degraded." Sir Walter at his death left a rent charge to support a librarian.

Thus Newcastle had a public library long before the Free Library Act was passed, though it has not been made much use of, probably because so few know of its existence, or at least of the right of the townsmen to free access. On entering the building and going upstairs, you find yourself in a pretty large oblong room. Ranged round on shelves, and standing in detached cases, are row upon row of the most dismal, woe-begone-looking books. They look like prisoners who have been kept so long that they have lost all relish for the outer air, and have altogether given up paying any attention to their outward appearance. Long companionship with one another has reduced them all to one common family likeness. They are all of the same faded brown rusty colour, and continued damp and neglect have given them all the same ragged, bloated, and dropsical manginess. Their smell, too, is a musty fusty, mouldering smell, sadly suggestive of the dissolution of buried thoughts and ideas and hopes, as well as of the decay of calf and sheepskin.

There is a famous MS. Bible, illuminated by the monks of Hexham, and many other rare MSS., some of them said to date back as far as the Conquest; but the vicar has them locked away, and very properly so too, for some of them have been sadly treated, and visitors have not even scrupled to cut out and purloin some of the illuminated initial letters.

There are rare and valuable books here, which would delight the heart of the scholar, the theologian, and the antiquary; but sad indeed would be the heart of the good Dr. Thomlinson could he rise from his grave and see the condition of his once cherished favourites, forgotten and neglected.

Downstairs, the warm and cosy vestry, with its bright fire, is a cheerful contrast to the cold, ghostly library above; and passing

through it we enter the church, and find ourselves under the great east window, which blazes out in all its glory of colour. Under it is Tintoretto's picture of Christ washing the disciples' feet, presented by Sir Matthew White Ridley ; but we cannot see much of it, as it is in deep shadow.

The work of restoration and alteration which has recently been going on has very much altered the general appearance of the church. Standing with our backs to the east window we have now an unobstructed view of the whole interior from end to end. The organ loft and screen which stretched across between nave and chancel, cutting the church into two parts, have been altogether removed. The nave, which before was perfectly empty and unused, is now fitted up with new seats, as is the rest of the church. The whitewash has been removed from the walls, and the memorial tablets from the pillars ; the church looks cleaner and neater than it was, but it is not the St. Nicholas of our youth. The character of the place is completely changed—it may be for the better ; yet still we cannot but regret the old familiar aspect, and wish it had remained as it was, for our days at least. Had we never seen it until now, we might have admired it more, for we would not have missed so many well-remembered objects. There is a certain modern neatness and methodical arrangement about it, which makes it less picturesque than it was. However shocking to a cultivated taste the old arrangement may have been, there was an appearance of artistic confusion and suggestiveness of mysterious space, where all is now formal, bare, tangible, limitation of outline. You can see everything at once, and there is an end to it. The ugly, old, oak screen was not without its uses. When you had passed through it into the choir and had taken your seat, you carried with you an impression of awe inspired by the mighty open space of the nave, which you had just passed through. The very bareness of this place was impressive. The effect of the silent memorials of the dead over which you walked was calculated to chase away all thoughts of human vanity, and to chasten the soul into fitting attitude for the House of Prayer.

However some of our old associations have been broken, we may be thankful that the old church has been so thoroughly restored and repaired—that it has entered upon a new lease of life. Sentiment must give way to utility. If some of the non-essential features have been altered, the whole fabric is endowed with new strength. We may well rejoice that we have not had a restoration like that which took place a hundred years ago. Before that time the church was certainly in a dilapidated condition, but its internal fittings were of the most beautiful character and arrangement. Their antiquity, one of their chief recommendations, was urged against them as an excuse for sweeping them away, instead of repairing and restoring them. The nave was the portion which was chiefly used for divine service, and it was pewed with beautifully carved oak. An

ancient screen, "in three divisions of pointed arches, filled with beautiful and delicate tracery, separated the nave from the choir; above it was the organ gallery." "The choir was regularly stalled with oak, as in cathedral churches, and was separated from the side aisle by perforated wood screens, enriched with tracery. . . . From the columns and from the walls, both in the centre and side aisles, were suspended numerous coats of mail, helmets, banners, and other funeral achievements, which, with the ancient monuments, and a considerable portion of old stained glass in the windows, combined to inspire feelings of awe and veneration, while they exhibited a scene of solemn grandeur rarely to be witnessed."

There were other beautiful pierced screens in front of some of the chapels; there was the "Corporation Pew," raised above the general level and having a lofty ornamental covering, supported on pillars; there was the pulpit, with its beautiful "pinnacled canopy of exquisite workmanship," and many other furnishings and decorations; but what we have said will give a faint outline "of the once splendid character of the interior of this sacred edifice, which, in their wisdom, the parties then in power had doomed to destruction."

A public subscription was opened, and in 1783 the work of destruction commenced. In 1787 it was completed, as the accounts of the day ran, "with great taste and elegance." The pulpit was torn down, the screens were removed, and the pews and stalls sold by auction. Brand says—"The antiquary must for ever lament the alteration, as almost all the ancient funeral monuments have been destroyed." Mackenzie tells us that "those not claimed were sold, and that there is no account of them or of the money received for them in the churchwardens' books. Many were large, curious, and beautiful; amongst the objects disposed of were two stone coffins, one of which belonged the church, and the other was taken out of the tower on the bridge. They were bought by Mr. Christopher Blackett, postmaster of the town, who buried them in the foundations of his new house in Mosley Street. Monuments which were claimed by living descendants of the persons commemorated, were, with their consent, removed from the east part of the church to the west part, to make room for the pews, so that many monuments inform us of the deposit of remains in one place which are in another. . . . The old monumental brasses were sold for their worth as old metal, for such was their only value in the eyes of that age of Vandalism."

Amongst others there appeared a newspaper advertisement offering for sale "all that tomb and vault in the Church of St. Nicholas, situate at the east end of the said church, in length eighteen feet, and in breath twelve feet, as the same is enclosed with iron rails, and known as the Selbys' burial tomb or vault." This tomb itself had been a usurper of another's place, for when it was erected by Sir George Selby, a notable monument was removed to make room for it. This was "the shrine of Henry,

the fourth Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who was killed by the hands of rebells in Yorkeshire, gathering up a subsidy; he was buried at Beverley, and this made in memory of him in his oune countrey, he having a house in this towne and parish." The Selby monument in its turn was removed, and went to make up the foundations of the postmaster's house.

The story of the alteration of 1783 is, in short, the old story which so many of our churches and cathedrals tell, of the work of the destroyer called the restorer. St. Nicholas suffered more from its so-called friends than ever it did from its enemies. The Scots and Puritans, though they played havoc with what they considered the idolatrous ornaments of the church, had not time to approach their work in the deliberate and business-like manner of the good people who were paid for theirs by public subscription. There is in the old castle a drawing of the interior of the church before these alterations were made. It is by Ralph Waters, jun., and was "drawn on the spot and shadowed, 9th August 1783." We can fancy to ourselves the figure of the artist, with his picture before him, sitting quietly in the cool church, absorbed in his labour of love, while outside, the busy townsmen, who were so soon to sweep away the scene before him, toiled and struggled in the hot sun.

There are still some ancient monuments remaining in the church. Together with those added in more recent years they form a rich and interesting collection, which we are glad to say has been ably and diligently chronicled by Mr. Richard Welford, a well-known local historian. So when time and accident shall have destroyed these memorials of the past, our descendants may still behold their images and inscriptions in the pages of his book.

Looking at them now, the names upon them, "familiar in our mouths as household words," call up the memory of interesting events as well as personages in local history. There are some, too, of more than local fame.

Three names upon three different monuments immediately carry us back in fancy to the latter half of the eighteenth century. Then there lived in Love Lane, off the Quayside, a worthy hoastman or coal-fitter, called William Scott. He had two sons, William and John, mischievous boys enough, who were in due time sent to the Royal Grammar School to receive their education amongst the other youths of Newcastle. Amongst their schoolmates was a youth named Cuthbert Collingwood, who lived at the head of the Side, in a house a few doors below Amen Corner. The schoolmaster who trained the three boys was the Rev. Hugh Moises. His pupils in time left school and went forth into the world. William Scott became Lord Stowell, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty; John became Earl of Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of England; and Cuthbert Collingwood became Admiral Lord Collingwood, the story of whose public life is written in some of the most glorious pages of English history. His private character will be for ever held in remembrance, as a bright example of what a

brave, gentle English gentleman should be. One of the monuments we have mentioned is inscribed with his name, together with the names of St. Vincent and Trafalgar. His body lies in St. Paul's Cathedral, but his marble bust stands here on its pedestal in the heart of his native town, as his memory stands for ever green in the hearts of his fellow-townsmen. The other two monuments are in the south transept. One in memory of the elder William Scott bears an epitaph written by his son, Lord Eldon. The third is the monument to the Rev. Hugh Moises, A.M., headmaster of the Grammar School, erected by his pupils, with an inscription by one of them, William Scott, Lord Stowell. The classic pen which the good doctor guided in its first efforts, most fittingly commemorates his learning and his gentle life.

All those we have mentioned—father and son, master and scholars—have worshipped here, where their names are now so interwoven one with another. Often their eyes must have rested on that recumbent figure of a crusader which now lies under the arches in the south aisle. No doubt it has recalled to their minds, as now to ours, Gray's quaint description of it :—"In the south part of the middle of this church is an ancient tombe of a warre-like gentleman, lying with his legs a-cross, his escutcheon of armes and sword, after the fashion in those days were they only interred, who took upon them the crosse for sacred warre-fare, to recover the Holy Land from the Turks." This figure is supposed to represent Peter de Manly, a noble baron, warden of the East Marches, who died in the sixth year of the reign of Richard II.

Often, too, they must have gazed upon the monuments of the Halls and Maddisons, which still remain. "The beautiful and curious monument of William Hall and Jane, his wife, which was erected by Sir Alexander Hall, knight, their only surviving son," says Sykes, "has also escaped the hands of the despoilers, with the exception of the inscription, which was torn away at this time (1783) to make room for the wainscoting of a pew. In the centre is represented the statues of Hall and his wife, kneeling at a desk with books upon it, with their hands broken off. Below these are six smaller statues, supposed to represent their son and six daughters, also reading at a desk. The inscription, which had been tossed about among the lumber in St. George's Porch, was, by the Rev. Archdeacon Singleton, at his first visitation, ordered to be restored to its original place, where it now is. William Hall was mayor of Newcastle in 1624. He died in July 1631, aged sixty-three years."

The Maddison monument is of similar character. It has at the top the images of Faith, Hope, and Charity, below are the figures of three men and three women, on their knees in prayer. Under these are sixteen smaller figures, representing their children. Henry Maddison was mayor of Newcastle in 1623, and died on the 14th July, 1634 aged sixty years.

Of the more modern monuments we have not space to speak—

but some of them are of great interest, if they lay no claim to beauty. The most important is that by Bacon to Matthew Ridley, who was so active in the preparation of the town for defence against the apprehended attack of the Pretender in 1745.

In olden times nearly all churches had attached to them private chapels or chantries. They were added to the building proper by wealthy and high persons for family burial-places. They were frequently endowed with lands for the support of priests, to pray daily before the altars in them for the repose of the souls of the founders and their ancestors. Fuller, in his *Church History*, calls them "adjectives, not able to stand of themselves, therefore united for their better support to some parochial, collegiate, or cathedral church."

The Church of St. Nicholas possessed many of those chantries. At the time of the dissolution they amounted to nine or ten. One of them was St. George's Porch, which now opens by arches into the north aisle, on the east side of the north transept, though originally it was divided from the aisle by a solid wall. Another, called St. Mary's Porch, now forms the south transept ; but the priests and the altars are gone, and the chantries are now filled up with seats like the rest of the church. St. Mary's Porch is sometimes used for evening prayer on week-days, and forms a convenient meeting-place, apart from the great empty church, when but "two or three are gathered together."

Standing at the west end of the church, underneath the tower, the view is magnificent. The pillars of the aisles rise on either side, and recede in perspective to where the great east window closes the scene. The slanting rays of light from the side windows play amongst the columns as the clouds pass by, in ever varying light and shade, and are reflected far up in the roof on the gilded and coloured coats of arms upon the oaken drops. Close by us is the beautiful font and cover, a work of mediæval art, in itself worth a pilgrimage to see. The font is a plain octagonal vase, supported on a plain octagonal pillar, the base of which rests on a stone pedestal. On the eight faces of the basin are carved coats of arms—amongst them those of Robert de Rhodes. Supported on the rim by four light pillars is the carved oak cover, which rises on high, a stately tapering mass of richly carved oak. It is supposed to have been the gift of Robert de Rhodes, the builder of the steeple. High up above our heads, on the ceiling of the tower, appear his arms again, with the inscription, "*Orate pro anima Roberti Rhodes.*" Higher up still in the belfry, surmounted by the beautiful steeple, swing the bells of St. Nicholas—

> "From their pulpit of stone in the upper air,
> Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw."

The bells are nine in number. Formerly there were only five. One was dedicated to St. Nicholas, the second to the Virgin, and a third to St. Michael. The fourth is the common, or thief and reiver bell. It was used for town purposes, and at fair times it was

rung to notify that the moss-troopers and others might enter the town with cattle and sheep without fear of molestment. The fifth bell bears the arms of Newcastle. Other three bells were added in 1717. The last, "the Major," on which the clock strikes, was hung in 1833. It was bought with £500 bequeathed to the church for the purpose by Major Anderson, of Anderson Place (who died in 1831), and was cast by Messrs. Hawkes and Co., of Gateshead. Its weight is 8064 lbs. On Shrove Tuesday, at noon, one of the bells, called "the Pancake Bell," is still rung. Brand says :—"At Newcastle-upon-Tyne the great bell of St. Nicholas Church is tolled at twelve o'clock at noon on this day ; shops are immediately shut up, offices closed, and all kinds of business ceases, a little carnival ensuing for the rest of the day. The great bell which used to be rung on Shrove Tuesday, to call people together for the purpose of confessing their sins, was called 'Pancake Bell.'—a name which it still retains."

While we have been in the church, the day has been closing, and now the shadows gather in the dark recesses. Within these walls how many strange scenes have been enacted since the day when they were consecrated to the service of God! How often have they echoed to the solemn chants of the Romish priests, as they crowded in their rich vestments before the high altar, or walked in procession through these aisles. How often have they seen the altar shine, a blaze of light through a cloud of incense, and listened to the benediction pronounced from its steps upon the faithful sons of Holy Church. And again, how often have they shuddered as the fearful curse of the Church was hurled against the heretic, while the lights were extinguished and sudden darkness reigned. They have echoed to the triumphant burst of the "Te Deum" and to the heart-broken sigh of the penitent. Kings and princes, peasants and subjects of low degree, oppressor and oppressed, victor and vanquished, have each in their turn knelt here. The record of the events which have taken place within these walls would form a history pregnant with illustrations of the vicissitudes of human life.

Thus, in 1484, the convention of marriage between James, Duke of Rothesay, heir to the throne of Scotland, and Ann, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk and niece of the King of England, was here signed.

Another gay scene would that be, when the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., on her way north to espouse King James IV. of Scotland, attended "the Church messe," with all her gallant retinue of noblemen and churchmen, tricked out in all the gay attire of the age—the Earl of Northumberland conspicuous amongst them as the gayest of the gay. To that fair bride the church would afterwards call up sad memories of that first hopeful, happy visit, when next she saw it—a widow—mourning her royal husband's death on Flodden field.

A notable day was that in St. Nicholas' when John Knox—he who so terrified the Queen of Scots, grand-daughter of the last-named

princess, by the vehemence of his preaching—stood here, charged with teaching that the mass was idolatrous—to make his defence before the Council of the North—an illustrious company, comprising Bishop Tunstal of Durham, Lord Dacre of the North, the Earls of Cumberland, Westmorland, Shrewsbury, and others. The defence was very characteristic of the man; in fact, it was not a defence, but a justification, and "dreaming Duresme" must have felt himself strangely awakened and stirred up by the burning words of the terrible preacher. "Spare no arrows" was the text, and John Knox was the man to stick to such a one. Many times he must have preached here to the people of Newcastle, for he held the appointment of preacher in the church for two years. Though Knox was not an ordained minister of the Church of England, he was thus allowed to preach. This was in the reign of Edward VI., and about this time opinion seems to have run in the same direction as in our day. It was thought that the see of Durham was unmanageably large, and it was fully intended to divide it, and create a new see of Northumberland. The church of St. Nicholas was to have been the cathedral. The see of Durham was vacant, and its estates had been seized by the Crown. Bishop Tunstall was in the Tower, being too Romish in his views for the party which then governed in the name of the young king. It was purposed that Bishop Ridley should have the reduced see of Durham, and that John Knox, if he would accept it, should have the new bishopric of Northumberland. However, before the plans were further arranged, the king died, and Queen Mary came into power. Bishop Tunstall was reinstated in his former place. John Knox retired abroad, and launched his invectives at the papists from a safe distance, denouncing "wily Wynchester, dreaming Duresme, and bloody Bonner." As for Bishop Ridley, as all the world knows, he perished at the stake. There was no Marian persecution to speak of in the north; Tunstall, happily, being "rather devout to follow his own, than cruel to persecute the consciences of others," as Fuller says. There were, besides Knox, other fugitives. There was Macbrey, afterwards vicar of Newcastle, and Udale, before mentioned, both active Nonconformists. Dr. Thomas Jackson, the author of the famous *Commentaries on the Apostles' Creed*, and vicar of Newcastle in 1623, spoke of those men disparagingly, saying that "Macbrey, Knox, and Udale had sown their tares in Newcastle." We were led to this digression by speaking of Knox's preaching before the Council of the North. Another style of pulpit oratory altogether would be heard on that day when King James I. sat in St. Nicholas' Church, and listened to the discourse in which Toby Matthews, Lord Bishop of Durham, welcomed His Majesty into his new kingdom. It was the same prelate who, in this same church, preached "on the expectation of the Spanish Armada" in 1588, from the text, 2 Chronicles xx. 20.

Another style again was heard, when, a few years later, the son,

with his long sad face, sat in the same place where the father absorbed the adulation of the bishop, and heard from the same pulpit the far from complimentary epithets which were freely coupled with his name by the fanatical preachers of the Covenant. During the troublous reign of Charles I. the old church witnessed many strange and sudden reverses of fortune besides that of the king. The life of Yeldard Alvey, Prynne's "Arminian and superstitious vicar of Newcastle," is a striking illustration of such reverses. While the king and Laud were in full power, Dr. Alvey was a staunch upholder of the Episcopacy and a persecutor of the Nonconformists. Little wonder was it that they were exceedingly bitter against him. John Fenwick, merchant of Newcastle, a republican and nonconformist, wrote a book called *Christ ruling in the midst of his enemies*, and in it says, that after Newburn fight "Vicar Alvey would have given his vicarage for a horse, when he for haste leapt on behind a country-man without a cushion, his faith and qualifications failing him, he might well fear to fall from grace by the Scots coming. We leave him in his flight to the grace of Canterbury, until the Scots were gone home again. The next bout, if the Scots came again, he may perhaps learn to foot it into France, and to dance and sing, 'Alas poor vicar, whither wilt thou go.'" We have before told how, when the Scots entered the town, Alexander Henderson preached in St. Nicholas' Church. General Lesley was led to the church by the author of *Christ ruling*—who says further on, "The organs and sackbuts and cornets were struck breathless with the flight of their vicars . . . for not long after the wrath of the Scots' Covenant the Scottish soldiers did blow them down, both root and branch, with their altars, and railing, service book, and font, and all such fopperies as the honest Scots lads found without a warrant or salvo guard from their king Jesus, who sent them out." The two curates of St. Nicholas, we are told, refused to fly, and even attempted to execute their office in the church, but the Scots threatened to pistol them if they did so. Fenwick continues—"The first Sabbath day after the Scots were gone, Vicar Alvey appears in public again, new drest in his pontificality, with surplice and service book, whereof the churches had been purged by the Scots lads, and therefore now become innovations, and very offensive to many who could digest such things before." He describes how his wife could not digest them, and created a commotion in the church, in which she was nearly torn in pieces by the congregation, and only rescued by the Mayor and his officers, who were well beaten in the contest. The poor vicar, though now reinstalled, was doomed to have little more peace. In 1643 he lost his wife, the mother of his ten children, and buried her in this church. We read of him, when preaching, being pulled out of his pulpit by two "holy sisters." Then in 1644 the Scots came again, and in 1645 the parliament ejected him from his vicarage. He was true to his principles to the last, and would not subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant. He died three

years later in a very poor condition, and his children were left in poverty.

The circumstances of the visits of the Scots soldiers to St. Nicholas are not the least remarkable instances of the varying fortunes of the times. After Newburn fight, and after the siege of Newcastle, during which they threatened to destroy the famous steeple, they entered its walls as victors. The next time it was in quite another fashion. It was after the battle of Dunbar, when Cromwell sent them to the south as prisoners of war. On foot and starving, glad to eat raw cabbage or whatever they might find on the way, they were driven like turkeys by way of Morpeth to Newcastle. Only 3000 out of 3500 who left Scotland arrived here. The rest had perished on the way. Most of them were quartered for the night in St. Nicholas' Church, where many of them must have attended the triumphal services of a few years before. Only one night were they allowed to rest. At daybreak, in the chill autumn morning, the poor wretches, who had shivered on the cold stones of the church all night, were roused by the stern Puritan escort and marched off to Durham.

Since that time the church, as we have shown, has undergone many alterations. Of the many generations of worshippers who have since gathered in it, there is little to record that is connected with the building. There is a note in the *Tour of Thomas Kirk of Cookridge, Yorks*, which is of some interest. The author says, under date 18th May 1677—"We saw St. Nicholas' Church. There are several pretty monuments therein. We saw a grave made for a poor alderman of the town, Mark Millbank. His poor widow is in great distress how to defray the funeral expenses, having but £7 in the house. Her jointure was £1100 per annum, and £15,000 in money." The poor alderman was Mark Millbank of Halnaby and Seaham, and his wife was one of the daughters of Alderman Cocks of Newcastle, great heiresses and famous beauties, and known through all the town as "Cocks' cannie hinnies."

In our day (we are speaking of the last days of Newcastle as a town) St. Nicholas' Church has been constituted a cathedral, and has witnessed the installation of a Bishop of Newcastle; but these matters pertain to the city, and not to the old town of Newcastle, of which we are now writing. We will bid adieu to the venerable building while it is still a church. We wish we could have left by the old north porch, and that we could still have seen the curious stone mentioned by Bourne, which once formed the north doorstep. He says it was cut along the surface with wavy lines, in imitation of the waves of the sea, as a silent remembrancer of the saint Bishop of Myra, famous for his apparitions and miracles at sea, the patron saint of sailors, to whom the mother church of the great northern sea-port is so appropriately dedicated. In olden times we are told that it was customary for sailors, on the termination of a voyage, to lay offerings on the shrine of St. Nicholas in

the church. Doubtless the Church of St. Nicholas at Newcastle was one of the places

> "Where such as had escapt the sea
> Were wont to leave their guifts."

But the stone is now gone. The beadle throws open the door of the south porch, and, after giving one glance more into the dark church, we pass out of the solemn hush and silence, breathing of old time, into the busy, gas-lit streets of modern Newcastle. Here, where we stand at the door, the ancient watchmen were wont to assemble with their lanterns and staves before commencing their nightly rounds through the dark and narrow streets of the old town. How happy would we be if, in our rounds yet to be taken, we could have, now and then, the use of one of their lamps, and be allowed by its light to see, as they saw them, the sights and scenes of old Newcastle—to gaze upon those ancient buildings now entirely swept away, and see in their entirety these others of which we possess only fragments and broken remains! As it is, we must be content with our available lights—books and other records—to guide us in our peregrinations.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTLE AS IT WAS.

> "He buylded the Newcastell upon the Tyne
> The Scotts for to gaynstande and to defende.
> . . . . .
> The rentes and frutes to the Archbishop pertaining,
> And to the bysshoppes of Wynchester and Sarum,
> And also of nyne abbeys lyvelod conteyning,
> In his hands seazed and held all and some.
> But for his workes and buildings held each crome
> With which he made Westmynstre Hall,
> And the Castell of the Newcastell withall."
>
> —*Hardyng.*

SO sings the old chronicler, who lived in the family of the Earl of Northumberland in the time of Henry IV., of that famous builder, William Rufus, and of the sacred sources from whence he derived the funds wherewith to construct his secular edifices. Before the time of the Red King, it will be remembered that the Britons, Romans, and Saxons had all built forts or castles on the same projecting point of high gound. It will be remembered, too, that Robert Courthose—that English Esau—erected a fort here, most probably of wood upon an earthen mound, after the manner of the period, as shown in the Bayeux

Tapestry. It was replaced by the castle built by his brother, as recorded above by Hardyng.

Of the castle which Rufus built there is no part now remaining which we can with certainty call his work. We have no means even of knowing what it was like ; but most probably it consisted of a strong stone wall with gates and towers, enclosing the flat top of the promontory, where the previous castles had stood. Inside would be accommodation for the garrison and for stores, and perhaps a tower or keep. The arrow of Sir Walter Tyrell put an end to all King William's projects, but his castle played its part in the history of the time during which his brother, Henry I., and his nephew Stephen reigned. It sustained its share of the hard knocks which were going, whereby it was reduced to a very dilapidated condition by the time that Henry II. ascended the throne.

This able and energetic monarch must certainly have found his hands full of work. At home in England, troubles enough, and more than enough, for any ordinary king—turbulent barons to be reduced to order ; an arrogant clergy, with Thomas a'Beckett at their head, to be taught that they as well as other people were under control of the law ; the thousand and one internal affairs of a mighty kingdom, left in confusion by his predecessor, to be put straight; troubles worse than all, with a justly jealous wife, and a family of rebellious sons. Outside of England, his vast possessions in France, comprising nearly one half of that country, to hold, and, if possible, to extend ; Wales to be kept under subjection by force of arms; aggressive Scotland, under William the Lion, to be held in check; the hold which Strongbow took of Ireland to be tightened, and the annexation of that country to be effected.

With all this work and all these troubles, the indefatigable king yet found time to set about repairing and rebuilding the dilapidated fortresses of the country, and, amongst others, the new castle upon the Tyne. Such parts of the work of Rufus as could be utilised would be utilised, but it is probable that the castle of Henry covered more ground, and was therefore, in parts, on different lines. The outer towers and curtain wall were proceeded with, and in 1172, the year of the annexation of Ireland, we find the king commencing to build the keep—that massive square tower which we are now accustomed to call "the Old Castle." It took five years to build it, and the cost was £892, 18s. 9d.—a very large sum in those days, when an ox could be bought for three shillings and a ram for eightpence.

The work of building was much interrupted by the raids of the Scots, under William the Lion, into the north of England. The Scotch King laid claim to the earldom of Northumberland, including Cumberland and Westmorland. It will be remembered that King Stephen had granted these counties to David of Scotland, and that Henry II. took them back. The King of Scotland was allowed to retain possession of North Tynedale, but thought he had a title to the broad lands over which David had ruled.

Many of the English nobles supported his claim, and as, at the time he invaded the north of England, King Henry was fighting in France, the position of affairs was very unpromising. But it was not all the English nobles who favoured the invader: there were some found faithful to their absent king and to their country. To use the words of a contemporary, Jordan Fantosme—"But the barons are devoted to their lord, they care as little for their property as for a wild beast; they prefer dying with honour rather than suffer shame, and abandon their natural lord, though they love their lands. Well sees the King of Scotland that he will never succeed in conquering Newcastle-on-Tyne without battering engine." (*Senz engin.*)

The castle must therefore have been complete, as far as the outer works went at least, and of considerable strength. The old Chronicle of Fantosme, which is published, with a translation, by the Surtees' Society, gives a graphic picture of the period. It describes the entry into England of the King of Scotland's brother, David, Earl of Huntingdon—

> "Now has David of Scotland to England come,
> With hauberks, and with helmets, and with fine painted shields."

The account of the erratic marches of William the Lion from one castle to another; his attempts upon Wark, Prudhoe, Alnwick, and "Carlisle the fair;" his capture of Brough, and Appleby, and Bamborough, and the atrocities of his troops at Warkworth, are all told with much detail. But our concern is now with Newcastle. One afternoon we find the loyal English barons mustering here, and making a sudden night march on Alnwick, where the Scotch king lay encamped. They found most of the followers dispersed plundering; and seizing the king, bore him back in triumph to Newcastle. For one night only did the keep serve as a cage for the captured lion. It was still unfinished, and not considered a safe prison; so he was carried next day to the stronghold of Richmond, from whence he was sent to Rouen in Normandy.

This formidable enemy thus disposed of, the keep was proceeded with and finished, together with the rest of the castle. When complete, the fortress of Henry consisted of the keep, which stood inside a large open space, enclosed by a bounding wall strengthened by towers. This open space, or castle yard, occupied, roughly speaking, a triangle, the corners of which are now marked by the Black Gate, the Moot Hall and the High Level Bridge end. There were posterns in the wall, at the Dog Leap Stairs, the Castle Garth Stairs, and perhaps one where the Black Gate now stands, for there was, it must be remembered, no Black Gate until long after the time of which we are now speaking. The principal gate of Henry the Second's castle was the Bailiff Gate, or Baillie Gate, which stood directly opposite the end of the street still called Bailiffgate. Not a vestige of this gate now remains. The last of it was pulled down in 1811, but there are drawings of it

which show that it was built in the transitional Norman style, corresponding with the architecture of the keep. Its site was about thirty feet to the west of the south-west corner of the keep. Outside it was the moat, crossed by a draw-bridge.

The castle yard was divided into two parts or baillies by a cross wall, or enciente wall, which ran from the Baillie Gate to the opposite side, about where the Moot Hall yard gate now is. The position of the present Moot Hall was then occupied by a strong tower overlooking the Sandhill and the bridge end. The cross wall ran from the south side of the Baillie Gate, just within which there was a little door through it into the south or common Baillie. Then the wall ran to the west side of the projecting gateway of the keep; then from the east side across the yard. It is supposed there was a little private doorway through the wall close to the keep gateway. Except by this, or by the door before mentioned as being beside the Baillie Gate, the main entrance to the keep could not be reached from the King's Baillie. The utility of this arrangement, in the event of an assaulting enemy having forced the Baillie Gate, will be obvious.

Thirty years afterwards King John executed some important work, carrying the moat entirely round the castle, which necessitated the building of a supporting wall on the sides of the steep hill above the Close and the Side, parts of which are still to be seen. He also built a new tower on the site of the old one, where afterwards the present Moot Hall was built.

In the next reign, that of Henry III., great additions were made. The Black Gate was built, and became for the future "the gate" of the castle. Of this splendid specimen of early English work, a portion of the original remains to give us some idea of what it was like. There was a drawbridge outside over the moat, and beyond this there was a barbican or outwork of wood. In the gateway itself there were two iron portcullisses, and inside of these was a passage-way, having the outer wall of the castle and part of the wall of a prison, called the Great Pit, on its left hand side, and on its right the wall of another prison, called the Heron Pit. At the inner end of this passage there was another gateway, with its drawbridge and portcullis to be passed before entrance was obtained into the castle yard. This will give some idea of the strength of this great military work. In the same reign a great hall for state ceremonies was built in the south-east corner of the yard, on the site about now occupied by the yard in front of the Moot Hall, and adjoining it, a new residence for the king, where, when on a visit, he might live more comfortably than in the inconvenient and gloomy chambers of the keep. The tower which King John had built, and which adjoined these last mentioned buildings on the east, was rebuilt, and became the famous Half-moon Battery of later days.

The castle was now in the heyday of its strength and importance. It was the great fortress of the north, and had quite superseded

Bamborough. Its liberties and privileges extended from the Tweed to the Tees. We have many glimpses of it in history, which show its great importance. Here met King Henry III. and King Alexander of Scotland to settle the claims of the latter to the counties of Northumberland, Westmorland, and Cumberland. In the new great hall John Baliol did homage to Edward I. for the crown of Scotland, on the feast of St. Stephen, 1292. On the castle wall was displayed one of the quarters of the body of Andrew de Hartcla, Earl of Carlisle, who had been executed for high treason in 1322; and after the battle of Bramham Moor, in 1408, a portion of the Earl of Northumberland's body occupied the same position.

Long, however, before the latter event, the hand of time and of neglect had made themselves felt on the strong walls and towers of Newcastle's fortress. In the time of Rufus, and for long afterwards, the garrison was furnished by the system of castle ward. Certain neighbouring nobles held their lands on condition of supplying a stated number of men to man the castle. They were also obliged to build houses for themselves within the castle yard, and while this system was continued all seems to have gone well. But in the reign of Henry III., this castle guard duty was allowed to be evaded on payment of a money commutation. This money was paid to the sheriff of Northumberland, who was responsible for the state of the castle, and was supposed to be, by him, applied to its service and repairs. During the weak reign of Edward II. many of the barons seem to have evaded payment of their castle fees, and some of the sheriffs were not over scrupulous as to the appropriation of such moneys as they received. As a natural consequence, we find that when Edward III. came to the throne, "the castle of the Newcastle-on-Tyne was so decayed that there was not in all the castle a single house or room in which one could be received, nor one gate which could be closed." However, after the young King had rid himself of the evil influence of his mother and the Earl of Mortimer, by imprisoning the one and executing the other, and after he had given the Scots their quietus for the time at Halidon Hill, we find accounts of a great amount of work at our castle. The barons of Northumberland were again brought to their duty. They were obliged to build or rebuild, each of them, a house within the walls. The late High Sheriff of Northumberland was notified as having 420 fothers of lead belonging to the castle in his possession. The great tower or keep, the great hall and other parts, were reckoned to be £300 worse than they were. These abuses and effects of neglect the king proceeded to repair; and we find, amongst other items, that there were used twelve oaks, good and fit for timber, from the wood of Bywell, by direction of His Majesty. But war for a time stayed his hand; and sixteen years after the battle of Halidon Hill we find King David of Scotland defeated by Queen Philippa at Neville's Cross, a prisoner in the castle of Newcastle. The same year, 1346, Edward and his son, the Black Prince, gained the glorious victory of Cressy.

Towards the close of Edward's reign the interrupted work was resumed. The prisons called the Great Pit and the Heron Pit, before mentioned as being within the Black Gate, were sadly in need of repair. The loft-floor of the former had fallen, through rotting of the joists, and had almost killed the prisoners confined below. The floor was renewed, but the place cannot have been made properly secure, for immediately afterwards some of the prisoners escaped from it. So the workmen were set to work again to put it in thorough order. These pits, as their name implies, were underground. It is probable they had neither door nor window, only small apertures for ventilation. The only means of entrance or egress was by a trap door in the floor of the prison houses which stood above them. We read that while at work in the Great Pit, the mechanics burnt four pounds of candles, costing three-half-pence per pound, in its gloomy depths. The Heron Pit was next started with, and the accounts of the work, which are still extant, are interesting even in their most trifling details. Regular weekly accounts were kept, and we find that four weeks were spent upon the Great Pit, and eight weeks upon the Heron Pit and the house over it. Carpenters' and masons' wages, we learn, were 2s. 6d. per week in November, reduced to 2s. 1d. in March; labourers got 1s. 9d. in the former, and 1s. 3d. per week in the latter month. The blacksmith received 6d. per stone for working Spanish iron, bought of Adam Kirkherle, into bolts, bands, crooks, staples, manacles, and fittings for the stocks. Trees of great timber, each to constitute a joist, cost 2s. each, and great trees to make sills, each forty-four feet long, were 3s. 4d. There were three trees for gallows. Then there was Estland-bord (Norway timber) at 3d. per piece for flooring. The timber was bought of John Woodseller, and was landed at Gaolegrip, now Javel Group, in the Close, and carted from thence to the castle. Sand was brought from the Sandgate, and lime from the "lyme-kilnes," and both were led by "Adam the lyme-leder."

This putting of the castle in repair by Edward the Third was the turning point in its history. It was never thoroughly repaired again after this; probably the strength of the town walls, completed in the preceding reign, and making of the whole town a virtual castle, had to do with the neglect of the citadel. Certainly, from henceforth, its course was a downward one. Even so soon as the commencement of the reign of Richard II. it had suffered from neglect, inasmuch as we find Parliament petitioned, but unsuccessfully, for its reparation. Next we find it granted to the crook-backed Duke of Gloucester, warden of the north marches, by his brother, King Edward IV. It is interesting to note, in connection with his wardenship, that when Richard usurped the throne, he brought up five thousand men of the north marches, as Stowe says, "poorly apparelled and worse harnessed, to quash any disturbance which might arise at his coronation. They were commanded by Robert of Ridsdale, and mustered in Finsbury Fields." The astute

usurper doubtless appreciated the unscrupulous qualities of the border moss-troopers, and saw in them an instrument which could be used as he might require.

In the reign of the victor of Bosworth Field we find the castle mentioned as the "High Castle;" but it had sadly fallen from its high estate, for the keep was now used as a county prison, and the great hall as an assize court. We find also that the castle yard had become a debtors' sanctuary. Though situated in the heart of Newcastle, it was outside the jurisdiction of the magistrates of the town, being part of the county of Northumberland, and under the government of the high sheriff. So that not only debtors, but also offenders against justice, took refuge within its liberties, and there set the town officers at defiance. It became the Alsatia of Newcastle.

But Queen Elizabeth changed all this. The year after the destruction of the Armada, we find that she licensed the town authorities to enter the castle bounds, and seize and commit to prison malefactors and disreputable persons who might there have taken refuge. In the preamble to this license, the once mighty fortress is, alas! spoken of as "an old and ruinous castle;" and further it says—"That the said old castle, and the enclosed circuit, precinct, and ambit thereof, are of no further use than for a prison or common goal for the county of Northumberland, and for the common hall called the Moot Hall, or Hall of Sessions of that county." This hall was the great hall; the king's hall adjoining it was used as a jury room.

We are told in the Milbank MS. that one of the pages of King James the First's bedchamber, by name Alexander Stevenson, "a Scottish man, begged the castle of the king," and obtained a lease of it for fifty years at forty shillings rent. Doubtless he had marked it down as fair game, on his passage through Newcastle with King James, when that monarch first entered England. Like most of the king's northern followers, Master Stevenson had a keen eye to the main chance, and we soon find him turning his new acquisition to account. The whole site of the castle yard, with the exception of the keep—"wherein," as James's grant puts it, "is kept the sons of Belial"—and the Moot Hall, was included in his lease. It would at that time most probably be nothing but a waste piece of land, encumbered by the *debris* of the broken down fortifications. The moat was filled up with rubbish; in fact it was more than filled up, for just in front of where the High Level Bridge end is now was a great heap, which figures in history as "The Dunghill." It was piled up against the castle wall, near the remains of the Baillie Gate. There were very few houses; we are expressly told that the only houses in the Castle Garth were a herald's house, the gaoler's house, and two houses near the Black Gate. But Stevenson set to work and built himself, and let sites for buildings to others; so there was soon a change in the appearance of the place. The corporation of Newcastle unwittingly and

unwillingly helped in the work. They were always very jealous of their privileges, and at this time they levied very heavy dues and taxes upon all traders who were not freemen of the town. The castle liberties were out of the pale of their bye-laws. Consequently the wily Master Stevenson, who doubtless had taken this into account, soon had many tenants in the persons of such as found the town dues too heavy for them. According to the proverb, "birds of a feather flocked together," and quite a colony of Scotchmen was formed.

Stevenson himself began to build upon the ruinous Black Gate, and his building was finished by one John Pickle. We can still see their work in the square mullioned windows and in the pointed arch of the gateway, which was built in front of, and almost hides the outer order of the original arch. Pickle kept a tavern in the Gate House. One Jordan, a Scotchman, and a sword slipper to trade, built a house on the south side of the gate, and Thomas Reed, a Scotch pedlar, took a shop on the north side. Probably those houses were outside the gate, on the site of the moat and barbican ; if so, they were pulled down a few years ago. The Castle Garth would be a busy place in those days ; the thrifty housewives would flock thither for cheap bargains, as they have continued to do for so many years since. We may note that an inquisition of the reign of James I. mentions the keep as in bad repair, full of chinks and crannies, the lead carried away, and the prisoners miserably lodged.

The siege of Newcastle in 1644 would disturb the inhabitants of the Castle Garth in their trading. We know how Sir John Marley patched up the keep, and armed it with cannon, and used it as a last retreat when the town was taken. One good service was brought to the place by the town's calamity. Sir John removed "the dunghill," and used it for "ramiering" the walls. This defence was the old castle's last achievement in arms. Henceforth its warlike occupation was no more, except that in 1649 the keep was used as an ammunition magazine for the Parliamentary forces ; this was when it was surveyed as "late parcell of the possessions of Charles Stuart, late King of England." Again, in 1819, during the alarm consequent on the spread of radicalism, it was garrisoned by the grenadier company of the 40th Regiment.

During Stevenson's possession the corporation looked with a jealous eye upon the Castle Garth. The burgesses resolved, when opportunity occurred, to gain possession of the place which hindered them of their dues. Stevenson died, but his lease was not expired, and he was succeeded by one Patrick Black, from whom probably the Black Gate derived its name. The lease having at length run out, the corporation of Newcastle petitioned for a grant. Their petition was opposed by the magistrates of the county of Northumberland, who also wished to have possession. While they were contending, a third party stepped in, in the person of Lord Gerard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, and obtained over their

heads, August 1664, a grant under the the exchequer seal, for ninty-nine years, determinable in three lives, at the rent of forty shillings. The town strained every nerve to have this grant revoked. The gallant Sir John Marley acted for them, but to no purpose.

The matter rested until the reign of James II., when, for a consideration, the corporation received a royal warrant, making the Castle Garth part of the town of Newcastle, and subject to its bye-laws. The consideration for this warrant was the sum of six hundred pounds, paid to his Majesty. They also obtained a lease of the reversion for thirty-one years, at the annual rent of one hundred chaldrons of coals for Chelsea Hospital. "By virtue of their illegal warrant, the corporation brought frivolous suits against the tenants of the Earl of Macclesfield; broke open their houses under the by-laws of the Incorporated Companies; seized their goods, and indicted them for following their trades."

But William of Orange came in, and the warrant was, after much litigation, set aside; and so when, on the death of the earl, a few years afterwards, the corporation entered under their lease, they could not re-introduce their bye-laws. They appear to have neglected the property very much, for in 1732 their rule ended with great dilapidations and a diminished rental. The Black Gate especially was in a wretched state, and not long after part of it fell down with a great crash, and was afterwards rebuilt up with brick work. We have omitted to mention that in 1702 the Scotch Relief Presbyterians built a chapel, just outside the Bailiffgate.

The corporation were not allowed to renew their lease. Colonel George Liddell, afterwards Lord Ravensworth, in 1734 petitioned for and obtained one for fifty years, at the old rental of coal for Chelsea Hospital and a payment of £150. On the occasion of his marriage in 1756 "curious fireworks were played off from the castle." At this time there was no roof upon it, and all the floors had fallen except the first floor, which formed the roof of the gaol in the basement. The Ravensworth family purchased a renewal of the lease, by which they could have held possession till 1827, but in 1780 they sold the remainder to John Chrichloe Turner, Esquire, of Chester Deanery, County Durham. This gentleman did his best to make his speculation profitable. He pulled down the front wall of the Half-moon Battery, and built a crescent of dwelling-houses against its inner wall. They were mean houses, three storeys high, with two wooden galleries running along the front, and were let in tenements of single rooms. In his time the chapel of the castle was used as a beer cellar by the landlord of the Three Bulls Heads; a confectioner had an ice house, and a currier had a workshop in other parts of the keep; and on the roof was a cabbage garden, but this existed before Mr. Turner's time. But what will make this lessee famous for all time was his proposal to erect a windmill on the top of the keep. He advertised the castle to be

let for a flour mill, brewery, or any other such purpose. For a brewery, he says in the advertisement, "an exceedingly good spring of water within the castle renders it very eligible." Happily there was no tenant forthcoming, and in 1802 he sold his interest to John Turner, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, who six years afterwards, having enfranchised the premises, all except the Half-moon Battery and the new houses there, put them up for sale by public auction in various lots. The corporation of Newcastle purchased the keep for £600. The Half-moon Battery, the Moot Hall, and adjoining property, were surrendered to the crown.

At the beginning of the present century the neighbourhood of the castle presented a very different appearance to what it does at present. Ever since the time of Stevenson, houses had been built, had decayed, and had been rebuilt ; new additions were constantly being made, so that at the time of which we are speaking there was a complete labyrinth of buildings crowded round the keep. From the head of the Side a narrow street, called King Street, led as far as the end of the Back Row, and from thence the equally narrow Queen Street led to the top of the long stairs. The Castle Garth was full of houses built without any attempt at arrangement, and mostly occupied by dealers in old clothes. Against the keep and the crumbling remains of the outer wall and cross wall of the castle were built houses and pigstyes and other erections. Great heaps of rubbish rose here and there. The ground generally was far above the present level, and it was possible to look through the window down into the gaol where the prisoners lay. A group of houses stood on a small hill, called the mound, about twenty-five yards from the south-western face of the keep. This mound was probably the site of the fort of Robert Courthose. When it was removed, a quantity of human bones were found underneath it.

The most interesting parts of all were the old Moot Hall and the Grand Jury Room adjoining. The one, it will be remembered, had been the great hall of the castle, the other, part of the king's palace. Their history is curious : after being, as we have seen, the scene of royal pageants and high state ceremonies, they saw in time within their walls the stage erected whereon these pageants and high ceremonies were counterfeited. The liberties of the Castle Garth were, after the restoration, intimately connected with the Drama, for the puritanical magistrates administered with a stern hand the severe laws against players as rogues and vagabonds ; and the poor players sought this privileged quarter to exercise their "harmless art." There was a "great booth in Usher's raff yard, at the head of the Side," in 1728 ; and the Moot Hall itself, the county court of Northumberland, was used as a theatre as late as 1782. It was also sometimes used as an auctioneer's sale room about the same period ; and Mr. Kinloch's dancing academy was held in the Grand Jury Room about 1780. The actors, auctioneers, and dancers had to clear out during the assizes. There was a rival theatre in the Castle Garth, a temporary building erected in 1781.

In the beginning of the present century a sort of fair was continued to be held every Sunday in the open space before the old Moot Hall; and in later days the famous booth of Billy Purvis used to be erected in the Castle Garth, to the delight of the Newcastle people.

After Mr. Turner's property had been sold, the Half-moon Battery, and the old Moot Hall, and adjoining property were pulled down, and in 1810 the present county court of Northumberland, or Moot Hall, was built. In digging for the foundations a well of Roman masonry, altars, coins, and other remains were found. The labyrinth of buildings in the castle yard was cleared away, and with them the remains of the old Bailey Gate, and part of the outer wall of the castle. The keep was repaired, and the present battlements and roof added, mainly owing to the zeal and perseverance of Alderman Forster. Much has since been said about the bad taste and ignorance displayed in adding battlements to a building which originally had none; but the ignorance of the worthy alderman and his confreres may be pardoned, seeing that they erred on the right side. Their work can still be undone without leaving the keep any worse than when they started with it, which is more than can be said of the operations of their successors at the present day amongst the relics of old Newcastle.

The further alterations made when the railway was constructed and the High Level Bridge built have given the castle yard the appearance it now presents.

CHAPTER III.

THE CASTLE AS IT IS.

STANDING beside St. Nicholas' Church—say a little way up the Groat Market, near the old Crown and Thistle—and looking towards the High Level Bridge, you have a view before you worth coming many miles to see. The Church, the Black Gate, and the castle beyond, form what an able judge has well called "one of the most picturesque combinations of mediæval architecture existing in any English city." Contrasting with these relics of past times, you may, from the same spot, see the new Post and Telegraph Office, the end of the famous High Level Bridge, and the line of railway to the north crossing the roadway in front of the castle—erections representing the very latest phases of modern life, and the connection of Newcastle with the whole of the known world.

Walking towards the castle, we pass on our left the head of the Side, with its square pant and the house of Lord Collingwood's birth

The Black Gate and Castle.

still left ; and glancing down the steep hill, with its houses overhanging the footpath as in the old days, when all the traffic to and from the south passed by its narrow way, we reach the front of the Black Gate. Barbican, moat, and drawbridge have long since disappeared, and no portcullis now obstructs the way. The gateway tower rises before us, and the history of its various fortunes is written on its face. In the lower part we see the original work of Henry III.—work contemporary with Westminster Abbey. Higher up are the square windows and other work of Stevenson and Pickles. Above all, the building is crowned by a strange jumble of brick and woodwork contributed in later times. The ground plan of the tower is an ellipse with the longer sides flattened, and the arched gateway passes through its shorter axis. The ground around, except on the north side, is much raised above its original level, by the accumulations of centuries. Entering the gateway, we see above us the pointed barrel vault of the main passage ; the original outer order of the arch is almost hidden from view by a very poor pointed arch contributed by Stevenson. On either side of the passage are chambers with beautiful vaulted roofs. The passage itself is whitewashed, and presents a strange and varied appearance with its pointed and trefoil openings to the side chambers, now built up or blocked with wooden shutters, all in most admired confusion. One of the vaulted chambers on the right hand side going into the gateway is occupied by a cobbler, who has for many years sat here making and mending his shoes. The corresponding chamber on the opposite side is used as an old clothes shop. The floors above are let off in tenements. This noble building is shortly to be cleared of its tenants, and repaired and fitted up as a museum by the Society of Antiquaries.

Having passed through the gateway, we see the back part of the tower, for the most part built of brick-work, supplying the place of that which fell down in 1739. We are now in the narrow way which formerly led through between the Great Pit and the Heron Pit, to the second gate with its fosse and drawbridge. It is now a narrow curved street of tumble down rickety houses, with smoke-blackened weather-boards projecting above the windows of the shops which occupy the ground floors of nearly all of them. The broken-down window frames and casements, which will neither stay open nor shut, are a great deal more picturesque to the sight-seer than comfortable to the inmates.

The staple trade of the Black Gate is in second-hand clothing and boots and shoes. You will see garments of all descriptions hanging on pegs outside the shop doors, bright and flaunting in the sunshine, or dark and mysterious far in the cavernous recesses of the shops. There are dresses and coats of the latest fashion, and in fairly good condition ; and there are others quite in keeping with the ancient dwellings of their vendors. As for boots and shoes, they are of all sizes and shapes, but the favourite occupants of the windows, and of the stalls which stand out into the street, seem to

be strong navvies' brogues, their soles turned upwards to show their wealth of nails. The principal inhabitants of the street are engaged in the staple trade, and keep a sharp look-out on all who pass by. The less fortunate part of the population, who have no shops, seem to spend a good deal of their time in lying over the before mentioned picturesque but pervious casements of the upper stories, or sitting on door steps and observing with lazy interest the occupations of their more active neighbours. The children play about in the gutters, and enjoy their dirty freedom in the company of a few bedraggled fowls. Altogether there is an air of squalor and decay over the whole place. But raising our eyes from the dirty street and its occupants, we see the picturesque old house fronts, quaint with every variety of patched-up dilapidation; higher up still, the strange conglomeration of brick and stone which has been built on the top of the old Gateway Tower; higher still, above and beyond all—the morning sun bathing it in golden light, the purple haze floating lightly over its tracery, like a garment of gauze which by partial concealment adds fresh beauty, towers serene and calm against the pure blue sky—the steeple of the mother church. It is a sudden transition from the scene and the people below to the unmoved majesty above. It is a sight which makes us feel that we are of and not apart from the people in the dark street below. It was said by one who saw it thus—"It is the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican in stone."

By diving down narrow passages to the rear of the houses on either side we may see many parts of the old works, the wall of the castle, the Heron, and the Great Pit. Of the inner gateway not a trace remains. Having passed the bend in Black Gate Street, where this second gate stood, we enter the northern or King's Bailey. On the left are the tortuous Dog Loup Stairs, leading down the hill to the Side, opposite the foot of Dean Street. At the top of these stairs stood the eastern postern of the castle, and close by you may see many portions of the castle wall on the bank side. Looking down the steep incline you see a confused and crowded mass of old red tiled houses, crowding the hill overlooking the Side. They are so crowded together that is is difficult to understand how the people get in and out of them, and they continue so right round the side of the castle promontory by the Sandhill and bridge end to the Close. Beside the High Level Bridge great clearances have been made amongst them.

As you go south, along the Castle Garth, from the top of the Dog Loup Stairs, there is a public-house called the Three Bulls Heads, on the left hand side. Alongside it another flight of stairs leads down into the Side. This public-house is quite a modern building, and does not even occupy the site of the tavern of the same name, which used the chapel of the castle for a beer cellar. *It* stood close to the north-east corner of the keep, and the railway now crosses its site. It was long called the "Chapel House," and is supposed to have been built upon the site of a second chapel

used by the garrison, the chapel within the keep being more for the private use of the king and nobles.

We now come to the Moot Hall, or County Court of Northumberland, which occupies the commanding position where once the Half-moon Battery dominated the Sandhill and the river. It is a fine building. The north elevation, looking towards us over the open railed space in front, with its Grecian Doric portico, is very imposing. But the southern face, a copy of the Parthenon, is, or was, the finest. From the river its appearance is majestic, though now greatly spoiled by the walling up of the spaces between the columns and the insertion of windows.

Past the gates of the Moot Hall, down in the corner, is the south postern, an interesting relic of old times, as it is said to be the only remaining Norman postern in England. To reach it you go down several steps, below the level of the Castle Garth, and in passing through the arch you observe that it does not go straight through the gate tower, but changes its direction half-way, and goes off at an obtuse angle from its original course. This of course for additional security against an attacking force. There was once a drawbridge here. Having passed through the arch, you will see the massive postern tower above you. Over the gate was the gaoler's house before mentioned. From here was the inevitable subterranean passage leading to the keep, of which, like those said by popular tradition to have belonged to every famous old building, there is no trace. Probably the tradition in this case originated in a drain which ran through the castle wall close by here.

A narrow lane runs westward along under the south wall of the castle from near the postern. It was called the Bankside, and further along, Sheep Head Alley, but is now closed up as being dangerous, the houses are so dilapidated.

We will go down the Castle Garth Stairs, which lead down to the Close, near the bridge end. You first go straight down, then turn to the left, and then go straight down again, and there is no reason to doubt that this was the original course of the stairs, when the way was made up to the postern. The persistence of sites of roads, and of buildings in old towns is a very interesting study. Building after building rises on the site of older ones, so that after the lapse of centuries we find houses standing exactly on the same spot where others are shown in ancient plans, and often curiously resembling them in outward form. We find the roads pursuing the same tortuous and inconvenient directions—like those of New York, which the cows, according to Knickerbocker, first laid out in their wanderings through the bushes. We find this persistence often where there is no reason for it, except the propensity of mankind to run in the old time-worn grooves, though of course in most instances it is caused by the boundaries of the various properties admitting of no variation of site. Another phase of the same question is the way in which particular trades stick to particular places. Here, on the stairs, as in the Black Gate Street, we

have it illustrated. All the way down, on either side, you see shops devoted to the sale of boots and shoes, mostly second-hand, if such a term can be properly applied to boots and shoes. Many of the windows are not glazed, and the goods are ranged in rows upon shelves which slope upwards and inwards from the level of the window sills. These shops and the stalls at the Black Gate are the lineal descendants of the booths and stalls of the pedlars and tradesmen which in Stevenson's time were established in the Castle Garth. Standing here amongst them, it is strange to recall the words of M. Jorevin de Rocheford, a French gentleman who was here in the reign of Charles II., and who published an account of his travels at Paris in 1672. He says—"The castle is of great compass, since it encloses within its walls, like a little city, the habitations, as I think, of all the cobblers of Newcastle."

Returning to the castle yard we find a number of houses on our left which hide the southern wall of the castle from view. Just before we reach the High Level Bridge there is a rather steep lane, and at the foot of it can still be seen a large portion of one of the corner towers. The masonry is very old, perhaps part of it as old as Rufus, and perched upon it are some mean dwelling-houses, reached from the level of the castle yard. From the High Level Bridge we can see the southern wall of the castle running eastwards from this tower towards the postern. Within the last year or so it has suffered much. Further down the steep bank, just below us, is a portion of King John's supporting wall, running behind some houses which are old, but not ancient. Coming off the bridge and crossing to the west side of it, we see Queen's Lane, the name of which reminds us of the old Queen Street which was here. A little way down the bank, leading to the Long Stairs, is a piece of the outer wall, the work perhaps of Rufus. It is up a narrow way on the left-hand side. We have now, with the exception of the keep, seen all that remains of the castle. Tradition says that the exchequer house of the castle was the Duke of Cumberland Inn, at the north-east corner of Back Row, which had once a perpendicular Gothic doorway.

The keep, or as it is generally called "the old castle," that noble relic of feudal times, stands isolated in the midst of the Castle Garth. It has seen the walls of the castle, which once surrounded it, gradually swept away, till only here and there a trace remains; it has seen the houses of the nobles which lay beneath it give place to the dwellings and booths of pedlars and hucksters; it has seen these in their turn disappear, and all around the tall offices, the railroads, and the mighty bridge of modern times appear; and no doubt it looks upon these last as it looked upon the others, and expects some future time when it will, black and grim and secure in its own colossal strength, look down upon other changes as strange as any it has seen.

It is a tall square tower, with a lower wing built on to its eastern side. Originally the interior of this wing, in which is situated the

chapel, was a most entirely distinct from the main building. The only communication between them was by a small doorway, with two strong doors, opening into the chapel. The doorway has now been enlarged. The east and west walls of the wing were extended to meet the enciente wall, in which was a gateway. Not until this gateway was passed could you reach the gateway at the foot of the stairs and that opening into the chapel, and there was provision for defending them from above. The extended walls, the enciente wall, and its gateway, are now gone. The entrance stairs, open to the sky, run up parallel to the main building, and over the chapel. At the top, its doorway facing you as you ascend, is a small room over the chancel of the chapel. By some it is supposed to have been the priest's chamber, by others the governor's room, where he received strangers. All the way up the stairway at present are ranged a great number of Roman and other antiquities for which there is no room in the castle.

At the head of the stairs, on the left hand side, is the main entrance to the keep. This beautiful Norman doorway, an exact reproduction of the original, with its zig-zag ornamentation, cannot but strike you with admiration. Passing through it, we are in the great hall, which is on the second floor.

It may be as well here to make clear the arrangement of the various stories of the building. The basement is occupied by the guard-room, or dungeon ; the first floor by the library of the Society of Antiquaries ; the second by the great hall, above which there is only now the roof. In the palmy days of the castle there was another floor, just below these narrow arched openings in the wall which now look down upon the hall, and which open into a gallery running all round the building. The hall had then a flat ceiling, only half as high as the great arched vault up into which we now look, and see in the dim twilight the ragged and faded banners which bear the arms of the good knights who once held the castle in ward. This arched roof was built in the beginning of the present century, when the corporation bought the castle. As well as the principal rooms we have named, each floor has small chambers, most of them built in the thickness of the walls ; for there is ample space for passages, and staircases, and rooms in these walls of freestone, which are seventeen feet thick at the bottom, and fourteen feet thick at the top of the building.

The first thing which strikes you as you enter the great hall is the curious carved oak chimney-piece from the Mansion House, with the centre panel of the over mantel representing King James I. being carried up into heaven by a party of angels. There are two or three pieces of tapestry on the walls, and abundance of pikes, and helmets, and ancient armour. In the deep recess of the window on the north side of the hall is a large wheel, probably belonging to one of the field guns which Lord Conway sunk in the river when he evacuated the town after the battle of Newburn. It is in very good condition, considering that it has lain in the bed

of the river over two hundred years The window itself is very interesting, it being original, unlike many others in the building A good view of it is obtained from a yard behind the old houses, on the south side of Black Gate Street. Its side columns and beautiful mouldings are worth going to see. In the good old times of long ago, often must the lonely sentry on the wall have cast longing and envious glances on this window, as he paced to and fro in the darkness and cold, and saw it lit up with the warm light of the blazing fire and torches within, where his betters held high revel, and the walls echoed to the sound of the minstrel's voice and harp. The hall is dark and quiet enough now, for throughout the castle you are struck by the stillness of the air, and silence of the place, shut out from the world by these massive walls. "The good knights are dust" who conversed here, and the minstrel's harp is silent for ever.

Up a few steps from the hall is the well chamber. Here, as in other parts of the castle, we see altars and other Roman remains, the inscriptions upon most of them as fresh as when they left the mason's hands centuries before this old castle was thought of. The altars are cold where once blazed the fires of sacrifice. The ancient faith, like the fires it kindled, is extinct, but the memorial stones still guard their trust, typical, in their faithful, steadfast performance of the duty imposed upon them, of the great people who hewed them out. In the well chamber is the mouth of the well which supplied the castle with water. The well shaft goes down through the solid masonry into the rock beneath. The lower stories of the keep might be taken by an enemy, and yet the garrison would have abundant supply of at least one of the necessaries of life, to enable them to hold out in the upper portions, in those days before "villainous saltpetre was dug out of the bowels of the harmless earth." To obviate the trouble of coming up thus far for water from the lower stories, the troughs at the side of the well mouth were made. Water poured into them ran through pipes to the lower parts. One of those pipes led, as we shall see, into the guard-room on the basement.

There are other small chambers on the same floor as the great hall. One of them, on the south side, is called the king's chamber, perhaps because David of Scotland was confined here, though many other kings besides he have lived in the keep of Newcastle. From the hall you may ascend by either of two staircases One is circular, and leads from the top to the bottom of the building. Mounting it, we pass the gallery with the openings before mentioned, through which you can look down into the great hall. Passing on up the circular staircase, we at length come out suddenly into the open air, and find ourselves on the stone-flagged castle top Here are Alderman Forster's battlements and corner turrets, with a number of superannuated old guns, grinning through the embrasures and threatening all the points of the compass. The wooden house, chained down to the flagstones, was built to

shelter the time gun which, a few years ago, was fired from the castle every day at one o'clock by electric current from Greenwich Observatory. It shook the castle and the adjacent buildings so much that it was discontinued.

The top of the old castle has, as may be supposed, undergone many changes. Originally it would most probably be hipped and tiled, and afterwards it was covered with sheet lead. But the lead was stolen and the roof neglected, until it fell in, and for many years the castle was roofless altogether. That brave Royalist, Sir John Marley, put it in temporary order, and covered the top with stout planks, on which he placed great ordnance during the siege. Even when roofless, the walls were so thick that the top of them was used as a garden, as we have before said. The appearance of the top has been described by one who saw it as a pretty big cabbage garden, with a square hole in the middle; this hole was the interior of the building, and its being described as above will give an idea, better than figures can, of the great thickness of the walls here, at the weakest part, in proportion to the size of the building.

It gives one rather a turn to lean over the parapet and look down into the castle yard. The people below seem like mere pigmies going to and fro. On all sides we have a splendid view. On the west, over the old houses of the Back Row and Bailiff-gate, we see the huge glass roof of the Central Station, the rails of the iron road converging towards it in graceful curves, from the north just beneath us, and from the south along the High Level Bridge, of which we have a bird's-eye view. Beyond we see the Windmill Hills and the distant wooded heights of Ravensworth, dim and vague in the misty air.

Turning to the left, we look down upon the Close and the Sandhill, and see the river and the huge Swing Bridge, and can just catch a peep of the heads and shoulders of old Father Tyne and his friends as they stand with their backs towards us, on the top of the new Fish Market, patiently waiting for customers, and no doubt abusing the mayor and corporation who placed them in such a bad position for trade. Beyond are the piled-up houses of Gateshead, and the square black tower of its parish church. Further still to the left, and looking over the Moot Hall, the river winds away towards the sea, the ships, with their white sails hung out to dry in the damp air, clothing its sides, till we lose sight of it in the distance where the high hill of Byker closes the view.

Turning further round and looking east, we see just beneath us, on our left hand, the Dog Loup Stairs leading down to the Side, where once ran the Lort Burn through its pleasant valley. Beyond, crowning the hill, is the tall and graceful spire of All Saints, which in its turn looks down upon the blue hazy dene of Pandon—now, alas, no pleasant place as in days of yore.

Last of all, turning with face to the north, we see the most beautiful sight of all—the matchless steeple of St. Nicholas. Wet day

or dry day—in sunshine or in shade—whenever viewed it presents new beauties; familiar to our eye yet ever fresh. To-day it looms out aërial, yet massive, against the blue mist, towering above the surrounding buildings, and dwarfing them by comparison. The poor old quaint gables of the houses beside the Black Gate alone strike us as being in harmony with the scene, as being so perfectly resigned to their own unimportance, and so unaffectedly humble and unassuming; though even the more pretentious modern buildings we see clustered around show that even they can upon occasion verge upon the picturesque, being happily veiled to a certain extent by the kindly haze.

Down the dark stairs again, passing by the gallery and the great hall, we reach the floor beneath. The main portion of it is taken up by the library of the Society of Antiquaries. In olden times this floor, the most comfortable in the castle, was used as the private residence of the governor, and of the king when he visited the castle, while the great hall on the floor above was devoted to public business. The windows in the library have been enlarged, and the fireplace is comparatively modern. For many years this room was used as a corporation school. Now its aspect is such as would delight the heart of a Captain Grose—arms and armour of all periods hang round the walls, and antiquities of historic and pre-historic ages are shown in glass cases in the window recesses. Ranged in bookcases, and jealously guarded by wire lattice, are the valuable and rare books of the society. The horse-shoe table is a fitting board for a conclave of antiquaries to sit at, and the president's chair at its head is no less worthy of its office. The one is of oak dredged from beneath the bed of the river Tyne, and the other is of the same lasting wood, dug from below the foundation of the Roman Wall, near its western terminus. The trees which produced them were growing green before the Star in the East led the wise men to Bethlehem.

There are some interesting pictures and prints on the walls; a view of the Sandhill in oils by Ralph Waters, painted about the middle of last century; also the very interesting water colour of the interior of St. Nicholas Church, before mentioned as "drawn and shadowed, August 9th, 1783, by Ralph Waters, jun." There are Buck's engravings of the town of Newcastle, Berwick, and Durham, and many other objects of great interest to local antiquaries.

Descending to the floor below, which is the basement, we enter the large apartment called the guard-room or dungeon. A stone pillar in the centre supports the six arched ribs of the roof which spring from it. Down the centre of this column ran one of the pipes which we have mentioned as conveying the water from the mouth of the well to the lower parts of the castle. The end of the pipe is still to be seen near the base of the pillar. The south window with the stone steps leading up to it rather reminds one of the window in the great hall, so deeply is it recessed in the thickness

of the wall. At the top of the stone steps is a small door leading to the Sally-port. The guard-room was used as a prison for the county prisoners in more modern times. In the reign of James I. we read of it as the place "where is kept the sons of Belial;" and a hard time of it they must have had, for the roof of the castle and the upper floors were so bad that the rain and snow came in upon them. Tied to those rings in the wall, many a moss-trooper has lain on the cold stone floor waiting his trial and almost certain execution, and sighing for the freedom of his beloved fells and hills. In 1777 John Howard, the philanthropist, writes, "that during the assizes at Newcastle the county prisoners are, men and women, confined together seven or eight nights in a dirty damp dungeon, six steps down in the old castle, which having no roof, in wet seasons the water is some inches deep. The felons are chained to rings in the wall."

On the same level with the guard-room is the chapel. Going to the latter, we pass at the foot of the stairs the much-defaced stone figure of James I., which stood above the north entrance to Newgate. The chapel is very small, occupying, as we have pointed out, the basement of the small wing on the east side of the castle. The most striking peculiarity about it, next to its smallness, is the apparent newness of the stone-work—it looks so clean and fresh, and free from the smoky griminess which makes the other parts of the building so black. The chancel is separated from the nave by a round arch beautifully decorated with zig-zag and nail-head work. While looking at this arch, you notice that one of the pillars on which it rests is higher than the other, and further examination reveals a like irregularity in most of the details of the chapel. The ends of the ribs of the vaulted roof, instead of coming down as they were evidently intended, centre to centre with the capitals of the pillars in the corners of chancel and nave, are mostly a little on one side. The windows, too, are out of centre, and altogether the appearance is emphatically that of "a house made with hands;" and we like it all the better for its rule-of-thumb individuality. It is generally supposed that, besides this, there was another chapel, which was outside the keep, and on the site afterwards occupied by the old Three Bulls Head public-house. The railway now crosses the spot. This latter chapel was probably for the use of the garrison, and the one we are now in would be kept as a private chapel for the household of the governor or king. It is now divested of its religious furniture, and is used as a receptacle for ancient coffins of stone and wood, and other antiquities. There is a sort of vestibule into which the door from the outside opens. Passing through this door, we find ourselves in a short, narrow passage, parallel with the entrance stairs, and between them and the main wall of the castle. Over the doorway, on the outside, is a small stone gallery, with openings for pouring down molten lead or other material on any assailant who might attempt to force a way in by the chapel. No point has been neglected by the builders of the

fortress which would add to its strength, and all the appliances which ingenuity and forethought could contrive have been used in its construction. Another step or two and we are once more outside the keep, and standing at the foot of the staircase by which we entered it.

We have merely glanced briefly at the general history of the place, and have not even mentioned a thousandth part of the wonders which are crowded together within the keep. Nothing but personal inspection can give any adequate idea of the collection of objects of historic interest gathered together by the Society of Antiquaries. Considering how interesting such a collection should be to Englishmen in general, and the people of Newcastle in particular, it is strange that so little attention is paid to it by the public, and that so many pass it daily without a thought. We shall be glad if our hurried attempt at description may lead others to investigate for themselves the treasures of the old castle, especially if it should lead those who are now the children, but who will be one day the people of Newcastle, to take an interest in this valuable part of their heritage ; for here is history, not written in books, but embodied in material form. What could be better calculated than the contemplation of such relics to give the breath of realistic life to the too often dry bones which are ground for their mental nutriment in the mills of knowledge?—what could be better calculated to dispel the spirit of apathy and indifference which has fallen upon their townsmen, and allowed them to look on, unmoved, while the hand of the spoiler has wantonly laid low so many of the ancient works erected by their fathers' hands, and in many cases literally cemented with their blood?

For a great part of the information we have given concerning the history of the old castle we are indebted to the scholarly and trustworthy account of it given by W. D. H. Longstaffe, Esq., in the transactions of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries (vol. iv., new series), and to this account we refer those who may wish for a thorough and lucid description of the building and history of the great northern fortress of the Norman kings.

CHAPTER IV.

WESTGATE STREET AND BLACKFRIARS.

FROM the castle to Westgate Street is an easy digression, as in ancient and, indeed, comparatively modern times Westgate Street was the great thoroughfare between the western entrance to the town and the citadel. Just outside the Baillie Gate of the castle a small street ran straight across to the lower part of Westgate Street. This small street

was called Baillie Gate from the fact of its leading to the castle gate of the same name, just as the street called Sandgate took its name from the gate outside of which it was built. It is now called Bailiff Gate—probably a corruption of its original name, though Bourne says it was because the county bailiffs came along it to the castle.

From the Westgate end of Bailiff Gate there is a fine view of the castle. The high wall of the railway is on the right, having taken the place of the houses which once formed this side of Bailiff Gate. The house which stood at the corner nearest you—that is the south-west corner—was the first branch Bank of England in Newcastle. The nearest corner one, on the left hand side of the street, still standing, tradition says was built for an Earl of Northumberland. Certainly Bailiff Gate does not now look as if it ever had anything to do with earls or banks.

We are at the foot of Westgate Street, with Bailiff Gate on our right hand. In former times the site of Clavering Place, through the arch behind us and before described, was called the foot of Westgate Street, or sometimes "Keel Head," or Tuthill. A little way up the street before us we see the Back Row, leading off on the right to the castle precincts, and the street called the Postern on our left. The Back Row is now one of the most miserable and most disreputable places in Newcastle, but it is a noteworthy street in spite of that, for in it the Rev. John Brand, the famous antiquary, and the historian of Newcastle, lived and served apprenticeship with his uncle, Anthony Wheatley, the cordwainer. Here, too, was born Thomas Thompson, a writer no less noteworthy in his own particular branch—the genial author of "Canny Newcastle," and many other local songs, "written in the *pure* Newcastle dialect." Another name not altogether unknown is connected with the Back Row. Here once was a school kept by "Charles Hutton, writing master and teacher of mathematics." So that the Back Row has its pleasant as well as its unpleasant associations; but soon it will be swept away to make room for the connection of the railway with the Post-office.

We wander a little way further up Westgate Street. So far its aspect is not altogether cheerful. Disreputable characters hang idly about the corners; the tradesmen who flourish best seem to be the publicans and pawnbrokers, if we may judge from their numbers. There are also a good many small provision shops, which, with the publicans and pawnbrokers, seem to thrive best amongst the poor. A few warehouses and offices lend a certain air of respectability to the street as we advance further up. There is not much in the buildings to attract attention, except the quaint old house, with its old-fashioned gables and yellow distempered walls, at the corner of the Postern. This has evidently at one time been the house of some person of note. There is, too, the strange, low public-house called the Black Bulls Head, its front wall bulging out over the footpath in a most alarming manner, like some old toper,

lingering out in a decrepit and dropsical old age the remnant of a dissipated life.

On passing the end of Denton Chare, however, you forget the dirt and squalor you have left behind, in admiration of the view before you. Denton Chare was an important thoroughfare between the western and central parts of the town before Collingwood Street was formed; now it is merely a back lane. Standing beside it, we see the wide open space of Neville Street, with the massive pile of the Central Station on one side, and the graceful spire of the Catholic Cathedral on the other. We see also the remainder of Westgate Street, with the ancient church of St. John, and the varied outlines of the many tall modern buildings near it; and the Stephenson Monument nearer at hand, combining to form a most picturesque view.

Just over the way from us is the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The society itself was founded in 1792 by a few townspeople who were interested in literary and scientific matters, the foremost amongst them being the Rev. William Turner and the Rev. Edward Moises. After several changes of quarters it, in 1825, built the building we now see, at a cost of £16,000. The institution has been befriended by many of our townsmen and others. Robert Stephenson left it £10,000; Sir William Armstrong built at his own cost the lecture theatre; and many contributions of books and works of art have been made it from time to time. The building stands upon the site of the ancient town mansion of the Earls of Westmorland, sometimes called Bolbeck House, after Bolbeck Tower, near Blanchland, forfeited by the Nevilles with the rest of their property for participation in the "Rebellion of the Earls." It is said that a vaulted underground passage led from this house to the Neville Tower in the town wall, also built by the same family.

Behind the library is the Museum of the Natural History Society, the Government School of Art, and the College of Medicine. Adjoining it on the north is the hall of the Mining Institute, called, in memory of Nicholas Wood, the famous mining engineer, the Wood Memorial Hall. It stands with its grotesque-carved decorations on the site of a quaint old building which used to be called, through some popular error, Westmorland Place. It really belonged to the Taylboys of Thornton Hall. Latterly part of it was used by the Blyth and Tyne Railway Company as offices. Its dark oak wainscotted rooms will be well remembered.

The open space where the bronze statue of George Stephenson stands, the giants of labour recumbent at his feet, and, strange to say, with his back towards the Central Station—the symbol and outcome of his life's work—is one of the most remarkable sites in Newcastle. Here in olden times stood the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, afterwards converted into the Royal Grammar School. We have before spoken of the re-foundation of the hospital in the reign of Henry II., after its removal from Newgate Street. It

consisted of an hospital and a chapel, "wherein were placed two friars regular, and a chaplain to serve God and the poor. It was further intended to be a place of entertainment for the indigent clergy and such pilgrims as passed that way." It gradually increased in wealth, and held property in many parts of the town, and was a place of much importance. We read that the general meetings of the town were held here. In 1343, on the Friday before St. Valentine's Day, a full guild meeting was held, at which many important matters relating to the government of the town were settled.

For many long years its chaplains and brethren dwelt within its venerable walls, and at the dissolution of the monasteries, strange to say, it escaped the general fate. It reverted to the crown at that time (Statute 31, Henry VIII.), but by some oversight never came before the auditors, and paid no rent to the king's receiver. It was carried on as though nothing had happened until the reign of Elizabeth, when the master being committed to Durham Gaol for complicity in the rebellion of the earls, the letters patent, seals, and charters were lost, and the Queen granted the hospital, together with the St. Mary Magdalene Hospital at Barras Bridge, to Theophilus Adams and James Woodshaws, at a yearly rent of three shillings and fourpence. We afterwards find the hospital under the authority of the corporation of Newcastle. By the great charter of the town granted by Queen Elizabeth in the forty-second year of her reign, the chancel of the chapel was converted into the official place of election for the mayor and town's officers.

A very great change took place in the hospital in Elizabeth's time. It was then that the grammar school of the town was removed here. The original grammar school or "Hye School" was founded in the reign of Henry VIII. by Thomas Horsley, a wealthy citizen, and sometime mayor of Newcastle. The dissolution of the monasteries had swept away the old seats of learning, and we find accounts of many grammar schools being erected in various parts of England about this period, generally by private individuals. The first seat of the Newcastle Grammar School was in a house in the north-east corner of St. Nicholas' Churchyard. By charter of Queen Elizabeth it was converted into a Royal Free Grammar School, and removed by the corporation, who assumed the management of it, to the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin. The chapel was fitted up as a school—the chancel being the part devoted to the teaching of writing. The other parts of the hospital, which formed a quadrangle on the south of the chapel where the master and brethren had lived, were altered to serve as houses and chambers for the head and under masters of the school.

In the reign of James I. the Hospital of St. Mary was refounded by royal charter, which set forth that it should consist of a master and six unmarried poor old men, having a common seal, with power to let leases, etc., and that the institution should be under the patronage of the corporation of Newcastle. The lodgings of the former brethren and the house of the former masters, as we see,

had been appropriated by the grammar school officials. We find the brethren of the hospital now accommodated in the "Spital Almous House" adjoining the school, and the difficulty in the case of the master's residence was got over by uniting the two offices—headmaster of the grammar school and master of the hospital—in one person, which plan continued to be followed with a few exceptions.

In the list of the masters and scholars of Newcastle Grammar School there are many noteworthy names. Of the masters, the first under the new foundation was "the Reverend Master Robert Fowberry, a learned and painfull man to indoctrinate youth in Greek and Latine." Passing over many of whom nothing but their names is known, we find here and there one whose reputation shines out brightly amongst the rest. Of such was George Ritschel, a foreigner, afterwards lecturer and minister to Hexham Church, where he lies buried. He was appointed in 1648—just a year before the execution of Charles I.—and was a voluminous writer on ecclesiastical questions, then so prominent. Then there was Master Rudd, the celebrated grammarian and Latin scholar. He was librarian to the college at Durham, and compiled a catalogue of the MSS. in the Dean and Chapters Library. His successor was Dr. Jurin—the "famous Jurin" of Voltaire. He was appointed master in 1710, and after leaving, became president of the Royal College of Physicians, and secretary of the Royal Society. His son, James Jurin, married the daughter of John Simpson, a Newcastle alderman, and resided at the Hermitage, near Hexham—where he died in 1756. Passing on we find the name of Dr. Dawes as master, "Grecian Dawes" he was called from his scholarly acquaintance with the language of Homer. He was the author of some literary works of note, but his mastership of Newcastle school is chiefly remarkable for the quarrel in which he engaged with the corporation, and from which he retired on a pension of eighty pounds a-year for life and certain interest on the renewals of the hospital leases. He was eccentric and rough in his manners, and must certainly have been, while master of the school, a thorn in the sides of the civic dignitaries who were its patrons and managers. Of his feeling towards them, we need only say that he gravely and persistently taught his scholars to translate the Greek word for "ass" into "aldermen," and many of them actually went through life firmly impressed that it was a correct rendering of the meaning. After his retirement he lived at Heworth Shore, and there is a mural tablet to his memory in the church there.

The successor of Dr. Dawes was a man of quite a different sort. Under the amiable and learned Dr. Hugh Moises the school attained the height of its fame. He became master in 1749. He was the instructor of John and William Scott, afterwards Lords Eldon and Stowell, and of Admiral Lord Collingwood. When John Scott gained the prize at Oxford, given by the Chancellor of the University for the best essay "On the advantages

and disadvantages of foreign travel," we hear how the good doctor rushed triumphantly into the school amongst the scholars, holding up the essay, and crying out to them, "See what John Scott has done." Another of the pupils of Dr. Moises was the Rev. John Brand, the historian of Newcastle. It was through the kindness of his former master that he was enabled to go to Oxford. Perhaps but for that we should never have had his history. The memory of Hugh Moises will long live in Newcastle as that of a man eminent for wisdom, piety, and pre-eminent ability as a teacher of youth.

Last but not least on our roll of masters is the Rev. James Snape—worthy successor of a Moises. He is remembered well by many a Newcastle man of the present day, not only as the guide of his youth, but as the dear friend of his after life. The work of forming his pupils' minds was to him a labour of love. His urbanity, his never-failing politeness, and kindly feeling; his long and distinguished services as a teacher; his exemplary character—all pointed him out as one who should have been entitled to the esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and especially to justice at the hands of his employers, the corporation. That his fellow-townsmen and former pupils appreciated his many good qualities there is no doubt. The beautiful window they have lately erected to his memory in the Church of St. Nicholas is evidence of this. But that he was treated with great injustice by the corporation is generally admitted. According to his agreement, he was entitled to a pension, but, by some quibble, when he retired it was denied him. Dr. Dawes, who treated the town authorities in the manner we have above hinted at, was gladly pensioned. Dr. Snape, who trusted to their honour, was obliged to apply again and again for his just due, and always in vain. There is no doubt the ungracious refusal embittered the latter portion of his life, and probably tended to hasten his death.

Amongst the pupils of the Royal Grammar School were many who afterwards became distinguished men. It is said that Bishop Ridley, the martyr, was one; but if so, there must have been a grammar school in existence in Newcastle before Horsley founded his, for Ridley was born in the year 1500, and Horsley's will, by which he left his estate for the foundation of the school, was made in 1525. In the life of the martyr, by his brother, who was likely to be correctly informed on such a point, it is said that he "learned his grammar with great dexterity in Newcastle."

The famous Colonel John Lilburn, the "Freeborn John" of history, says in his *Innocency and Truth Justified*, published in 1645—"I was brought up well-nigh ten years together in the best schools in the north—namely, at Auckland and Newcastle—in both which places I was not one of the dronesset schoolboys there, and besides my knowledge in the Latin tongue I was a little entered into the Greek also, and at Newcastle, I did not only know, but also was known of the principal men there." Mark Akenside the

poet was another pupil, as also was the famous antiquary, the Rev. John Horsley, author of *Britannia Romana.* He was a great mathematician and natural philosopher as well. While in Newcastle he lectured on astronomy and natural philosophy, in the house of Mr. Prior, the master of the mint, at the head of the Tuthill stairs. The lectures were accompanied by illustrations and experiments, and some of the instruments he used, including an orrerie, were constructed by Prior, who was a very ingenious man and clever at such work.

The Rev. Henry Bourne, the author of *The History of Newcastle*, and that charming work, *The Antiquitates Vulgares; or, The Antiquities of the Common People*, was educated here under Drs. Rudd and Jurin.

In the time of Moises we have a perfect galaxy of brilliant names as scholars. There was the Rev. John Brand, the historian, John Scott, Earl of Eldon, William Scott, Lord Stowell, and Lord Collingwood.

There are many other men of mark who have owed their education to the Grammar School. Amongst them we will only mention Sir Robert Chambers, the famous lawyer, and William Burdon of Hartford, a well-known eccentric character, and author of a great number of literary works, which made a stir in their day. The history of the school and its masters and scholars would make an interesting book, and we hope that some grammar school scholar will make it his task to write one.

To return to the history of the building. After the chapel of the hospital was converted into the schoolhouse many alterations were made. At the east end there was a great window of stained glass containing an image of the Virgin with her child in her arms. Brand tells us that "the grand eastern window is now entirely built up. In this window also Sir George Selby, who was mayor in 1600, put up his own arms and made a traverse over it, and sent to London for twenty-four chairs of mustinie leather; and there is the election, though the mayor lays down his staff in the old school, and was formerly the grammar school before the present one was fitted up. To do this it appears they have pulled down the side aisles of the hospital church and enclosed the middle aisle by a wall on each side under the arches. There has been a large window now built up at the west end. This was plainly discovered at the opening out of one of the arches in 1782. The present wood floor of the schoolroom covers the pavement of the old chapel or church, which consisted of Dutch tiles of different colours disposed lozenge-wise. There is still preserved a very observable old table in the writing school, over which, on the election day, the old mayor breaks his rod. It appears from the style of some of its ornaments as old as Henry VI.'s time."

"The opening out of one of the arches in 1782" was done when a new porch was erected. It had a pointed arched doorway and a battlemented top, and bore a Latin inscription, in which the name

of Thomas Horsley the founder of the school was prominently mentioned. It is worthy of note, too, that the mayor at the time, whose name was also inscribed on the porch, was Edward Mosley, after whom Mosley Street was called.

There is a view of the quadrangle of the hospital given in Brand's *History*. The quiet garden, with the venerable buildings shutting it in from the outer world, and the figure of Dr. Moises, the master, busy amongst his flowers, forms a picture very pleasant and suggestive of old time peace and quiet.

Not always peaceful and quiet were the precincts of the school. Elections are notoriously noisy and boisterous ceremonies. It will be remembered how, after the restoration of Charles II., there was a riot at an election in this place. The retiring mayor, who scrupled to surrender the insignia of office to Sir John Marley, his successor, "was pushed and bruised by the mob in the Spittal." In later times, at the elections, the boys of the school, who of course were for the day driven from their school-house, used to assemble in the vicinity and elect a mayor of their own. He was carried shoulder-high, with much shouting and beating of drums, if they could be had. Another great occasion for the boys was when they, with other school-boys of the town, attended the magistrates when they perambulated the boundaries. The play-ground of the school was in the Spittal Field, close by. Here were the orchards of the hospital, in the old days, when the brethren of "the hospitall of Our Ladye, called Westgate Spittal" dispensed their charity to poor "waifayringe" people, and nursed the sick and dying in their home.

The whole of the old buildings were pulled down in 1844, and the broad way to the station, Neville Street, now runs over their site. The monument of George Stephenson stands about where the chapel was. Not a vestige of the old place remains near the original site, except one of the gate-posts which is built into the corner of the house in Westgate Street, which stands opposite the Union Club-House. A stone coffin, found in digging the foundation for the Stephenson Monument, is now in the castle.

When the work of demolition commenced, the Almshouses were pulled down first. The poor brethren were removed to some houses in Westgate Street, opposite the south end of Rosemary Lane, and from thence to a house in Pudding Chare, opposite the other end of Rosemary Lane. There is a note concerning this change in the MS. of Ralph Spearman, who was, says Surtees, the historian of Durham, "almost the sole depositary of a vast mass of oral and popular tradition." He was the original of Sir Walter Scott's Jonathan Oldbuck and also "Monkbarns." His note (see *Newcastle Magazine*, vol. iii., p. 38) says:—"St. Mary's Almshouses in Westgate Street was obtained by old Mrs. Vernell of Bingfield Comb, in exchange for an old house of hers in the Pudding Chare, now used as Alms House; and the said Mrs. Vernell afterwards

built a good house, wherein she lived some years and died therein. After her death Mrs. Alice Dixon, widow of Mr. John Dixon Brown, lived there many years."

From the house in Pudding Chare the brethren of the hospital were removed to the new Almshouses at Rye Hill, on their completion in 1857. Over these new Almshouses, with their master's house, and over a new grammar school, the tall spire of a new church of St. Mary the Virgin now looks down, and thus the second removal of the hospital has been effected.

Pudding Chare, besides the house mentioned as the temporary home of the Bedesmen of St. Mary's, has nothing noticeable about it except its peculiar name. It is a narrow crooked street running from Westgate Street to the Bigg Market. Rosemary Lane is another narrow opening which runs in a straight line from Westgate Street a little further up than Pudding Chare, which latter it joins by turning at a right angle. One side of the lane is formed by the handsome building of the Union Club and part of the *Daily Chronicle* office. Along its other side run the railings of the east side of St. John's Churchyard.

The old church of St. John, of supposed date about 1287, with its low square time-worn tower, standing amongst its green trees, is the pleasantest sight to be seen in Westgate Street. Gray calls it "a pretty little church, commended by an arch-prelate of this kingdom because it resembled much a cross." And a pretty little church it is, its quiet simplicity rendered more charming still by the huge piles of modern buildings which surround and overtop it on three sides. It has no pretension to architectural beauty ; there is nothing grand about it ; its tower, as we have said, is low and square, with little pinnacles at the corners ; its windows have flattened arched tops, far from elegant in design ; but there is something about it which makes it pleasing. Perhaps it is that it recalls to our mind some little country church, and that its aspect is suggestive of green trees and sunny pastures and quiet sylvan delights, amongst all the turmoil and bustle of the busy streets which run past it.

Over the outside of the large window in the south transept, which looks into Westgate Street, is a stone which has carved upon it the arms of Robert Rhodes, the builder of St. Nicholas' steeple, and the benefactor of this and all the churches of the town. The stone we see is a copy of the original one placed there in the lifetime of the good lawyer, as were also his arms in the groining of the tower, to commemorate his generosity. The old one was taken down about 1861, when some repairs were being executed, and is now in the castle.

The quiet churchyard, with its time-worn tombstones and green trees, is beautiful in summer time. Not far from the east window lies, on the ground, a stone slab, part of a table monument, its four supporting pillars lying half buried in the soil beneath it. This is one of the most interesting monuments in the town. The

inscription upon it, though partly obliterated, can be read as follows :—

Here lie the Remains of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
Of his excellence
As a Pastoral Poet
His works will remain a monument
for ages
After this temporary Tribute of Esteem
Is in dust forgotten.
He died in Newcastle, Sep. 18, 1773,
Aged 44.

The history of John Cunningham is a sad one. He was of Scottish extraction, though born in Dublin, and early in life conceived a strong passion for the stage. As an actor he never achieved any distinction, for in figure, voice, and temperament he was quite unfitted for such a profession. At the age of seventeen he wrote a drama called "Love in a Mist," which was performed a few times. Afterwards he performed at various places, with but indifferent success, amongst others, at York, Newcastle, Alnwick, Sunderland, and Edinburgh. While gaining his living, and but a scanty one it was, as an actor, he still continued to write poetry. It was at Edinburgh that he first came into notice as a poet, and on leaving it he returned to Newcastle, which he had before made his head-quarters while playing in the North of England. One of his biographers says—"He had originally quitted it with regret, and to his last breath he used emphatically to call it his home." Here he lived for the remainder of his life, writing poems, and playing wherever he could get an engagement in the vicinity. His earnings were scanty, indeed, but his wants were few, and his amiable, simple character, and poetic talent, made him many friends. One of the best and truest was Thomas Slack, bookseller, and publisher of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. This gentleman, after befriending the poor poet in many ways, at length took him home to his house. Cunningham was then almost worn out with the struggle of life, but his benefactor paid him every attention that his state required. Writing to a friend, the poet says of Mr. Slack—

"His bounty proceeds from his heart,
'Tis principle prompts the supply ;
His friendship exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh."

Three weeks afterwards he died, and the monument before us was erected to his memory by that true friend, Thomas Slack.

The poetry of Cunningham is all written in a quiet, placid strain. Some of his descriptions of natural scenery are very true and very pleasing in their simplicity ; there is much tenderness and grace in his pastorals, but he never rises into passion, or allows himself to be

carried away by poetic enthusiasm. There is more fire, perhaps, in his eulogy of "Newcastle Beer" than in most of his other compositions. Its last verse runs thus :—

"Ye fanciful folk for whom Physic prescribes,
Whom Bolus and Potion have harassed to death;
Ye wretches, whom law and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath,
Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger, no doctor, no bailiff is near;
Your spirits it raises,
It cures your diseases—
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer."

The theme may, to some, appear unworthy of a poet's efforts, but it must be remembered that in Cunningham's days Newcastle beer was a great institution, and the great ones of the town did not disdain on occasions to indulge in the local nectar. Often were their servants sent round to see where the beer was in best condition (each house brewed its own then), and acting on their reports, the masters would patronise mine host who had the best on tap.

As a contrast to the above, and as a specimen of the poet's more serious style, we give the following verses, extracted from his "Elegy on a Pile of Ruins" (Roslin Chapel) :—

"Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
Here Time has passed—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallowed base,
Turned not his step, nor could his step delay.

. . . . .

"Yet the hoar tyrant, though not moved to spare,
Relented when he struck its finished pride,
And partly his rude ravage to repair,
The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.

. . . . .

"Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,
As traced among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

"Ah! what avails that o'er the vassal plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide,
That honour and her knights composed his train,
And chivalry stood marshalled by his side!

"Though to the clouds his castle seemed to climb,
And frowned defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deemed invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levelled the fabric, as the founder, low!

. . . . .

"The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now perhaps the painted room
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver working loom.

. . . . .

"What then avails ambition's wide-stretched wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom?
The crape-clad hermit and the rich robed king,
Levelled, lie mixed promiscuous in the tomb."

Standing beside the grave of the man who wrote these lines, we feel their beauty and their truth with especial force. When we think of his life, so beset with poverty, and recall to memory his wasted, stooping figure and worn, thin face, preserved to us by the pencil of his contemporary, Thomas Bewick; when we think of his last days, when, dependent on the charity of a friend, his sensitive mind felt keenly (if we read some of his lines aright) his dependent position; when we think of all those things, and then look down on the stone underneath which his body lies, in this quiet churchyard of the town which he loved, we can understand the spirit of his lines—

"The tomb, the consecrated dome,
The temple raised to peace,
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race."

We leave the spot thinking of another poet, more unfortunate than he—his friend Ferguson, who died in a madhouse. He wrote a poem in memory of Cunningham, and concluding with the words of that poem on our tongue, we leave the poet's tomb—

"Adieu, then, the songs of the swain,
Let peace still attend on his shade,
And his pipe that is dumb to his strain
In the grave be with Corydon laid."

The upper part of Westgate Street has undergone great alteration of late years. New Grainger Street, with its palatial modern buildings, now cuts across it, just above St. John's Church. Before the building of that street a narrow alley, called St. John's Lane, and earlier, "Copper Alley" (it is said, because the builder of it paid his workmen their wages all in coppers), was the means of communication with the Bigg Market. It will be well remembered with its high houses on either side, and the arched entrance to it from the Bigg Market.

In those days Westgate Street hereabouts was a very quiet and sleepy spot, reminding one much of some of the London Inns of Court. The high, heavy brick houses ran as at present up the one side. Opposite them the wall of the Vicarage garden formed the boundary of the street. The Vicar's Pump, with its long handle, then famed throughout the town for its fine water—in our day found to be not of the purest—stood at the side of the footpath outside the wall. It was taken away in 1870, and the well perhaps still lies just in front of the present Savings Bank. Over the wall waved the tall trees in which the crows built their nests, and the red-streak apples glowed temptingly amongst the autumn foliage of the

orchard. The Vicarage-house itself stood back, quiet and retired, with its many gables, somewhere about where the Newcastle County Court is built. The testimony of all the historians of the town goes to show how pleasant a place Westgate Street was. Gray in 1649 says—"This street is broad and private, for men that lives there hath employment for both town and country;" Bourne (in 1733)—"It is chiefly inhabited by clergy and gentry;" and McKenzie (1827)—"This is a long, airy, and pleasant street, and contains several very handsome houses, having gardens or grass plots behind."

The semi-rural Westgate Street of the olden time was, however, sometimes roused from its wonted quietude, and became the scene of much stir and bustle. Periodically a fit of dissipation seized it, and, instead of the usual sleepy repose, there was clattering of carriages, and flaring of links, and sounds of music and revelry upon the midnight air. The occasions on which these outbreaks occurred were during the races and during the assizes, when the town was full of county gentry and their families. Then the Assembly Rooms were opened, and after the business of the day—horse racing or trying of criminals as the case might be—was over, the business of the evening and night commenced. The old Assembly Rooms stood on the opposite side of the street to the present ones, in a house described in an advertisement in the *Courant* of Monday, May 28th (race week), 1716, as "the house formerly belonging to Sir William Creagh, in Westgate." It was in 1860, says Mr. Hodgson Hinde, the property of W. H. Burdon, Esq. Balls, plays, masquerades, and assemblies were held in it until about 1736, when the new Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market were erected. In this latter place the meetings of the Newcastle fashionables were held for nearly forty years, and in 1776 the present Assembly Rooms in Westgate Street were built, opposite the original ones.

The site chosen for the new building was on part of the Vicarage garden, and a special Act of Parliament had to be obtained to enable the vicar to grant a lease of it. This lease was for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The building is heavy, bare, and unprepossessing in appearance, but it was when built considered a great ornament to the town. On a copper plate affixed to the foundation stone was engraved the following inscription, which shows that our forefathers appreciated the advance of their age in civilisation as much as we appreciate that of ours:—

"In an age when the polite arts,
By general encouragement and emulation,
Have advanced to a state of perfection
Unknown in any former period,
The first stone of this edifice,
Dedicated to the most elegant recreation,
Was laid by WILLIAM LOWES, Esq.,
On the 16th day of May 1774."

How many brilliant companies have gathered in the spacious rooms, and how many happy hours have glided away to the magic sound of the gay dance music, since the time when Sir William Loraine with Mrs. Bell, and Sir Matthew White Ridley with Miss Allgood, opened the first assembly in the good old time when George the Third was king! Periwigs, powder, and patches; full skirted coats, ample hoops and silver buckles, have given way to other fashions, and these, in their turn, have changed over and over again; yet still on occasion the black and grimy facade lightens up at the sight of the graceful forms which emerge from the carriages as they pause before the door, and the old rooms are still sometimes gay with music and dance. Of late years they have been pressed into the service of art, as the exhibition rooms of the Newcastle Arts Association. But we must resume our way.

Above the Assembly Rooms Westgate Street forks off into two branches. Between them is Cross House and a mass of old brick buildings used as offices, livery stables, etc. The branch on the left hand side is Westgate Street proper, which led to the gate from which it took its name. That on the right hand is called Fenkle Street, and leads up to Charlotte Square and the entrance to the precincts of the Blackfriars' Monastery. The modern Clayton Street runs at right angles across both branches, cutting them in two.

In Fenkle Street, close to the street which bears the name of its owner, stands the large square brick mansion of John Clayton, late town clerk, in which office he succeeded his father, Mr. Nathaniel Clayton. The name of Clayton is as well known in Newcastle as is St. Nicholas' Church. Of the late Nathaniel Clayton, Lord Byron, who was his schoolfellow at Harrow, wrote in his journal—"Clayton was another school monster of learning, and talent, and hope; but what has become of him I do not know. He was certainly a genius." His son, the present head of the house, has made his mark in the history of Newcastle. But for his shrewd foresight we might not have had now the great improvements of Grainger; for it was largely owing to him that the great builder was enabled to accomplish his work. In another field he has done yeoman's service. He has lent his great local influence, his immense wealth, his own keen intellect and antiquarian knowledge, to the task of preserving the remains of the great Roman wall, with its forts and stations, which crosses the island from the Tyne to the Solway; of excavating the buried portions and searching for the lost; and of prosecuting inquiries into all matters which tend to elucidate the history of the famous work. His house is the last object of interest we find in Westgate Street; and so, on leaving it we take leave of the street as well, and pass onwards to the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars.

Crossing Clayton Street, with its noise and bustle, we reach the comparative quietude of Charlotte Square, with its central enclosure and its old houses contemporary with the Assembly Rooms and

St. Ann's Chapel, and by the same architect as these two erections. On our left is Cross Street, once Rattan Rawe, which runs to join Westgate Street, and passing the end of Low Friar Street on our right, we turn down a narrow lane called "The Friars," and come upon one of the most interesting parts of old Newcastle, the Blackfriars' Monastery, or, as Gray calls it, the "Bennet Chessie Friars."

The monastery has been built in the form of a hollow square, and walking round it we see the remains of the original Gothic building, here and there intermixed with alterations and additions of later times. Great part is used as poor dwelling-houses and workshops, and there are many other parts kept in better repair than these, which, from inscriptions over the doors, we see are the meeting halls of various trades' companies. And to these trades' companies we owe it that the old place has not long since disappeared altogether, just as we owe to them the preservation of the remaining towers of the town wall.

Passing through a pointed archway on the south side, we enter the quadrangle or old cloister garth, called "Friars Green," once really green with grass, and that within the memory of many now living, but now a bare trodden desert in miniature. Around us we see in the walls the mouldings of the Gothic windows and doorways of the monastic buildings, built up in the walls of the houses and trades' meeting halls.

On the east side we see the back-door of the Joiners' Hall, with the three hammers, the emblems of their ancient craft, and the motto—

"By hammer and hand
All arts do stand,"

carved on a shield above it. This hall was formerly the chapel of the monastery, and had a beautiful west window, now destroyed. Behind it was Our Lady's Well, but it ran dry long since, and has been flagged over. There is another doorway not far from that of the Smiths' Hall, which is firmly believed by many of the old inhabitants to have given access to a subterranean passage leading to Tynemouth Priory.

It is difficult to look round upon the hybrid mass of buildings and the barren square and imagine its aspect when the monks dwelt within these walls, worshipped in the chapel, or walked in meditation in the cloisters which ran round the green square. It is hard to realise this squalid place as the abode of a body of churchmen belonging to a fraternity the most powerful in Christendom—a fraternity which may almost be said to have ruled the destinies of mediæval Europe, for it had confessors in every court, and enjoyed advantages and authority beyond those of any other religious body. It had the terrible distinction of presiding over the tribunals of the Holy Inquisition, and boasted of having produced a great number of martyrs and confessors, three popes, sixty

cardinals, a hundred and fifty archbishops, eight hundred bishops, and in England alone, eighty writers of eminence. The order was founded by Dominic de Guzman, at Toulouse, in the year 1215, and its rule was most austere. The Dominicans were called Black Friars, because when abroad they wore a black cloak with a hood covering their white cassock; they were called Preaching Friars from their office of preaching and converting heretics; and the people of Newcastle called them "Shod Friars," in contra-distinction to the Franciscans, who went barefoot. The date of the foundation of their monastery in Newcastle is uncertain, but it was about the year 1260, and the founders were Sir Peter Scott of Newcastle, and of Eshotts Hall, near Morpeth, first mayor of our town, and his son, Sir Nicholas Scott, who, like his father, was a wealthy burgher. The ground on which the monastery stands was given by three pious sisters, whose name has not been recorded.

The property of the Black Friars was large, and extended northwards from their house to near St. Andrew's Church. On the east they were bounded by Newgate Street, where they had a large and handsome gate, and on the west their grounds extended beyond the town wall. Their postern here has been mentioned before. Besides, they had property in other parts of the town.

These old walls have witnessed many scenes of splendour and solemnity, and their hospitality has been extended to thousands of all degrees. Here lodged King Edward III. when, in 1334, he kept his Whitsuntide in Newcastle; and here in the chapel he not long afterwards received the homage of Edward Baliol, King of Scotland. The ceremony which took place on the 19th June was performed in the most solemn and imposing manner, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage.

At the Reformation this monastery, like so many others, "surrendered" its possessions to the king. Its houses and grounds were granted to the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle in consideration of the sum of £53, 7s. 6d.; the king reserving to himself and successors a yearly rent of 5s. 11½d., together with the bells, lead, stones, iron, and timber of the church and other edifices. "The Blackfriars in Newcastle—the quire and all the cloister lead ready to fall," is mentioned in the commissioners' return of "Houses of Friars lately given up, which have any substance of lead."

When the Duke of Suffolk, during the reign of Elizabeth, had command of the northern counties against Scotland, he kept his court in this house, so that it would seem then to have been in tolerable repair, although the roofs of the cloisters and church were in such sorry state.

In 1553 the mayor and burgesses demised the monastery, with all its appurtenances of orchards, gardens, etc., to nine of the mysteries or most ancient trades of the town, at a yearly rental of forty-two shillings for all.

The gardens and orchards are now all built upon, though they remained until 1824. Where they bloomed now stand long rows of dwelling-houses, and groups of warehouses, workshops, and slaughter-houses, intersected by dirty lanes and alleys.

The street called Monk Street leads from the Friars to Low Friar Chare, formerly Shod Friar Chare. It leads from the upper end of Fenkle Street to Newgate Street, and once contained the residences of some of the principal inhabitants of Newcastle. It contains what is said to be the oldest house in the town, which stands nearly opposite the end of Monk Street.

This house, though small, has evidently been the abode of some one of consequence. At any rate no expense has been spared in its decoration. It is of stone—an unusual material for house building in old Newcastle, for at the beginning of the present century there were, besides it, only two houses with dressed stone fronts in the town. The carved mouldings of the window frames are very beautiful, and there is a panel in the front wall carved with the figures of four gambolling dolphins, and flanked on either side by winged heads, all, like the rest of the carved work, much defaced. Of the history of this house nothing is known. McKenzie says it belonged to a Miss Hedley ; and in Sykes's *Local Records*, under date 1808, the death of an old woman aged 107 is chronicled, who, on the Friday preceding her death, walked from her own house in Wall Knoll to Low Friar Street, where she drank tea with a friend who lived in the old house.

CHAPTER V.

NEWGATE STREET.

DESPITE its name, Newgate Street is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest street in Newcastle. When the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew and the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin were founded, the street began to form, though it is probable that a road existed on its site from time immemorial. In the days when David of Scotland governed Northumberland under King Stephen, the street increased in size and population, for the inhabitants of the town, being no longer confined from fear of the Scots within the walls, began to build their houses and shops in this pleasant new suburb. The building of St. Andrew's Church, and later, the foundation of the Blackfriars' Monastery, still further added to its importance. The many travellers, noble and simple, who took up their temporary abode under the hospitable roofs of the religious houses, made this a desirable place for tradesmen of all kinds. Kings and nobles, in those days, travelled with large and

brilliant retinues, and such of their following as could not be accommodated in the monasteries found room in the stately inns and numerous hostels of Newgate Street. Vicissitudes, no doubt, it had afterwards, when hostile forays were made into the town ; but these ceased with the building of the walls and the strong tower of Berwick Gate or Newgate, as it was afterwards called, and with security its prosperity increased. Gray tells us how "the ancient parts of the towne of Newcastle was in the upper parts of it about Newgate, where are many houses and cottages, which served these religious houses with provision ; this part of the towne is called to this day the Hucksters' Booths. These people, in those days, had their livelihood from those fryers and nuns that lived in that part of the towne."

During mediæval times, when fairs were held in Newcastle, Newgate Street was the great centre to which the flocks and herds of the whole country-side were driven ; while other commodities, such as corn, cloth, and merchandise of all kinds, were exposed for sale further down the street, in the several places set apart for each. At such times even the border raiders were free to bring hither their ill-gotten gains without fear of molestation, for when the fair was opened the "Reivers' Bell" of St. Nicholas proclaimed safe conduct to all, and Newgate Street must have presented a stirring and picturesque appearance.

Over the resounding drawbridge of Newgate tramped the herds of black cattle and the flocks of sheep from the distant hillsides of North Tynedale and the fertile plains of East Northumberland, panting and steaming after their long journey in the sultry Lammas-tide, and splashing with delight through the little Lam Burn which ran across the street beside Darn Crook. Behind them came the fierce, uncouth cattle-dealers of the period, bestriding their shaggy little horses, and passing the gloomy gateway arch and its armed guard with a confidence not unmixed with misgivings, despite the assuring music of the Reivers' Bell. The captain of the gate, too, would take good heed of the numbers and accoutrements of these rough visitors, for it was an old trick of theirs to suddenly combine while a market was being held, and drive off the whole show of beasts before resistance could be made ; but the walls and gates of Newcastle had now made such a game well nigh impossible.

Wool merchants, with their packs borne on horseback, or on their own shoulders ; pedlars, with goods and trinkets of all kinds, flocked in from the north. Country-women, too, from neighbouring hamlets, their panniers laden with fowls, eggs, and butter, and rural dainties of all kinds, came escorted by their armed friends and neighbours. Stout yeomen came to buy and sell, accompanied sometimes by their fair wives and daughters, attracted by the expected gaiety and bustle of the fair ; and gay country youths, clad in their best, took the opportunity of enjoying the distractions of the town.

In the middle of the street, nearly opposite the end of Low Friar Street, stood the wooden houses mentioned by Gray as the Hucksters' Booths. They were also known as the Cock-sour or Cok-stole Booths, and were the ancient representatives of our modern eating-houses. In them were exposed for sale all sorts of cooked meats and confectionery to tempt the palates of the country visitors. There would be the "coks" themselves, skilful, as Chaucer says—

> "To boile the chickenes and the marie bones,
> And poudre marchant, tart, and galingale;
> Wel coude he knowe a draught of (Newcastle) ale.
> He coulde roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
> Maken mortrewes and wel bake a pie."

On both sides of the street, and down the side alleys between the houses, which were mostly built gable end on to the street, the open unglazed shop windows and projecting stalls before them, over-shadowed by their wooden pent-houses, displayed their tempting array of merchandise, which the gathering crowds lingered to admire and cheapen with a view to a bargain. Meanwhile, the unceasing chorus of tradesmen and apprentices, calling on customers to buy, filled the air.

Near the end of Low Friar Chare stood the Market Cross, all new and shining white in the sun; hence, probably, its name, "The White Cross." Close by the cross, but nearer to Newgate, stood the stately gate of the Blackfriars' Monastery; while lower down, on the opposite side of the street, the "Nunns' Gate" led into the pleasant grounds of St. Bartholomew's Nunnery. St. Mary's Hospital, as we know, had by this time been removed to the West Spital. Behind the thatched roofs of the quaint, gabled, wood-and-plaster houses on either side of the street towered the fresh green trees of the convent gardens. Doubtless there were trees in the street itself as well, for we read of a famous thorn tree close by the White Cross many years later than this.

As the day advanced busier and busier would the street become. Fresh cattle and sheep and people would arrive. Buyers and sellers, jugglers and minstrels, idle lookers-on, friars and soldiers, pardoners and chapmen, would increase the crowd, and the air would become filled with dust from the unpaved streets. The taverns would fill, and from the unaccustomed height of the upper windows the country people would proudly hail their friends and neighbours in the crowd below. All down the market, between the two churches of St. Andrew and St. Nicholas, there would be hubbub and din. Besides the cattle, there were pigs, geese, turkeys, and fowls of all kinds adding to the noise of dealers calling their wares, the music and songs of the minstrels and ballad singers, and the shouts of the merry pleasure-seekers. Now and again disputes would arise, sometimes leading to high words, and as often to hard blows, and there would, as in our days, be a rush to see the fight. Then the town's officers would interfere, and the

brawlers be hauled off before the court of "Pye Powder," where justice would be administered in the summary fashion which gave the court its name. It sat to try and examine all suits brought for petty differences and offences committed contrary to the proclamation issued at the opening of the fair, and was called "pied pondreux" (dusty foot), because it passed judgment upon offenders before they had time to wipe the dust off their feet.

The Newgate Street of our day is very much changed. The venerable and massive tower of the New Gate is gone, as are also the gates of the Friars and the Nuns, the White Cross and the Hucksters' Booths. The houses are nearly all of modern date, and the church of St. Andrew's is the only building left to remind us of the olden time.

St. Andrew's is in all probability the oldest church in the town. We have before noticed the tradition which ascribes its erection to King David of Scotland, and the corroboration its style of architecture gives to this tradition. Now King David died in 1153, and though the mother church of St. Nicholas had had an earlier foundation, the present edifice was not built until 1350. In the course of seven centuries many alterations, repairs, and rebuildings have of course been executed in St. Andrew's, so that most part of the original building is now gone; but the low heavy pillars, with plain octagonal capitals, which support the round arches dividing the aisles, and the round arch, with its zigzag ornamentation, which forms the entrance into the chancel, and some other parts are in the Anglo-Norman style which prevailed in King David's time. As we have before said, the dedication of the church to the patron saint of Scotland is also in favour of the tradition as to its builder.

Like all our old churches, St. Andrew's had its chantries. There was one dedicated to St. Thomas and another to St. Mary, of which latter we read that there was "scituate and being in Darwen Crook, a house pertayning to the chaunterye of our Layde in St. Andrew's Church." The third, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was founded by the person who is supposed to have given the Town Moor to the townsmen of Newcastle, Sir Adam de Athol, knight, Lord of Jesmond, and Sheriff of Northumberland under Richard II. In it he was buried, together with his wife Lady Mary. This chantry has been added to the north aisle after the church was built. The obtuse pointed arch by which it is entered proves it to be of later date than the original building. The memorial brass of the Athols has, unhappily, not been preserved like that of the Thorntons in All Saints'. Gray says the stone of the monument bore this inscription—"Hic jacet Dominus Adamus de Athol. Miles, qui obiit Anno, 1387." At the beginning of the present century the chantry was used as a beer cellar to a public-house which stood adjoining it, but which was pulled down in 1824. The brass was gradually broken away during the present century, no one knows how, until at length only a fragment, representing Sir Adam's feet resting on a leopard, remained. This last remnant

was rescued from destruction by one of the churchwardens, who gave it into the keeping of the Society of Antiquaries. In describing the church, Gray mentions, besides the Athol monument, another interesting object to be seen there, in the shape of "a pardon of the pope for nine thousand years to come."

During the siege of 1644 St. Andrew's suffered much. A breach was battered in the walls close by, and the Scotch cannon on the Leazes almost ruined the church, so that, according to the parish register of 1645, "there was no child bap^td^ in this parish for 1 year's tim after the town was taken ; nor sarmon in this church for 1 year's tim." There was a wedding, however, on the 9th February of the same year, for the register testifies thus—"Thomas Karr and Joan Lawton marred the 9 day, one of the Skotes army, and would pay nothing to the church." The tower, as was to be expected, was especially very much damaged, and the enormous buttresses which disfigure it were built then to save it from falling. Other repairs, executed at the same time, are still discernible.

The many additions and alterations made in the church render it altogether an interesting study to architects and antiquaries. The windows, especially, show a great variety of styles. The marks of a doorway and three windows in the west side of the tower, which have been built up, are plainly to be seen. High up against the east side of the tower may be seen the mark of the original high-pitched roof of the nave ; that made by the west end of the chancel roof may also be traced. The present low-pitched squat roofs and gables are quite out of character with the style of the church. The ugly brick vestry against the north wall of the chancel is a specimen of the architecture of 1788. The south transept, rebuilt by John Dobson, adds further variety to the much-bepatched edifice.

Along the north side of the churchyard run the crumbling remains of the town walls, surmounted by a ruined turret. The wall has evidently been extended thus far north for the express purpose of enclosing and protecting the church ; but now the parts of the old neighbours are changed, for the wall owes its continued existence to the proximity of the sanctuary it once guarded.

Opposite the church gates is an old brick house with an ornamented tablet on the front, inscribed, "Chris. Barker, Tanner, 1684," and just below this house High Friar Chare runs east to Grey's Monument.

South of the churchyard is a little ancient street called "Darn Crook." It formerly ran only as far as the town wall, but in 1810 a way, called Heron Street, was broken through the latter, and connected Darn Crook with Gallowgate.

Green Court, opposite Darn Crook, formerly "a retired row of houses," now overlooks the busy new Green Market, which is the Covent Garden of Newcastle. Near here, in ancient days, a little stream of water, a tributary of the Lort Burn, ran across Newgate Street. It was called Lam Burn, and in an ancient MS., which gives the boundaries of the various wards of the town, it is

mentioned thus:—"Fickett Tower shall have in ward . . . and also within the New Yate, so going upon the last rawe southward into a burn beside Lam Place, that runnes towards Lork Burn." From which it would appear that Green Court was probably then called Lam Place. In later years this burn was known as Execution Dock, and the debtors imprisoned in Newgate, and not confined to "close prison," had liberty to walk as far as its margin.

Near the end of Low Friar Street, past the great gateway of the Black Friars' Monastery,* stood the White Cross, which is mentioned as early as 1410. Bourne says it was pulled down "the same night Sir George Selby died, and King James (I.) of sacred memory;" and adds that a stone pillar and a cistern for receiving the "new water" were placed where the cross had stood. The pillar still continued to be called the "White Cross," and at this time this part of Newgate Street (from the cross to Nuns' Gate) was called "White Cross Street." In 1783 the pillar was removed, and a small market house was built on the site by David Stevenson, the architect of All Saints' Church. It had a pretty spire, a clock, and bore the arms of the mayor, sheriff, and magistrates. In 1807 it was removed to the new Flesh Market, at the head of Dean Street.

There was a pillory at the "White Cross," and in 1758 we read of a poor woman named Susannah Fleming standing there for fortune-telling, and almost strangled through fainting, but rescued by a gallant sailor, who carried her down the ladder, half dead, on his back. The neighbourhood of the White Cross has been for ages famous for markets, as we have seen. Here was the horse market in 1281; "the Nolt Market, neare the White Cross," is mentioned in the reign of Charles II.; we read of a Milk Market here in 1773; and here are still held three annual horse and cattle fairs.

Further down the street, where Clayton Street now breaks through, stood the "Black Horse," a famous inn, with the Black Horse Pant in front of it. Here the grand jury dinners were held in assize week, and here at one of them took place the memorable quarrel between Mr. John Fenwick of Rock, and Mr. Ferdinando Forster of Bamborough—the latter being one of the members of parliament for Northumberland. They had some words at table caused by a reference to the old ballad, "Sir John Fenwick's the Flower among them a'," but, says Alderman Hornby, "the company interfering, the matter was supposed to be quite settled. Next morning the parties met accidentally near the White Cross, the altercation was renewed, swords were drawn, and Mr. Forster was killed." Mr. Fenwick was tried and condemned the same week, and was hung close to the spot where the fatal deed was done. Tradition says that he was hung upon a white thorn tree, which grew close by, and the gates of the town were closed, and watch

* The remains of a very old stone building, which may have been part of the Black Friars' Gate, were to be seen a short time ago just within Chambers' Court. They are now pulled down.

and ward kept during the execution, lest the pitmen employed at Mr. Fenwick's colliery at Kenton should attempt a rescue.

A narrow lane, called Nuns' Lane, runs from the east side of Newgate Street into Nuns' Street. Where its entrance is stood in ancient times the Nuns' Gate, which gave admittance to the Nunnery of St. Batholomew and its large and beautiful grounds, which occupied the site now partly covered by the New Market. The nunnery itself was probably not very far within the gateway, and the orchards and gardens extended to the Lort Burn. In the pleasant valley called by Leland, "the Nuns' Dean," the Lort Burn was joined by its tributary the Lam Burn, and the "Nuns' Well" added its little stream to their crystal waters. On the opposite side of the valley the stately monastery of the Fanciscans was seen, half hidden by the trees, and altogether the scene must have been one of peaceful and secluded beauty.

St. Bartholomew's Nunnery is mentioned as early as 1086, in the reign of the Conqueror, when, after the death of Malcolm of Scotland at Alnwick, the mother and sister of his widow retired here and took the veil. We know how David of Scotland patronised it, and continually meet with records of grants of lands and houses made to it by various persons. It had property in nearly every street in Newcastle, and in many parts of Northumberland and Durham; among others, at Hartlepool, Jesmond, Denton, Dissington, Farnacres, Whickham, Usworth, Kyo, and Stellinglay (Stella Hall, near Blaydon). The Nuns' Moor, west of Castle Leazes, and the Chapel of St. Edmond, Gateshead, also belonged to it.

The sisters did not appear to have managed their estates well, for in 1363 (when, though they had not yet all the possessions we have mentioned, their endowments were very large), we find the convent described as in a state of miserable poverty. Mismanagement, and worse, are hinted at; for on Bishop Hatfield of Durham committing the care of the house to Hugh de Arncliffe, priest of St. Nicholas, the latter applied and obtained a commission to proceed against the prioress in consequence of certain irregularities, but the matter was arranged. On sundry subsequent occasions the bishop of the diocese had to interfere again, but King Henry VIII., put a summary end to all its troubles by surpressing it in 1540.

Some time about 1580 it was bought by Robert Anderson (the same who built the new house on the site of the Grey Friars' Monastery), who, says Bourne, "pulled down all the houses therein, it being a receptacle for Scots and unfreemen. He bought it for the purpose. He bought the garden, and after having raised the dene that went through it, he made it a very pleasant place."

In 1723 we read of the Nuns' Garden as the scene of a duel in which Captain Lilburn was killed by Mr. Edward Riddell, attorney.

Part of the walls of the convent chapel were still standing in

1749, and further on in the century Brand says—"Here very lately remained part of a great arch" (the Nuns' Gate). By this time the place was (like the Grey Friars) in possession of Sir Walter Blackett, and on his demise in 1783 it was sold (as was also the Grey Friars) to Mr. George Anderson, and then descended to his son, Major Anderson, who further filled up the Dene. Part of it was left in its original state, in order to preserve the "Nuns' Well." McKenzie, writing in 1827, speaks of this filling up, and says the issues of the great conduits of the Lam Burn and Lork Burn were to be seen, one of them pointing westward towards Execution Dock, and the other north towards the site of Fickett Tower. He also tells of the end of a subterranean passage being here—popularly supposed to lead to Blackfriars. The major's gardener entered it with a light to explore, but when but a short way in, his heart failed him, and he precipitately returned; so the secret was never discovered.

In digging in the Nuns' Field for the foundations of the New Market in 1835, many remains of the old building of the convent were found, and a stone coffin, two lead ones, and a quantity of human bones were laid bare in the ancient burial ground.

Nearly opposite the Nuns' Gate is the Sun Inn, which, in the third quarter of the last century, had for its landlord one Moor, immortalised by John Cunningham in his song, "Newcastle Beer." The song shows us how the gods met in conclave to celebrate the success of Great Britain against the French, and how Comus asks for Newcastle beer in preference to nectar :—

"The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to Moor's for a tun
Of stingo—the stoutest, the brightest, the best.
No gods, they all swore
Regaled so before
With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear,
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of Newcastle beer."

Opposite the Nuns' Gate is the Royal Scotch Arms, lately rebuilt. According to the historians the ancient Scotch inn, where in old times the Scotch kings and nobles lodged when visiting the town in time of peace, was lower down the street, in the Bigg Market.

There are in Newgate Street many narrow courts entered by archways and doorways on both sides of the street. In them are now workshops, warehouses, and dwelling-houses of the poorer classes, but there are remaining ancient houses in some of them, which must in their day have been inhabited by wealthy and influential people. One of them, Bell's Court, now called Weir's Court, has rather an interesting history. In it was once an old and noteworthy building, which had in its time been put to a variety of uses. During the American Revolution it was a military storehouse;

afterwards it was a Freemasons' Lodge ; then it was purchased by the Catholic body in Newcastle and transformed into a chapel, but was vacated on the building of St. Andrew's Chapel in Pilgrim Street. It was next the library of the Literary, Scientific, and Mechanical Institution, and was pulled down and rebuilt by Mr. John Bell, bookseller and land surveyor. Many relics of antiquity, including several querns or hand mills, were found when the old building was destroyed. The front part was said to have been the town residence of the Earl of Derwentwater, executed in 1715.

There is another court, not far from the Scotch Arms, which must have seen much gallant company pass through it about the time when George the Third was king. It led to the Racket Court, adjoining the Assembly Rooms, where the aristocracy of the county and town amused themselves and their friends in the gallery above. Most of the members belonged as well to that other exclusive society called "The Bowmen of Chevy Chase," formed for the practice of the old English sport of archery. The records of their meetings are often to be met with in the newspapers of the period, and are transcribed in Richardson's *Local Historians' Table Book.*

CHAPTER VI.

BIGG MARKET.

BIGG MARKET is generally supposed to have derived its name from "Bigg," a kind of barley once sold here ; some say on account of its great size, for it formerly commenced at the end of Nuns' Lane and extended to the end of Pudding Chare, and it must be remembered that the gap made through it by Grainger Street, old and new, is of comparatively recent date. It was sometimes called "The Oate Market."

In this chapter we shall include the space between the end of Pudding Chare and St. Nicholas' Church, as well as the Bigg Market proper. This space (where the Town Hall now stands) was divided into three narrow streets, by two rows of houses, built in what McKenzie calls "the Dutch style, with the gable ends towards the street," and narrow passages between. The centre street thus formed was called Middle Street, or anciently Glover Street. Bourne says it formerly bore three names—at the top it was called Skinner Gate ; and the lower parts were respectively called Spurriers' Gate and Sadler Gate. "It is a street," he says "where all sorts of artificers have their houses." At the latter end of last century it contained a great many shoemakers' shops. The street on the west was called, at its upper end, the Meal or Groat Market ; in the middle of it (a little above where the end of Collingwood Street is now) was held the wool market ; still further down, beside the end

of Denton Chare, was the iron market. The third street, that on the east, was the flesh market ; in the middle part of it was held the cloth market ; and lower down was the fish market. This street was the widest of the three, and extended down to the church until Mosley Street was built.

To commence with Bigg Market proper : where old Grainger Street end now is, stood the Turks' Head Inn, and opposite it, where New Grainger Street end is, was the Fighting Cocks, and beside it St. John's Lane ran through to Westgate.

The Turks' Head was a noted inn in its day. It was built in 1744 by Mr. William Parker, and a prominent feature of the establishment was its cock-pit. Cock-fighting was a favourite amusement in Newcastle then, and for a hundred years or so later. It was patronised by all classes, from the county nobility downwards, and even the schoolboys of the town indulged in the sport and gloried in the excitement of a "crowdy main." Another attraction of the Turks' Head was its long room, in its day the largest public room in Newcastle. It was added to the inn in 1747, and used as a play-house and for public meetings. It was opened as a regular theatre by the York company of players, with the play of the "Suspicious Husband," and continued to be the head-quarters of the drama in the town for forty years. It is often spoken of as the theatre in the Bigg Market.

The Fighting Cocks, which stood opposite, was a very old house, and is supposed to have been the Earls' Inn, mentioned in mediæval times. Bourne says it was an ancient building with a large gateway, which had formerly been a piece of stately workmanship, and adds—"Sir Robert Shaftoe, recorder of the town, was of opinion that this was the house of the Earls of Northumberland, and was called the Earls' Inn ;" but Brand says—"Sir Robert was, however, certainly mistaken," and refers us to the Close for the Earls' Inn. The latter historian says that the house opposite the Turks' Head, and at the junction of Newgate Street and Bigg Market (the Fighting Cocks), was the ancient Scotch Inn, where, in times of truce, the Scotch lords were wont to lodge when visiting Newcastle. The arch of the great gate remained until 1783, and the house was pulled down when New Grainger Street was made.

A little lower down were other two ancient hostelries—the Unicorn and the Golden Lion—both demolished in 1882-3. The former had at its front door a mount or "louping-on stane" for horsemen, about the last remaining in the town.

At the north end of the Groat Market, and adjoining the Pudding Chare, stood the Post House, belonging to Mr. James Bell, postmaster in 1736. "It was adorned," says McKenzie, "by a pretty quadrangular area, with a good garden behind." It is now gone, together with so many other old Bigg Market houses, amongst them the old mansion with the carved wood door posts, beside Farringdon's Court. A little way down High Bridge, on the

right hand side, is a low brick building, the front wall of which has been supported by longitudinal arches, two of which still remain (within them a cooper's shop), while some of the others, though now built up, can still be traced. This building was once the Cordwainers' Hall, and the ground floor, within the arches, was used as a leather weigh-house and store-house, and here were held two great annual leather markets. During the French war it was used as a military guard-house, and as a barracks for a troop of horse artillery. Before the building of the new flesh market, opposite the head of Dean Street, the poultry and butter markets, and the pig market were held within these arches; and to complete the list of the building's useful services, its east end was once fitted up as a soup kitchen.

Of the old flesh market Grey says—"I think it the greatest market in England for all sorts of flesh and poultry that is sold there every Saturday. The reason is not the populousness of the towne that makes it, it is the people of the country (within ten miles of the towne) who makes their provisions there, as likewise all that lives by the coal trade. . . . In this market is kept two fairs in the yeare for nine days together; one of them at that very remarkable time of the yeare, the 1st of August, the other is held the 18th of October, upon St. Luke's Day." At these two annual fairs the old custom of setting up booths for the sale of cloth was continued until the removal of the old building for the erection of the Town Hall. Every Friday the butchers' shambles were erected in the old flesh market, and the meat market was held the following day. At the lower end of the flesh market, near St. Nicholas' Church, stood the "spinn" or parish workhouse, afterwards used as a cordwainers' meeting house, and a little above it was a large stone pillar or cross, with a water cistern over it, like that which replaced the ancient White Cross in Newgate Street. Adjoining it was a pillory, where, in 1736, John Hall, *alias* "Tricky Hall," stood for two hours preparatory to undergoing seven years' imprisonment, and was pelted by the mob.

After Mosley Street was built the corn market was removed from Pilgrim Street to the open space then cleared in front of St. Nicholas' Church, but in 1839 some of the old houses which stood north of this space were pulled down, and a covered corn market was erected on their site. A few of the old houses, including the one in which Cunningham the poet lived, were suffered to remain after the erection of the present Town Hall buildings, and were not pulled down until 1863. The Town Hall buildings cost about £50,000, and contain the corporation offices, council chamber, a large public hall, the corn market, and many shops and offices. It is to be hoped that before long Newcastle will have a Town Hall more worthy of her.

We have elsewhere said that the Assembly Rooms were once in the Groat Market. They adjoined Ridley's Court, and were used until the building of the Assembly Rooms in Westgate Street

in 1774. The rooms here were used by the Literary and Philosophical Society in 1798, and as a school and lecture room until 1848, when they were burnt down.

There are many interesting events connected with the old inns of the markets hereabouts. The Salutation Inn, which was at the head of the old flesh market, was kept for many years by one of the Erringtons, who, during the rising of 1715, surprised the garrison of Holy Island and hoisted the Pretender's standard. The Erringtons were but two, Launcelot and his nephew Mark, and were of an ancient and respectable Northumbrian family. They were soon dislodged and escaped abroad, but took the benefit of the general pardon at the suppression of the rebellion, and returned to England. It was Launcelot, the uncle, who kept the Salutation Inn. "His wife," says Spearman, "was a Selby of ——, and his house was frequented by Jacobite gentlemen and others on account of the principles and family of the owners. It was also much used by a set of men usually then styled London Riders. One of them, noticing the Selby Arms over the dining-room chimney, observed to Mrs. Errington that some property belonging to a person of that name lay unclaimed for want of an heir, which put Mr. and Mrs. Errington on making inquiry, and they actually recovered something considerable, with which they purchased an annuity and retired to Benwell, where they lived for many years very much respected. It is said that Errington died of grief for the victory of Culloden."

In the Cloth Market we still have the White Hart, once called the White Hart and Bull, to distinguish it from the White Hart and Star, on the Sandhill, where the London carriers put up. "The great inn called the White Hart and Bull," as it is termed in an old advertisement, was famous for its long room when Sally Hill kept it, about the time of the rising of '45 ; and "Hill's Long Room" was *the* place for all auctions and exhibitions of any importance. The London, York, and Edinburgh coaches stopped at the White Hart, which will give some idea of its business ; but the zenith of its fame was reached, and it became the fashionable tavern of the town about 1751, when Mr. Debord was landlord. All the year round it did good business, but the race week was its great time. Then all the county gentlemen came to the town, and it was considered the correct thing to sit up all night carousing at Debord's. During assize week pretty much the same kind of thing went on, and the commencement of the hunting season was a red-letter day for the White Hart. "The gentlemen of the Newcastle hunt, on the first day of the season, met at Debord's with great parade, and with French horns and much music and smacklng of whips."

There are other inns in the vicinity whose names were familiar to our forefathers—one, the Black Bull, at the corner of High Bridge, which was a first-class inn, and where the dinner of the society of the Sons of the Clergy was held in the days of Queen Anne. In 1712 its landlord, Mr. Elrington, removed to the Angel, right

opposite (long since vanished), and the Black Bull was taken by Mrs. Hill, from the Bull and Crown, Flesh Market. In the latter inn, in the days of her husband, Mr. Robert Hill, clerk of the course, was held during the race week, "for the gentlemen's diversion, cock-fighting every forenoon at Mr. Hill's pit." Then there is the White Swan, Flesh Market, the Half Moon, and others in the Bigg Market; and over in the Groat Market is the Crown and Thistle, once one of the chief posting inns of the town, and "much frequented by bagmen." Its long yard, running right through to Pudding Chare, preserves more than that of any other in the town the aspect of the old-fashioned inn yard. Round the corner from it, in Collingwood Street, the Turf Hotel, a comparatively modern house, dating from about 1810, was, before the age of railways, one of the largest and best regulated coaching houses in the United Kingdom.

One of the old institutions of the neighbourhood is the hiring for single servants, when the young men and women flock to the corn market from all parts of the adjacent country. The bearing of green boughs, in token of being willing and ready for a situation, is now fallen into disuse, but it is described by a traveller who passed this way in 1830, and says—"It was amusing to see the healthy, cherry-cheeked lasses, with each a green bough in her hand to intimate her wanting a place, and the masters and mistresses or their agents parleying about wages in the town market place. The smirking happy faces displayed by them when hired and in the act of throwing away the green boughs or flowers was truly pleasurable and interesting." A "truly pleasurable and interesting" picture would it be, as seen amongst the quaint old houses of the Bigg Market.

The shop of Mr. Emmerson Charnley, the bookseller, three doors above the end of Pudding Chare, was a notable feature of the Bigg Market. It was removed there from the Groat Market, and it will be seen that Mr. Charnley's father served his time with another well-known Newcastle bookseller—"Martin Bryson on Tyne Brigg."

Perhaps the most familiar, it may be the earliest, and certainly the most regular institution of Bigg Market, is the carrier's cart. From nearly every village and town for miles round they come to Newcastle; some once, some twice, some three times a-week, and their head-quarters is the Bigg Market. It is a pleasant sight on a fine Saturday morning to see the long rows of them backed up to the curbstone on either sides, the ends of the empty shafts resting on the ground. Baskets and boxes of butter and eggs, fowls, dead and alive, rabbits, game, and other country fare are brought forth from under the round grey covers of the carts, and crowds of buyers saunter about, tasting the butter, or knowingly handling and examining the eggs and poultry. Then there are other country carts laden with sacks of grain, and here and there stand stalls, gay with cheap toys or bright-coloured sweetmeats and fruit. New carts, and reaping machines and ploughs, blazing in bright

vermilion and blue, are displayed beside the end of Pudding Chare; and crockery-ware is spread out in great heaps on the ground close by. Sometimes you will see a great flock of geese huddled close together and kept from straying by a temporary rampart of empty boxes, or a multitude of ducks, turkeys, and fowls in similar case. And mingling amidst all these is the great crowd of sellers and buyers or loitering lookers-on. The scene is lively and pleasant, but in old times it was finer (as witness the drawings of T. M. Richardson and others), when the steeple of St. Nicholas towered over the old houses of the Middle Street, and was not hidden as now by the high Town Hall.

We see the ruddy-faced carriers—as well known in Newcastle, some of them, as in their native villages—bargaining with their customers or giving out their parcels and letters to their men or women for delivery. These carriers' labourers are a strange class of people. On carrier days you may see them, men and women—some decent and neat, some ragged and worn—trudging about the town in fair or foul weather. Each carrier has his own regular attendants. They help to load and unload his cart, and make themselves generally useful. On off days they pick up a trifle here and there by buying and selling empty hampers and boxes, and doing odd jobs—many of them at the public-houses where the carriers put up.

The parcels and packages are all delivered and all goods sold by about noon, and then the work of loading the carts commences, for other packages have begun to accumulate by this time. Then, as the loading is completed, the horses are led out of the inn stables, and the labourers and carriers begin to yoke. First one cart and then another goes rumbling off, packed "chock full," and, perhaps, with a few of the lighter articles slung behind—the watchful dog, chained underneath, jogging at the horses' heels and glad to find himself once more homeward bound.

By about three or four o'clock the carriers' carts have all disappeared, and while they are wending their several homeward ways along the country roads, the Bigg Market assumes another aspect, and becomes more crowded than ever. Itinerant dealers of all kinds, who have been selling their wares all day, gather fresh energy and take up their stations for the night. The people of Newcastle—tea-time over—find their way to "the town" to make their marketings, and here in the Bigg Market the press becomes so great that there is great difficulty in making way through it. The auctioneers, old book dealers, quack doctors, and corn doctors; the purveyors of matches, leather laces, and all the other open air tradesmen, enter with spirit upon their evening campaign. The noise becomes deafening, and as the darkness comes on they light their candles and lamps and hold forth to their ever-changing knot of auditors and customers. And so it goes on until the crowd begins to thin, then melts slowly away; the lights go out, the dealers trudge off with their stands, and packs, and their hard won

gains—and the Bigg Market is left at length desolate and empty, except for the solitary policeman, who tramps up and down and hears once more after all the din the chimes of old St. Nicholas.

CHAPTER VII.

PILGRIM STREET—THE UPPER PART.

" *Widow.* God save you, Pilgrim,
Whither are you bound ?

. . . . . .

Helena. Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?
Wid. At the St. Francis here beside the Port.
Hel. Is this the way ?
Wid. Ay, marry is't. If you will tarry, Holy Pilgrim,
I will conduct you where you may be lodged."
—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

PEACEFUL and pleasant are the memories which crowd upon us as we survey this ancient street. Turmoil and warfare have small place in its records, and even commerce, with its noisy if peaceful bustle, has not flourished here as in other parts of the town. Its very name brings thoughts of peace and devotion amidst surrounding strife, for it reminds us of those who once trod it, on their way to worship at the chapel of Our Lady at Jesmond, secure and unmolested by virtue of their holy mission, in an age of bloodshed and violence. It carries us back into the old time when the pilgrims way was but a footpath, leading along the rising ground between two pleasant valleys, when seen at intervals between the stems of the trees and through the clustering underwood, sparkled and gleamed in the sun the waters of the Lort and Erick Burns ; and when the pilgrims might well have sung, as did John Bunyan's Christian and Hopeful—

" Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort Pilgrims by the highway side."

To trace the gradual progress of the rural footpath to the dignity of a wide and noble street is beyond our power, but it may safely be presumed that the building of the Grey Friars' Monastery was the commencement of its greatness. Indeed it is not improbable that to the existence of this monastery the street owed its name, the generally recognised claim of Jesmond Chapel notwithstanding.

If Pilgrims went to Our Lady's Chapel at Jesmond to worship, it is equally certain that pilgrims also visited certain relics of St. Francis in the Grey Friars' Monastery. The latter house was in existence in 1272 ; we find Pilgrim Street called "Vicas Peregrinorum" in 1286 ;

and there is no mention of Jesmond Chapel until 1351. We may therefore reasonably suppose that pilgrims were first attracted to the town by the relics in the monastery. Besides, the fact that inns were built close by it for their reception strengthens the supposition, especially when we consider that there already existed in Newgate Street inns at least as conveniently situated for their use, had they been bound for Jesmond. It may appear "too curious to consider" a matter of so little moment, but in history, especially local history, the consideration of some little matter such as this often leads to discoveries of greater importance.

Whether the pilgrims came to visit first the bones of the saint or the image of the Virgin, the name their presence betowed still clings to the street. Of its monastery, its church, its ancient houses, and pilgrims' inns, not a trace is left behind. Of all the old Newcastle streets, Pilgrim Street is poorest in relics of the olden times. Let us now, as did the pilgrims in the days of old, traverse the "Vicus Peregrinorum," and while so doing let us strive by the light of history and legend to recall its ancient aspect and associations. And if, while standing before the shrine of the dead and buried past, some reminiscence of its noble thoughts and pious deeds should touch a sympathetic and answering chord in our hearts, our pilgrimage shall not have been in vain.

We will commence where the Town Gate once stood at the head of the street. Gazing southwards, the view is closed on the left by the tower of the Police Courts with its iron crown, but on the right of that we see Pilgrim Street stretching away towards the river, and beyond the murky Tyne valley we see the high ground of Gateshead Fell, with the spire of its church a tiny point rising against the rolling sunny clouds. There is an air of seclusion and quietude about this top part of the street strangely at variance with the noise and hurry behind us, where hurrying crowds and rattling tram cars are in constant motion. The houses on both sides are large and plain. Those on the left are of the square, brick, comfortable, though heavy sort of the end of last century, mixed with a few of the encrusted or bridescake style of architecture of later date. Those on the right for some distance down are faced with stone, and form part of Richard Grainger's massive blocks. The shops are of the quiet unobtrusive class which are fast passing away before the huge and flaunting establishments which modern trade demands; altogether the street looks old-fashioned, sleepy, and respectable, for the horrors of its lower parts are here hidden from view and far away. For an old street it is remarkably broad, and must have fully justified the assertion of Grey, made in the time of Charles I., that it was "the largest and fairest street in the town."

A little way down on the right is High Friar Lane, a narrow passage now leading to Grey Street, but once, and hence its name, part of High Friar Chare, which led from Newgate Street to the Grey Friars' Monastery. The north door of the Friars' Church

and the burial-ground of the monastery were not far from here, for in an old MS., before quoted from, we read that Ficket ward comprised "all Graie Freer Chare, fro the barres foranenste Ficket Tower, and the North Kirk Dower of the said Freers, westward." The "barres" are the barrows or graves.

The exact site of the Grey Friars' Monastery itself is uncertain, but roughly speaking we may say that it stood a little to the south of High Friar Lane, about where the Central Hall now is. Its spacious and beautiful grounds extended from near the town wall on the north to near the Upper Dean Bridge on the south. Pilgrim Street bounded them on the east, and the Lort Burn on the west. The latter boundary divided them from the gardens of the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew, where stately trees rose on the opposite side of the valley and extended to Newgate Street.

We have before spoken of the foundation of the monastery by the De Carliols, the builders of the Carliol Tower. The Franciscan, or Grey Friars as they were called from the colour of their habit, were the followers of Francis of Assisi. They came to England in 1224, and brought into the land of their adoption, then in danger of sinking into a state of gross materialism and worldly apathy, the beautiful and elevating principles of their gentle founder. He who, to use his own language, wooed poverty as his bride, enjoined upon applicants for admission into the order that they should first sell all that they had and give the proceeds to the poor. This was but the beginning and the least of their sacrifices; henceforth their utmost powers were to be consecrated to the task of comforting and relieving suffering humanity. Where they had bestowed their gold, they were now to give their lives. Their first and last duty, their golden rule, was charity.

No wonder that even in those rude times the heart of England was touched by the simple faith which cast aside all worldly treasures, and relied alone on Him who fed the ravens; by the self-abnegation and humility which shone so brightly in an age when wealth and distinction seemed the only good: above all, by the unshrinking courage which carried the brethren on their errands of mercy into the lowest haunts of vice and misery, and into the very jaws of plague and pestilence. No wonder that the rich ones of the earth, conscience-stricken by the sight, gave of their plenty wherewith to found convents and mission houses for the friars, believing that such use of their hoards might entitle them to at least some share of the blessings which the poor called down upon their benefactors. And no wonder that princes and nobles desired to be buried in the quiet graveyards of the Franciscans, and hoped that their bodies, lying clad in the grey habit of the order, and girded with the girdle of rope, tied in three knots symbolical of the Holy Trinity, might be secure from all evil influence.

In addition to their great work of charity, the Grey Friars, in common with their brethren of other orders, had other high missions to perform. Through the dark ages they were the sole stewards of the

learning of antiquity, and with jealous care they tended the precious tree of knowledge; but for them it might have perished root and branch from the earth. Of science, too, they were the only votaries —all that was known of physical laws was known by them, and by them alone. Over the arts they watched with tender care. In the quiet cell the monk toiled patiently on his illuminated missal, or worked before his easel with inspired hands. The stately cathedrals and abbeys of Europe remain to this day monuments of the genius and devotion of the medieval churchmen, the living witnesses of a time when men wrought their souls and hearts into the work they had to perform, when art followed nature at first hand, and when shapeless stocks and stones were hewn into forms, every curve and line of which was instinct with the artist's fervour. Even in the latest stage of mouldering decay there is that in them which in some subtle way appeals to us, and places us in sympathy with the age which produced them. Like all true art, their language is universal. Even in those whose hidden meaning we cannot fathom—which appear to us as unworthy of preservation—there may be light and leading for those who have eyes to see. What a plea it is for the preservation of ancient monuments, that in the object, in which we cannot perceive, even "as through a glass darkly," the faintest glimmering of light, some other of less gross mould, perhaps as yet unborn, may distinguish clearly that glorious effulgence of divine enthusiasm which inspired the worker, and which may inspire him, the seer, to the performance of some great task, which may prove a blessing to the world, and which not all the wealth of the world could command.

The knowledge and skill of the friars were not kept to themselves, when at length opportunity offered for enlightening the rest of mankind. The monasteries became the schools of the period, and their inmates the instructors of youth. To their teaching we owe much of the intellectual development, and even of the civil and religious liberty, we now enjoy; for amongst the pupils of the friars are numbered scholars, statesmen, and reformers famous in history. The monastery of the Grey Friars at Newcastle was not behindhand in the good work; indeed, within its walls one of the brightest luminaries of the medieval schools received the rudiments of his education, and climbed the first rungs of the ladder of learning, by which he climbed to the height of scholastic fame, and became "the most ingenious, acute, and subtle of the sons of Adam," and the glory of the Franciscans.

Johannes Duns Scotus came as a youth to Newcastle, from whence it would be hard to say, for the honour of being his birthplace is claimed by England, Ireland, and Scotland. Suffice to say, he entered the convent of the Grey Friars, and attached himself to their order. Pilgrim Street, no doubt, has often seen the youthful friar, in his grey habit, bound on some errand connected with the routine duties of the convent, and dreaming of other things. Often has he wandered through the academic groves which flourished in

the convent grounds, alone in silent meditation, or engaged in deep argument with some pilgrim stranger from the southern seats of learning. In due time he was sent to Oxford, and was admitted a fellow of Merton College, where he quickly distinguished himself by his amazing proficiency in every branch of learning. Logic, physics, metaphysics, mathematics, astronomy, canon and civil law—in each and all he was a prodigy of learning. From Oxford his fame spread abroad, and scholars from all parts flocked to hear him, his lectures on natural philosophy being especially popular.

We next find him in Paris, where he took the presidency of the world-famed College of the Sorbonne, and where he published his notable defence of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, which doctrine has in our day been definitely accepted as an article of faith by the Roman Catholic church in Œcumenical Council assembled. This great achievement gained him the title of the "Subtle Doctor," and largely increased the number of his followers. The heads of the University of Paris declared for his side of the question, and debarred scholars who did not follow their example from taking degrees. There was a strong party in opposition to the views of Duns Scotus. This party, the followers of Thomas Aquinas, surnamed the "Angelical Doctor," held that the miracle was limited to the immaculate conception of Christ. The two parties were also at issue upon the still much disputed question of predestination and free will. The former doctrine was upheld by the followers of Aquinas, the latter by those of Duns Scotus, as in latter times the same doctrines were respectively upheld by the disciples of Calvin and of Arminius. The whole of the learned world was divided into two camps; who did not belong to the Scotists belonged to the Thomists. Many other questions of speculative theology were argued by the two hostile parties, and the war of words raged long after the great leaders were dead.

Duns Scotus died at Cologne, whither he had been sent by Gonsalvo, the general of his order, to argue against the Beguines, or begging Nuns of Flanders, whose tenets were not supposed to be strictly orthodox. It is said that when buried he was not really dead, but only in a trance, and that on coming to his senses, he beat his head against the sides of his coffin until he expired. Leland says that part of the Latin epitaph upon his tombstone reads in English thus :—

> "Scotland bore me, England adopted me,
> France taught me, Germany holds me."

Not without their fruits have been those seemingly useless wranglings and quibblings of the schoolmen. To the minds trained in the arena of scholasticism we owe that spirit of free inquiry which restored a system of independent philosophy, which freed mankind

from the trammels of superstition and sacerdotal usurpation, and eventually brought about the Reformation.

To return to Pilgrim Street. Another famous inmate of the Grey Friars' Monastery was Hugh of Newcastle, surnamed "the Scholastic Doctor," a diligent follower and zealous defender of Duns Scotus. Another was Martin of Alnwick, a learned friar and D.D. of Oxford. He was buried at Newcastle, most probably in the "barres foranenste Ficket Tower" before mentioned, not far from the spot where Grey's Monument now stands.

There is a fountain on the Castle Leazes, close to the entrance at the top of Leazes Lane. This was, in ancient times, the "Seven Head Well," and belonged to the Grey Friars. It was walled about and locked up, and a conduit conducted the water to the monastery. The supply being abundant, the friars gave the public leave to use the well, and removed the wall, but their liberality was so much abused, and the conduit so much damaged, that they were obliged to apply for a grant to wall it up again, which they obtained from Edward III. in 1342. This well was the head of the Lort Burn.

Like so many others, the monastery saw its last days in the reign of Henry VIII., when it was dissolved and granted to the Earl of Essex and others. Unlike so many others, it had no rents, as the Grey Friars subsisted wholly on charity.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find an important event in the history of this place. In 1580 Robert Anderson, a wealthy merchant of Newcastle, built a noble mansion "out of the offices and nearly on the site of the Franciscan Priory." In Speed's plan of the town (1610) it is called the "Newe House." It was here that King Charles lived while the prisoner of the Scotch army; and Gray, who was writing his *Chorographia* about this time, calls it "a princely house, built out of the ruins of the friars."

In 1675 it was conveyed by Sir Francis Anderson, knight, to Sir William Blackett, baronet, of Matfen, who added two large wings to it, one on either side, without attempting to preserve the style and uniformity of the building. The wings were square and plain, while the old original building had fanciful gables, ornamented with a great many little terminals. From the Blacketts of Matfen, the "Newe House" came into the hands of the famous Sir Walter Blackett of Newcastle, by his marriage with Sir William's granddaughter. He is one of the best known citizens of the town, which he represented in Parliament for nearly fifty years, and to the charities of which he was a munificent contributor. It will be remembered that he built the Thomlinson Library adjoining St. Nicholas' Church. His many and good deeds we have not space to mention here; suffice to say that in his day he was the most prominent and deservedly popular man in Newcastle. He died in 1777.

In 1782 Sir Thomas Blackett offered the mansion in Pilgrim Street for sale to the corporation, who refused to buy it; and it was sold to Mr. George Anderson, an opulent architect, of New-

castle, who styled it Anderson Place, as it had now twice been in possession of families of that name. His son, the well-known Major Anderson, who gave the "Major" bell to St. Nicholas' Church, was the last possessor of the place. He was another well-known personage in Newcastle history. He was, during his life-time, a liberal patron of the churches and public institutions of this town, and at his death left sums of money for the purpose of building spires upon the towers of St. Andrew's and St. John's churches; but these bequests became null and void, as the designated works were not proceeded with within three years, as specified in his will. He died in 1831, and we know how, in the following year, Anderson Place came into the possession of Richard Grainger, and how it was razed to the ground on the formation of Grey Street.

We will glance shortly at the various accounts the historians of the town give of the historic mansion. Bourne describes its appearance in the middle of the eighteenth century thus :—

"It is no less than very stately and magnificent, being supposed the most so of any house in the whole kingdom, within a walled town. It is surrounded with a vast quantity of ground; that part of it which faces the street is thrown into walks and grass plots, beautified with images and beset with trees, which afford a pleasing shade. The other part of the ground on the west side of it is all a garden, exceedingly neat and curious, adorned with many and the most beautiful statues and other curiosities."

The old house is well remembered by many of the present old inhabitants of Newcastle as described by McKenzie in 1827 :—

"This grand and noble mansion was long concealed from the view of the passenger by a very large wooden gate ; but the present spirited proprietor (Major Anderson) has substituted an ornamental iron one, which exposes the beauties of this agreeable place. A fine avenue, shaded with trees, leads direct to the house, and on each side of the grass plot is a curved coachway. The whole combines to produce a very fine effect. In the interior of this spacious mansion are some curious and well-painted ceilings. The apartments occupied by the royal captive are calculated to dispose the mind of the visitor to reflections, and impressive."

The bedstead in which King Charles slept was preserved until, during the absence of Major Anderson, it was sold as lumber and could never be recovered.

In Baillie's *Impartial History of Newcastle*, written in 1800, it is said that "after Mr. George Anderson purchased the house it was converted into three respectable houses." This is corroborated by the following extract from Sykes's *Local Records*, under date 1831 :—

"It at present forms three distinct houses. I possess a scarce, large, and curious bird's-eye view of this building, drawn by Knyff, and engraved by Kyp, entitled, 'The seat of the Hon. Sir Wm. Blackett, Bart., with part of the Town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.' What are now small dwelling-houses facing into Pilgrim Street,

appear to have been at that time stabling and outhouses ; the range of which from High Friar Lane to Richmond Court contains three gates and a door. Near the centre gate, or principal entrance, is shown what is called Blackett's Pant. The other principal objects shown in this print are Brigham's Almshouses, forming the angle between Pilgrim Street and High Friar Lane, Pilgrim Street Gate and the town wall to and with Newgate, St. Andrew's Church, St. John's Church, and St. Nicholas' Church, and the whole of the ground most beautifully laid out in gardens, etc., belonging to this princely mansion."

The view gives an idea of the fair expanse which Pilgrim Street presented in the olden time, with the strings of pack horses placidly plodding along, quite fast enough for the ideas of mercantile transport then in vogue. The Almshouse of good Christopher Brigham, mayor of Newcastle, was founded in 1504, but we give Sykes's description, chiefly on account of the reference in it to the row of houses still standing, in his day, above the gates of Anderson Place. In one of those houses lived a well-known character in the religious history of the town. William Durant was one of the most prominent local dissenting ministers during the Protectorate and the persecutions which followed the Restoration. We shall meet with him further on, when we have occasion to speak of those times as described in the memoirs of Ambrose Barnes. He died in 1681, in his house in Pilgrim Street, and was buried in the garden behind it—dissenters being refused burial in consecrated ground. His tombstone was long afterwards found under a staircase in one of the stables of Anderson Place, in a place which had long been known to the servants as "the dead man's hole," says Brand. It was presented by Mr. George Anderson to the church worshipping in Hanover Square, under the ministry of Mr. Turner, and when the Unitarians removed to their present church in New Bridge Street, it was removed too, and placed in the vestibule, where it still remains.

There was another row of old-fashioned houses below the gates of Anderson Place. One of these was the abode of Peel the chairman, and in front of it there was generally a row of sedan chairs for hire, as cabs stand in the street now. The chairmen lounged about, keeping a look-out for fares, and ready to start as soon as they heard the welcome cry of "Chair." These houses are now all gone, except one at the High Bridge corner, with its white-washed walls and red-tiled roof nestling under the high black walls of its modern neighbours. The gates of the old mansion stood a little below the end of Hood Street, and the site of house and grounds is now occupied by the huge blocks of Grainger forming Hood Street, Market Street, and Shakespeare Street.

Passing the end of the latter, a little way down Pilgrim Street, we come to the end of the narrow street called the High Bridge, which formerly led to the Upper Dean Bridge spanning the Lort Burn ; still further down, and still on the right hand side, is

Market Lane, which once led into the new Flesh Market, and through which there is still a right of way into Grey Street.

Past this, some distance down Pilgrim Street, is the Queen's Head Inn, the site of which has a most interesting history. It is an old-fashioned, rambling house, with a long stable yard running right through to Grey Street—one of the once fashionable and busy inns which are now giving way before the present rage for restaurants and huge hotels managed in the continental style. The front of the house is very quaint and picturesque, with its projecting wings and old-fashioned brick work.

We must, however, to get at the interesting period of the history of this place, go back to older times and fashions still—to the times of the pilgrims, when here most probably stood one of the pilgrims' inns, for it appears there were several in the street. Bourne says that there was an old building on this site which tradition said was the pilgrims' inn. It stood 116 yards below the High Bridge end. Brand thinks this old building was called the St. Cuthbert's Inn in the time of Henry VIII., and mentions its being pulled down about 1777 by its owner, Mr. Thomas Barker, merchant, to erect a large house and starch factory on its site. He describes the windows as being of a very ancient model, and the walls very thick, and the finding of a wooden crucifix in the ruins. It is most probable that this old house was really the pilgrims' inn, which may have been as old or older than the time of Chaucer. It is not improbable that within its walls may have met some of the very people who met at the famous Tabard in Southwark, for in those days pilgrimages were, to some, not so much a penance as a pleasure ; and not content with making one, they were in the habit of spending the pleasant summer time in travelling from place to place, and joining the half-religious, half-festal processions which at stated times visited the beautiful rural shrines abounding in all parts of England. The storms of winter being past, and the spring-time being come, they set off, in the words of Chaucer—

> "Whanne that April with his shoures sote,
> The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
> And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
> Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour ;
> When Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
> Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
> The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
> Hath in the Rain his halfe cours yronne,
> And smale foules maken melodie,
> That slepen all night with open eye,
> So priketh hem nature in her covages
> Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

It is quite possible that the Friar and the Monk, and many other of the Canterbury Pilgrims, may have travelled thus far north ; and what so likely but that the buxon Wife of Bath should, on one of those occasions, have found her way to Newcastle upon her

ambling nag, and inquired her way to the Pilgrims' Inn? The journey could not have appeared at all formidable to her, for we read :—

> "And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme,
> She hadde passed many a strange streme.
> At Rome she hadde ben and at Boloine,
> In Galice, at Seint James, and at Coloine.
> She coude (knew) moche of wandring by the way."

We are told by Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, on the authority of an old MS., that there was a place of sanctuary near the pilgrims' inn. This, for some, would be an additional attraction to make the Newcastle pilgrimage. In the reign of Elizabeth we find the neighbourhood answering a very different purpose, when one Partage was "executed in the Great Innes in Pilgrim Street for coyning." In the same reign, the inn, tradition says, was the residence of Lord Scrope, the Warden of the West Marshes—the "keen Lord Scroop" of ballad fame. He it was whose slumbers in merry Carlisle were so rudely disturbed by the bold Buccleugh, Warden of the Scottish side, when he surprised the castle and set Kinmont Willie free. Says the ballad :—

> "'Now sound out trumpets,' quoth Buccleugh,
> 'Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie;'
> Then loud the Warden's trumpet blew,
> 'Oh, wha daur meddle wi' me.'"

There is little of interest on the west side of Pilgrim Street, below the Queen's Head—of course, we are speaking now of the upper part of the street only, which ends at Mosley Street. We will now turn our attention to the east side. A great part of the houses on this side, it will be noticed, are of decidedly old-fashioned appearance : of dark red brick, square and heavy. A few of them have still the old red-tiled roofs, with uncouth tile-covered dormer windows projecting from them. Many of them have shop-fronts in them. Up to the beginning of the present century this side of Pilgrim Street was what might be called the extreme eastern verge of the town. The back windows of the houses, then occupied by the chief townsmen, looked out upon pleasant gardens which sloped downwards to the Erick Burn. On the opposite bank the smooth green sward of the Carliol Croft, or Carling Croft as it was called, extended to the eastern line of the town wall, with its old towers and turrets. Beyond could be seen the wooded banks of Pandon Dene, and further away the Shieldfield, and the rising ground over the Ouseburn. Nearer still were the orchards of Stepney, and over the Carpenter's Tower and the Keelman's Hospital, far away in the distance, turned the wands of the windmills at Byker. At the top of Pilgrim Street a narrow footpath led along the inside of the town wall into the Carliol Croft. This footpath was a favourite summer evening resort of the Newcastle people. It must have been a pleasant walk, for it commanded a

view of the Windmill Hills rising behind the steeple of All Saints' Church, and close at hand were the trim gardens of Pilgrim Street, with the little burn rippling past them.

About opposite the gates of Anderson Place there stood an old tavern, with a whitewashed brick front, known as the "White House." Further down the street stood another public-house, with its front painted black, called the "Black House." Both have disappeared within the last few years, and both were probably successors of hostelries in which the ancient pilgrims were entertained. Beside the Black House, the well-known "Black House Entry" ran through to Carliol Square, but it is no more required, now that Worswick Street (just above its site) has been opened out. On the left-hand side of this street stand the New Police Court and the new Catholic chapel of St. Andrew. The old chapel and its offices occupied the site of the roadway. We have before told how it was built in 1798, when the Catholics removed from Bell's Court in Newgate Street, by the Rev. John Worswick, after whom the present street is called. He bought the ground of Mr. Robert Keenlyside, surgeon, whose house stood here. At the opening service, high mass was celebrated, it is said, for the first time in Newcastle since the Reformation.

Of the portion of Pilgrim Street, below the end of Worswick Street, it is interesting to read in Bourne "that it is the most beautiful part, the houses on each side of it being, most of them, very pretty, neat, and regular ; such are the houses of Mr. Edward Hall, Mr. Thomas Biggs, John Rogers, Esq., Thomas Clennel, Esq., Nicholas Fenwick, Esq., Nathaniel Clayton, Esq., Edward Collingwood, Esq., Mr. Pereth, Mr. John White, John Ogle, Esq., Mr. Thomas Waters, Matthew White, Esq., etc." Many of these old houses still remain, but the above well-known Newcastle names are now no more represented in the dwellings. They have been converted into shops, offices, and tenement dwelling-houses. The same may be said of the once fashionable Bell's Court, which runs through from opposite the end of Market Lane to Carliol Square. Its high brick mansions are evidence of the class of people which once lived there.

Further down street is the house once belonging to Alderman Hugh Hornby, that enthusiastic collector of relics of old Newcastle. On the destruction of old Tyne Bridge he secured two of the carved stones which adorned its ancient gateway towers, and built them into the wall of his garden. In 1823 the house was the property of Anthony Clapham, Esq., who removed the carved stones from the garden wall and built them into the house and some buildings added at the back. He placed that which bore the arms of Nathaniel Crewe, Bishop of Durham, over his soap office door, and the other, bearing the arms of the town of Newcastle, with the motto, *Fortiter Defendit Triumphans*, over the porter office of Messrs. Brumell & Gilpin.

A little below is the meeting house, with its burial ground

behind, of the Society of Friends. We are reminded of their early persecutions in Newcastle, when they were driven from the town and escorted over the "Blue Stone" on the bridge, by the bigoted and tyrannical magistrates, and "got a little meeting among Friends and friendly people at the Gateside." Also of how they held their meetings in the open air, on the side of the hill near the Moot Hall, in the castle yard, which was not under the jurisdiction of the Newcastle authorities. In the time of the Commonwealth they were much spoken, written, and preached against for "their blasphemie, notorious equivocations, lyings, wresting of the Scriptures, and other detestable principles and practices." One of their slanderers, Alderman Ledger, we are told, "was very envious against truth and Friends," and sneeringly said that "the Quakers would not come into any great town, but lived on the fells like butterflies." George Fox, the great founder of the despised sect, was in Newcastle at the time, doubtless clad in his "perennial suit of leather," and hearing of the alderman's sneers, he sought him out and read him a lecture. We can imagine how the doughty alderman quailed before that tongue which was often so dreadful in its vehement exposure of the misdoings and neglect of those in high places.

Facing down Mosley Street stands the massive stone front of the Royal Arcade, Richard Grainger's first *great* work. Into its shady recesses the small boy now fearlessly plunges, for there is now no beadle in all the pomp of gold lace and cocked hat pacing its flagged pavement, as in days of yore. Indeed, many more of its old-time glories have departed from the Arcade. The General Post Office, which once drew to it so much traffic, is now removed to the head of the Side; its gorgeous shops have degenerated into warehouses for second-hand goods. The removal of the Police Court from the Manors has been another blow. Now the Arcade is chiefly used as a convenient means of access to the Manors railway station.

We have now reached the limit of the upper part of Pilgrim Street, but there is, behind its eastern side, which we have last surveyed, a district which properly belongs to this division. This is the district built on the site of the Carliol Croft.

We have before spoken of the Carliol Croft as probably appertaining to the house of the Carliols, the builders of the Weavers' Tower. It was an open green field inside the eastern wall of the town, extending from the Weavers' Tower on the north to the Austin Friars on the south. It was afterwards used as a place of recreation, and as a place of public meeting; for instance, some of the trades' guilds assembled here on Corpus Christi day, when they performed their miracle plays.

In 1823 we find it in possession of an enterprising tradesman of Newcastle, Mr. James Graham Clark, who was owner of a large brewery here. In the same year the old prison of Newgate was condemned, and the present gaol was erected in the Carliol Croft,

on land purchased from Mr. Clark, and soon the streets which now surround it were built and the green field disappeared. The grim black prison, with its dismal associations, seems to have affected the neighbouring streets with its own gloomy spirit, for this is certainly one of the most dreary parts of Newcastle.

A few years ago "the fair" was held in Carliol Square, and periodically the neighbourhood was aroused from its melancholy for a few days' space. Rows of booths and canvas-sheltered stalls of toys and eatables, auctioneers' caravans, shows, roundabouts, swings, and collections of crockery ware spread out amongst straw on the ground, filled, as if by magic, the space under the northern and western walls of the gaol, and down as far as the Arcade stairs. The sound of music, loud if not sweet, the beating of gongs, the invitations of the various exhibitors, the cries of the vendors of toys and gingerbread, and the eloquence of rival Cheap Jacks, all mingled with the ground bass of the surging noisy crowd, rose upon the night air, which was lurid with the exhalations and glare of the blazing lamps so freely used.

The prisoners in their cells would hear the merry sounds, coming, as though from far away, muffled and subdued by the thick stone walls—and no doubt were glad of the change from the usually unbroken silence of the place. Not so the dwellers in the surrounding streets. They were indignant that the monastic seclusion of their quiet neighbourhood should be disturbed by this constantly recurring saturnalia. They had no sympathy with the merry-go-rounds, the Cheap Jacks, the fat woman, the living skeleton, the strutting and ranting of the strolling players—all these were but so many things which disturbed their repose. And so there were protestations and petitions, and protestations and petitions again, until they gained their end. The shows and noisy amusements were prohibited, the stalls gradually dwindled away, and solitude reigned once more in Carliol Square. In Newgate Street and on the Cowhill the horses and cattle, the great objects of the fairs, still periodically gather, but the accompanying junketings of the August and October fairs have passed away.

The neighbourhood south of the Carliol Croft, where once stood the house of the Austin Friars, has also had its changes. The Austin, or Augustine Friars, were originally hermits, and were first formed into one body by Pope Alexander IV. They were mendicants or begging friars. They were clothed in black, and as their name implies, observed the rule of St. Augustine. A body of them came to England about 1250, whither they were sent by the general of their order, Lanfranc of Milan, to seek a dwelling for themselves. In 1290 some of them came to Newcastle, and a monastery was founded for them by the liberality of William, Lord Ros, baron of Wark-upon-Tweed. It was built upon the site of an ancient Saxon monastery, where, according to Gray, some of the kings of Northumbria were buried, and stood on the eastern bank of the little Erick burn. The present Holy Jesus Hospital covers part of its site.

Little is known of the history of the Augustine Monastery. Its burial ground, most probably the Saxon one, is mentioned in the reign of Edward I. (1291). It lay beside the old tower, which still stands near the Manors railway station. The name of this station, and of the Manor Chare and Manor Street, originated in a title given to the monastery after the dissolution. Before that event—namely, in 1533—the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., was lodged here, when on her way to Scotland to marry the Scottish king. The dissolution of the monasteries took place six years later, and the house of the Austin Friars was reserved by the king for the use of his council of the north. It was then it received the name of the King's Manor, and so it is termed in Speed's plan of Newcastle dated 1610. Leland, King Henry's "Royal Antiquary," says that when he visited Newcastle the monastery "had three or four faire towers belonging to it."

When James I. came to the English throne he gave this building to one of his Scottish followers. In the words of the author of the Milbank MS. (quoted by Bourne)—"When I was young there were cloysters in this monastery and a fair church. A Scot did beg it of King James; after that took lead off and sold it, but it was cast away before it came to its market. He sold also some stones to Sir Peter Riddell, who with them built the south end of his fine house; but now it belongs to Captain Dykes, and his posterity hath no right."

In 1648 the Austin Friars came into the possession of the corporation. Gray writes of it at this time:—"In the upper part of this Pandon is an ancient religious house, founded by the kings of Northumberland, now called the Mannours (formerly St. Augustine Friars), where the kings of Northumberland were interred; since in succeeding ages enlarged and beautified with stately buildings, cloysters, and a faire church. The kings of England since the Conquest kept house in it when they came with an army royal against Scotland; and since the suppression of monasteries, made a magazine and store-house for the north parts. Now of late that princely fabric was demolished and laid level with the ground. The pride, covetousness, luxury, and idolatry of these houses brought a sudden ruin upon themselves and houses."

The corporation leased part of the grounds to the Company of Barber-Chirurgeons, who erected a meeting house and planted a garden of medicinal herbs. Another part was made into an artillery ground, whereon the citizens might perform pike and gun exercise; and various charitable and parochial buildings were built on the site of the monastery and its gardens.

The Jesus Hospital, or as it is also called, the Freemen's or Town's Hospital, which we still see standing with its quaint piazza facing and crowded in by the wall of the new road across Pandon Dene, was founded, erected, and endowed by the corporation of Newcastle in 1681, for the support of poor, impotent people, being freemen and freemen's widows, or their sons and daughters that

had never been married. It was endowed with property situated in the Close, Newcastle, at Whittle, in Northumberland, and Edderly, in Durham ; but the income arising from these not being sufficient for its maintenance, Parliament was petitioned in 1716 for power to sell them and purchase the manor of Walker. This latter property the corporation proposed to subject to a yearly rent charge of £185, for the benefit of the hospital.

Now happened a strange thing. They, without waiting for the parliamentary license, bought the manor, for which they paid £12,220. Doubtless they thought there would be no trouble in the matter—that the matter, in fact, was merely one of form. But they proved to be mistaken, for when the bill was laid before the Upper House it was rejected, on Lord Conway reporting how the affair stood. By the statute of Mortmain, the manor of Walker was confiscated to the crown.

Efforts were made to gain the king's pardon and the restoration of the property thus lost through the too great precipitation of the corporation, and eventually they were successful, though not until the estate had been held by the crown for about seven years. It was in 1723 that the license was obtained enabling the mayor and corporation of Newcastle to hold the manor of Walker, the ballast shore, and other lands pertaining to it, for the purpose of "providing a sufficient fund for the maintenance of the poor of its hospital for ever." When Mr. William Carr, one of the borough members, who was chiefly instrumental in bringing about this happy event, arrived in Newcastle, there was great rejoicing amongst the citizens. He was received by the magistrates and led to the Guildhall, where a meeting was held and the license he had brought was publicly read.

About ten years after this Bourne completed his *History of Newcastle.* In it he records the existence of "the remains of a large gate which had been one of the gates leading to the Austin Friars, which, having passed the gate, is a little above on the right hand side. There is still a complete quadrangle to be seen, the south side of which has undoubtedly been the chapel." He also mentions the pleasant green field in front of the Jesus Hospital, and the curious fountain which still stands before the central doorway of that building, though now, on account of the new street in front, shifted from its original position, which was further from the door. As standing in the field he notices also the hospital of Mrs. Anne Davison, widow of Benjamin Davison, merchant, who left funds to build it in 1725. To judge by Bourne's account of the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, it must have been an interesting sight. It stood to the east of the Jesus Hospital. He describes it as rebuilt in 1730, upon tall piazzas, and with gardens and gravel plots before it, adorned by statues of Esculapius, Hippocrates, Galen, and Paracelsus ; besides having two gardens of herbs. He considers it too great an ornament for such a dirty part of the town, so that even thus early the neighbourhood of the Manors had acquired its

dingy character. The Barber-Surgeons' Hall was pulled down, as were also Davison and Blackett's Hospital, in 1847, when the railway was removed ; the skew arch underneath which the Pandon Road passes was built nearly over its site. In its place the railway company built the guild a new hall in Victoria Street. Ward's almshouse, described by Bourne as "further down the Manour Chare between Mr. Naters' garden and the Croft stairs," was, according to the Milbank MS., "the chief almshouse in the town."

Mrs. Davison's Hospital, before mentioned, was rebuilt in 1754, and at the same time other two charitable houses were added to it, all three being under one roof. These two latter were Sir Walter Blackett's Hospital, and a second Davison's Hospital, founded by Thomas Davison of Ferryhill and his two sisters.

Behind the Jesus Hospital—that is, on the north side of it—was the convent quadrangle. In Bourne's time it presented somewhat the appearance that the quadrangle of the Black Friars does now, only not nearly in such good preservation. The corporation on gaining possession of the convent repaired and rebuilt the old buildings surrounding the quadrangle, and used them as the General Hospital or Poorhouse for the whole town. On the north side was the Bridewell, or House of Correction, and on the south the Charity School of All Saints. In 1785 we find the parish of All Saints adding to the west side, and the whole of the Old General Poorhouse used "for the reception of the poor of the said parish."

Coming down the stream of time, we read in McKenzie's *History* of the state of the Austin Friars as seen by him about 1826—"An ancient arch, in a good state of preservation, remains in a corner of an apartment on the south side of the square. The old massive walls of the monastery may be distinguished on the east side, where a large gateway stood about twenty years ago. On the north side, and near the hall, or common eating-house (of the poorhouse), there is still the entrance into some kind of a crypt or arched passage. The ground between the quadrangle and the town wall has been the burying-ground of the monastery, for in digging a saw-pit a few years ago, great quantities of human bones were found. The ground now occupied by the hospitals and the Barber-Surgeons' Hall is supposed to have been the gardens of the convent."

The state of the site of the monastery about ten years ago will be well remembered. The Manors Police Station occupied the site west of the quadrangle, its door faced the Arcade stairs, and to the right a covered flight of stairs led up to the Police Court. On the right-hand side as you approached the quadrangle was the window of the lock-up, beneath which groups of friends used to congregate and hold converse with the prisoners within, until a high wall was built round it to prevent such intercourse. North of the quadrangle was a row of cottages inhabited by the firemen of the North

British Insurance Company, and their engine stood in a shed at the head of the yard in front, ready, day and night, to start when the alarm of fire was given. The soup kitchen was on the left of the opening into the quadrangle.

Now the place is greatly changed. The Jesus Hospital, with its rounded brick gables and its quaint piazza running along the front, is still intact. Its fountain is, as we have said, moved closer in, to make room for the wall of the new street, which runs past and overshadows the front of the hospital. The old black figure of Charity, with the contribution box at her feet, still stands at the centre door, and, on passing, the old people may be seen busy in their snug and tidy little rooms, or gazing out of doors at the changing world outside. The Police Court is removed to the new building in Pilgrim Street, and on its site stands the new soup kitchen, built to correspond in style with its adjoining neighbour the hospital. Where stood the firemen's cottages and the old soup kitchen stand the new Catholic Schools, along the north side of the site of the quadrangle. This latter is encroached upon by the soup kitchen and the yard of the hospital. Some old-fashioned houses, of date coeval with the hospital, still stand along the east side; and in the south-east corner, an old square tower, roofed with stone slabs, is all that remains of the Austin Friars.

CHAPTER VIII.

PILGRIM STREET—THE LOWER PART.

PILGRIM STREET below the Arcade presents a decidedly forlorn appearance. It has changed very much for the worse since Bourne's days, when its houses were inhabited by the gentry of the town. Many of their mansions are still to be seen, bearing the signs of former greatness in the time-worn cornices and decorations, inside and out, but all of them now dingy and forlorn. Frowsy public-houses, small provision shops, furniture brokers, and marine store dealers, are all plentiful. On either side narrow passages and courts lead to pent-up crowded masses of dwellings, if we may so term these abodes of poverty and misery. Common lodging-houses, where tramps and cadgers sojourn, are numerous in these dark recesses, as testified by their sign-boards, announcing the incredible number of travellers they are licensed to entertain. Poverty and idleness, it can be plainly seen, are old inhabitants of low Pilgrim Street, nor can it be said that vice and crime are strangers to its air. Groups of men are generally to be seen standing about, hands deep in pockets, knocking their heels together, smoking and talking in that strange

manner peculiar to their class, without in the least looking at one another as people generally do in conversation, but gazing straight forward over the way at something else. Women, bedraggled, and generally carrying children in their arms, or with children hanging on by their skirts, also gather in groups and gossip together, disappearing at intervals into the public-houses. Little slipshod or barefooted children, pale of face and small of limb, are constantly on the move; they do not play, but appear to be always running of errands; in fact, they seem to have the care and responsibility of housekeeping while their parents are enjoying themselves in the manner we have seen. Sturdy tramps, too, with the fresh air of the country still upon them, are to be seen going to and fro; their weather-beaten faces and healthy appearance pointing them out at once amongst the pale people of the street. On Saturday nights the street is at its worst. Frequent fights take place amongst the drunken occupants of its many dens. The policemen go in couples on this beat, for it is not safe for one to venture here alone. However, with all its faults, low Pilgrim Street has also its redeeming features, for many honest and industrious people, small shopkeepers and workmen, live in it, and by their presence make it endurable. Besides, it has many interesting memories of past time, which it is now our business to revive, and we will now resume our way where we left off at the Arcade.

Before us lies Mosley Street. When it was formed the old "Bird-in-Bush" and "Black Swan" were pulled down. Before that time the wheat market was held in this part of Pilgrim Street. Here, too, the carriers' carts used to stand thick; two or three of them, you will see, still put up there at the "Blue Posts" and the "Old Queen's Head." The Blue Posts, on the west side of the street, just below Woods' bank, was a well-known and reputable house a hundred years ago. Here met the Newcastle lodge of the "Free and Easy Johns," which lodge was the third in England, formed by these convivial fellows, and preceded only by those of London and Dover. No inconsiderable company of sots were those "Free and Easy Johns," as we of the present day may suppose, for they numbered a thousand citizens of "credit and renown," and the borough member, Charles Brandling, Esq., did not disdain to join them, and learn their password and grip. We find, too, that he presented the lodge with a large silver goblet. There was another lodge of the same body which met at "The Cock," head of the Side.

The Old Queen's Head, below the Blue Posts, on the same side, was a famous posting house in the days of post-chaises, and highwaymen, and Gretna Green marriages. On the opposite side of the way is the "Robin Hood," with part of its front projecting over the footpath, and supported by wooden posts. Returning again to the east side, lower down will be seen another house of similar construction, but much older and quainter. This is the "Fox and Lamb," a famous and respectable inn fifty or sixty years ago.

Next door to it is a little barber's shop—the oldest in the town. For no one knows how many generations it has always been occupied by followers of the same profession. But what makes this shop for ever memorable is that it was here that Roderick Random, in September 1739, was recognised by his old school-fellow, the immortal Strap, who was acting as assistant to the then proprietor.

Just below is the narrow lane called Low Bridge, now leading to Dean Street, but once leading to the Nether Dean Bridge over the Lort Burn. It stands on the site of the great Roman wall. A little lower down, on the same side, is the Painter Heugh, which runs down the steep bank to the foot of Dean Street. Opposite the head of it is the Ridley Arms public-house, said to have been once the town residence of the Ridleys of Blagdon.

From the very top of Pilgrim Street our way has hitherto been a gradual and easy descent, but now, having passed under the railway arch, it becomes much steeper; not only this, but we find that both right and left the ground falls rapidly away, as we may see by glancing down the George Stairs and Silver Street. In point of fact we are on the end of the spur of high ground which forms the watershed of the Lort and Pandon valleys, and the slope before us is the northern bank of the Tyne.

The George Stairs on the right, narrow and steep, run down the hill side and come out at the foot of the Side, just where the old "Nag's Head" stood, and where the Lort Burn turned to run through the Sandhill to the river.

Silver Street is on the opposite side, and was once a pretty rural lane running down to Pandon. It was one of the main thoroughfares between the two ancient towns of Newcastle and Pandon, and became a street of houses in the mediæval times after the two towns were united. We find it at one time called Temple Gate, perhaps, as we have before said, because a Roman temple had stood on the site now occupied by All Saints' Church. Another name it had was Jew Gate, from the number of Jews who lived in it; and as these people have always been dealers in plate, its present name of Silver Street may have arisen from the same cause. It was also called All Hallow Gate, from its vicinity to All Saints', or All Hallows Church. During last century it was one of the most respectable streets in the town, its houses being occupied by surgeons, lawyers, and merchants. Its chief interest to us lies in the fact that it was the residence of Henry Bourne, the historian of Newcastle. He was a native of the town, and son of a tailor. He was educated at the Grammar School, as we have before seen, and afterwards bound apprentice to a glazier in the Side. Some friends who had noticed his aptitude in acquiring knowledge, were the means of taking him away from his situation and sending him again to school, and afterwards to Christ College, Cambridge. He was appointed curate of All Hallows Church, and took up his residence in Silver Street here in 1722. Amongst other works he

wrote *Antiquitates Vulgares*, which was republished with additions by the Rev. John Brand, another Newcastle historian, in 1777. Bourne's great work was his *History of Newcastle*, a most valuable book, the result of a vast amount of original research, and the foundation of all subsequent histories of the town. It was a thin folio volume, printed by John White, in Newcastle, and published in 1736. The author died in 1733, and his work was published for the benefit of his children.

The character of Henry Bourne is singularly lovable. To quote the words of McKenzie, he was a "sincere, plain, unassuming man, diligent in his studies and in the discharge of his clerical duties." During the writing of his history he appears to have received great discouragement from those who might have been expected to help forward such a work. It is affecting to read in his preface his apologies for the shortcomings of the work he was never to see published. After speaking of the malice and ill-nature of those who impeded and decried his efforts, he says, "And if I add to all this an illness of many months, and which it pleases God still to continue, which obliges me to trust the copies of others and depend upon them, then I hope a few errors and failings will fall gently to my share." He does not forget to help those who have helped him, and Joshua Douglas, the town clerk we have before met, is honoured by the first place in the list.

Since the day that the gentle soul of the historian took its departure, Silver Street has changed much. The houses of the merchants, and lawyers, and surgeons, are now no longer trim and respectable. Squalor and filth are the modern characteristics of the street. Crowded tenements and lodging-houses vie with each other in dirt and wretchedness. The lower is by far the worst part. Here the roadway, which runs down the steep bank to Stockbridge, is little better than a narrow filthy kennel, across which the miserable, unhealthy tenements look upon the high dead wall of the graveyard of All Saints'.

Returning to the upper end of Silver Street, and standing by it, we are in full view of All Saints' Church, and passing the gates of the latter we reach the foot of Pilgrim Street. On our left are the stairs leading up to Church Walk, the row of quaint old houses overlooking the churchyard on the south. The one nearest us is, judging from the masonry of the lower part, of very ancient construction. Further down on the left Dog Bank, anciently called Silver Street, runs off to the shady recesses of Cowgate and Pandon, and on the right Akenside Hill, the ancient All Hallow Bank, and Butcher Bank of more recent days, leads down to the foot of the Side. The church spire towers behind us, and straight in front, through the gap in the buildings through which the stairs to Queen Street run, we see the river, and the ships, and part of Gateshead Parish Church on the further bank. The space just in front of us, where now stand these tall blocks of handsome buildings, the offices of merchants and ship-brokers was once

covered by a mass of old red-tiled buildings. It was supposed to be the most closely-built piece of ground in the kingdom, a few narrow lanes alone intersecting it, and leading from the Quayside to the higher ground where we now stand. One of them, called Plummer Chare, scarcely wide enough for two to pass, still remains to give us an idea of what they were like in the days before the great fire and explosion.

We will go down Butcher Bank, keeping on the left-hand side of the way. Half-way down we pause to look at an old-fashioned timbered house across the street. The stories project one over the other in front as they ascend, and there is a diamond-shaped tablet. Next door to it, on the site of the square modern one now there, once stood a house very like the one we have just described. It was the birth-place of Mark Akenside, the poet. He was the son of a butcher, and was born here in the house above his father's shop on the 9th of November 1721. His character is not a pleasant one to dwell upon. He studied physic at Leyden, but never attained much skill in this profession. He derived the chief part of his income from the munificence of a generous friend, Mr. Dyson, chief clerk of the House of Commons. His appearance is described as unpromising, if not grotesque, from the solemn cast in his features and the laboured primness of a powdered wig in full curl. He had no sense of humour, was peevish and sententious, and took a joke very ill. He is said to have been ashamed of his family and of his native place—so that he would sneak through Newcastle when occasion called him thither.

Still standing opposite his birth-place and looking down the street, there is a fine view of the Castle and the Moot Hall towering behind the old houses of the Side. We will now return to the church of All Saints', which we have so far purposely passed without notice. Its importance demands that it should have a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

HE site of this church must, in olden times, have been a most beautiful spot; a high projecting point of land, with tree-clad banks sloping downwards on the right and left to the valleys of the Lort and Pandon, and in front to the yellow sands of the Tyne. We have, more than once, mentioned the tradition which places upon this site the Roman Pantheon, the temple to all the gods. It has been attempted to show that Pandon derives its name from this temple, but there is nothing

except fanciful supposition in favour of such a conclusion. Of one thing we are certain—that a Christian church stood here in the year 1286, and here continued to stand, of course undergoing many changes and restorations between times, until the end of last century, when it was pulled down, and the present church built.

Old All Saints, or All Hallows, was of course built in the Gothic style. Its appearance is thus described by Bourne :—

"This church is seated upon a hill, which is much about the same height with the situation of St. Mary's, in Gateshead, and upon the same line with it. It is not so long as St. Nicholas, being only 55 yards 1 foot a quarter long, but it is broader, as being 25 yards 2 feet broad. The steeple is but a mean height, being a square tower, with only one spire arising from it. The bells belonging to this church were founded in the year 1696. They were cast out of the metal of that famous statue of King James the Second which stood on the Sandhill. They were founded in the ground belonging to St. Austin Friars, in that part of it which is in the back of the Hospital of the Holy Jesus. Their sound is not so melodious as the others in this town, but the note is exceedingly exact, and more tuneful than the others. Whatever Robert Rhodes did to this steeple, his name is under the belfry of it, as at St. Nicholas. In one of the registers belonging to this Church of All Hallows we have the following account :—About the Round where the Bells are drawn up into the Bell-house in the Steeple, there is written, '*Orate pro anima Roberti Rhodes.*' His arms are also without, at the east end of the Church, on the breast of an Angel ; which, as I take it, is a tyger, or greyhound, on a chief, and three amulets on the escutcheon. The like is in St. Nicholas' Church, etc."

McKenzie, who was living when the old church was pulled down, and when much public interest was taken in it, gives in his *History* an interesting account, from which we gather that the steeple and west end occupied the site of the present church. The church extended further east, over what is now the burial ground. The steeple was a low, square, inelegant tower, supported by buttresses at the corners of the west side, and terminated by large embrasures. From the centre rose a small square turret, surmounted by a short spire, terminated with a gilt vane. The principal entrance into the church was the west door of the steeple which corresponded in size with the west door of St. Nicholas. Above it was a large and beautiful Gothic window. There were also a north and south porch, the former leading into Silver Street, the latter into Pilgrim Street. The steeple contained a good clock, with chimes and two painted dials. The five bells were cast by Christopher Hodgson of London. There were seven chantries, one of them—St. Peter's—being founded by Roger Thornton. The windows of the old church were large and ornamented with stained glass, but they were greatly damaged at the time of the civil war. Bourne mentions, amongst others, one which adjoined St. Peter's chantry,

which contained several painted kneeling figures, supposed to have represented the children of Roger Thornton. Another had the figure of a boy, standing upon a chequered pavement, and underneath him written :—

"Like as the Jamen moist and cold,
Is full of tempest, day by day;
So is one child of ten years old,
Hath no understanding, but all on play."

The other months are supposed to have been also represented on this window, but the above was all which remained in Bourne's time.

The same historian mentions many monuments and tombstones bearing inscriptions in memory of Newcastle tradesmen and citizens of renown, and tells us that some of the stones had been twice used, as traces of older inscriptions could be discerned upon them. He gives us the following epitaph, said to have been made upon obert Wallas, clerk of the church :—

"Here lies Robert Wallas,
The King of good fellows,
Clerk of All Hallows,
And a maker of Bellows.
He bellows did make to the day of his death,
But he that made bellows could never make breath."

A similar epitaph is given by Camden in his *Remains of a Greater Work concerning Britain* (1605), one chapter of which he ends "with a few conceited, merry, and laughing epitaphs, the most of them composed by Maister John Hoskines" (Serjeant Hoskyns of the Middle Temple, the friend of Izaac Walton), when he was young, and will begin with the bellows-mender of Oxford :—

"Here lyeth John Craker, a maker of bellowes,
His craft's master, and King of good fellows,
Yet when he came to the houre of his death,
He that made bellowes could not make breath."

Near the quire door was a stone with the Brandling arms and their crest, a burning brand, which bore this inscription :—

"Here lyeth under this place
Robert Brandling, Merchant Adventurer by God's grace,
Margaret, his wife, and children dear,
In fear of God they lived here;
Like as the brand doth flame and burn,
So we from death to life must turn."

But the finest monument in the church was, fittingly, that erected to the munificent "Patron of Newcastle," Roger Thornton. Brand gives an illustration of it, and McKenzie describes it thus :—

"It consisted of an altar, the front of which was enriched with beautiful gothic compartments and armorial bearings, over which

rose an elliptic canopy, surmounted by a spiral arch rising in the centre and terminated with a tower, the crest of the Thornton family. The whole was included in a wall with a semi-octagonal tower at each end and embrasures along the top. On this part of the monument was the representation of two small figures supporting the family arms. But the principal ornament of this monument was the large brass plate which covered the top of the altar, on which were beautifully engraved the figures of Roger Thornton and Agnes his wife, with numerous effigies of the apostles and saints, many of them with the symbols of their martyrdom. Amidst them is the representation of a person playing on a lute, another on a violin, etc. They are all included in niches or canopies, formed by a most beautiful and complicated union of innumerable crocketted spires and other appropriate devices in the Gothic style. The following is the inscription which surrounds it :—

"Hic jacet domicella Agnes quondam uxor Rogeri Thornton que obiit in vigilia Sancte Katerine anno Domini m.cccxxi propitietur Deus Amen. Hic jacet Rogeras Thornton mercator Novi Castri super Tinam qui obiit anno Domini m.cccxxix, et iii, die Januarii."

The beautiful monument is now gone, but the brass is still preserved and hangs in the vestry. In 1841 the vicar of the church, the Rev. R. Green, had it cleaned, repaired, and fitted into the wood frame in which it now hangs. The expense was to have been defrayed by public subscription, but three of the descendants of Roger Thornton—Mr. Witham of Lartington, Mr. Salvin, and Raleigh Trevelyan, Esq. of Netherwitton—shared it amongst them.

A very interesting feature of the church was the seamen's porch and gallery on the north side, built by the master and brethren of the Newcastle Trinity House in 1618. The front of the gallery was decorated with painted panels. The centre one bore the arms of the Trinity House, and on the side panels were depicted four scriptural subjects, all most appropriately being connected with the sea. They were—Saint Paul cast ashore on the Island of Melitis ; our Saviour asleep in the storm on the sea of Galilee ; our Saviour walking on the waves and taking the sinking Peter by the hand ; and Jonah vomited up on dry land.

Underneath the chancel, which, it will be remembered, was further east than the present one, was the crypt, that mysterious part of ancient churches, "of a square figure and spacious : a strong pillar in it, the support of eight large stone arches. The entrance on the north side of the churchyard." This place was visited by Brand in 1783, and he observed traces of windows in it.

Connected with the font of the old church is the name of a Newcastle worthy which deserves to be recorded. When the Scots entered the town in 1640 they commenced, in their fanatical zeal against Popery, to deface the religious monuments. Beginning at St. John's, the first object sacrificed was, naturally, the font which

stood in the porch. One Cuthbert Maxwell, a stone mason of Newcastle, seeing this, ran in haste to St. Nicholas' and All Saints', and hid the fonts of these churches before the Scots had time to reach them. After the Restoration he set them up again, and thus to Cuthbert Maxwell we owe the preservation of the beautiful font of St. Nicholas. Concerning that belonging to All Saints' we have two interesting entries in the church books. Thus, under date 1642, is noted in the churchwardens' accounts—

"Paid 2 masons and 6 labourers for bringing the fonte stones to a small place where they formerly stood and placing them wright . £0 6 6."

When the Scots again took the town in 1644, they were probably again taken down and hidden, for the parish register says—"1661, August 1.—The font of All Saints' was set up this day by Cuthbert Maxwell of this town, mason, who had saved it about 20 years before from the barbarous hands of the Scots' army, who did endeavour to break it." The font thus saved was octagonal in shape, and carved with armorial bearings. At the demolition of the church it was given to Alderman Hugh Hornby, that enthusiastic collector of antiquities who built the carved stones from Tyne Bridge towers into the wall of his garden in Pilgrim Street.

Of the early history of old All Saints' we have few records except accounts of repairs. We hear of the assembly of the "Four-and-Twenty," and of the "Ancients of the Parish," for the purpose of considering needful repairs, and of levying cesses for carrying them out. The parish register commences in 1600, and there are many curious and interesting items in the churchwardens' accounts of disbursements. Thus we have—

"1725. Paid for 2 Otters' heads . . . £0 0 8
1727. Paid for a Badger's head . . . 0 1 0
1730. Paid for a Fourmart's head . . . 0 0 4,"

which entries recall very vividly the old system by which the extirpation of wild animals was sought. When these entries were made the more dangerous kinds were extinct; but whoever brought the heads of foxes and other vermin, and nailed them to the church door of the parish in which they were killed, was entitled to be rewarded by the churchwardens according to a fixed scale.

Another entry is—

"1732. Paid the Gardener for flowers and herbs £0 8 0,"

from which it would appear that the present planting of the old churchyard with flowers is not without precedent.

The last entry we shall give is very suggestive. It is—

"1745. Paid the Gravedigger for concealing and securing the Church plate . . £0 5 0."

It recalls to us the state of alarm into which the town was

thrown when the approach of the rebel army under Prince Charles Edward was daily expected. We can picture the gravedigger working, probably in the dead of night, his lantern beside him, in the hole which was to contain the treasure. The churchwardens, as in duty bound, would be there in the ghostly churchyard, for it would have been awkward had they not known where the plate entrusted to their care was bestowed. In the same year, but before the scare, we learn from an advertisement of the churchwardens, that the church had been broken into during the night, "and thereout taken a book entitled, *Burkett upon the New Testament*, with a well-polished chain belonging thereto."

But the old church was hastening to decay. Forty years after the date of the last entry quoted the south pillars in the interior gave way, and the south wall began to shrink, so that it became unsafe to hold service in it. The churchwardens procured plans and estimates for the restoration of the building from Mr. W. Newton, architect, of Newcastle ; but Dr. Sharp, the Archdeacon of Northumberland, objected to the proposed design of shortening the chancel, and thus altering the form of an old Gothic church. Other two architects, Mr. David Stevenson and Mr. John Dodds, were called in, and they reported that it was impossible to give an estimate for restoring the church, as so many unforeseen circumstances might crop up. They reported, "That this decayed building cannot be repaired but at as much expense as building a new one. If one part is taken down the rest will follow." It appeared that "the south wall was in danger of falling by the pressure of the roof ; one of the pillars of the steeple had considerably shrunk, and the steeple itself inclined to the south. The stone of the groined arches under the bells was decayed, the timber and bells in great danger of falling in, the stone in several windows decayed, the walls were rotten, and the lime had lost its cement and become almost dust." On Easter Tuesday (18th April 1786) a general meeting of the parishioners was held, and it was unanimously resolved to erect a new church.

The work of destroying the old one was immediately proceeded with, and unfortunately sufficient store was not set upon its old monuments, windows, and other interesting relics, for most of them perished or were carried away during the operations.

It was found necessary to blast with gunpowder the masonry of the tower, so tenacious was the mortar binding it, and while doing so a sad accident occurred, by which a well-known inhabitant of the town lost his life. This was Captain William Hedley, who was killed by one of the stones of the great west door falling upon him while he was standing watching the work of destruction. He was greatly respected in Newcastle, and well known abroad as the hero of a deed of humanity and daring, in saving a child from drowning in Bordeaux harbour. His conduct on this occasion was praised highly in the French newspapers. Part of their report of the occurrence ran thus—

"All that could be learned was that his name was Hedley. Let this name be consecrated in the records of humanity. . . . Without doubt, we ought rather to preserve the name of Hedley than that of a warrior followed with blood, or of a politician whose negotiations are but a string of his perfidies."

The whole of the old church having at length been taken down, the construction of the new one was commenced with. The design of Mr. David Stevenson had been selected, and the foundation stone was laid on the 14th August 1786 by the Rev. James Stephen Lushington, Vicar of Newcastle. In proceeding with the building the original design was departed from in two important points. The portico, which was to have had a colonnade of Ionic columns along the south front, was altered to the present Doric design, and the money thus saved was devoted to the improvement of the tower. According to the original design, the latter was to have consisted of "a plain octagonal tower, of uniform width, rising from the arch on which the present spire stands to the height of thirty-seven and a-half feet, and terminating with a semicircular dome twelve feet in diameter, making a total height of one hundred and forty-three feet from the ground. The tame and spiritless appearance of the model, however, happily caused its rejection. A model of the present handsome and superior design was exhibited to the trustees in August 1790, and finally adopted on the 12th of September following."

We may well be glad that this latter alteration was made, for if we picture to ourselves for a moment the effect of the original design, with its plain octagonal tower topped by the little dome—lighthouse fashion—we can well imagine its "tame and spiritless appearance." Besides, the present elegant spire is fifty-seven feet higher than the proposed tower, the total height being two hundred and two feet to the top of the vane.

A singular incident with regard to the round top stone in which the vane is fixed is recorded. This stone is thirty inches in circumference, and when it was placed in position, one John Burdikin, a militiaman, and afterwards a barber in Gateshead, ascended the scaffolding and stood on his head on the extreme summit—a feat, strange to say, repeated by his son during some repairs in 1816.

The new church was finished in 1796, and its cost was £27,000, the whole being obtained by assessment of the parish, except £2061, 19s. raised by the sale of pews, £30 by donations, and £100 given by Mrs. Atlee for the additional expense of making the internal fittings of mahogany instead of oak. The church is built in the form of an ellipse, the longer diameter of which runs nearly north and south. It is in form like the Pantheon at Rome. The roof, without any supporting pillars, is a splendid piece of carpentry. It was first put together in the yard at the Austin Friars, where the bells of the old church were cast. The square tower on which the steeple stands is at the south end, and the interior forms the

vestibule. On either side of it there is a wing—that on the left being used as a morning chapel and for baptisms, and that on the right is the vestry where hangs the monumental brass of Roger Thornton. The south front altogether is very beautiful, with its noble Doric portico; the details of the windows of the side wings are especially worthy of notice. It is unnecessary for us to describe the building, as our illustrations do this better than any words. We may add that there is an excellent description of it by the late Thomas Sopwith, which was published in 1826, and partly transcribed by McKenzie in his *History of Newcastle.* The latter writer, in speaking of the new church, while he admits its beauty, says that he prefers the Gothic style of architecture to the classic for Christian churches. In the case of All Saints' we think it would have been well had the ancient structure been restored, even had it cost more than a new one, not alone from sharing McKenzie's opinion in favour of the Gothic style for religious edifices, but also for the sake of the old associations which add so much to the impressiveness and solemnity of a place of worship.

On Tuesday, 17th November 1789, the new church was consecrated by the Right Rev. Thomas Thurlow, Lord Bishop of Durham, and the opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh Moises, morning lecturer of All Saints' and head-master of the Grammar School. His text was from Leviticus xix. 30—"Ye shall keep My Sabbaths and reverence My sanctuary. I am the Lord." All Saints' looks so black and grimy now, that it is difficult to believe it was ever clean and new, as it must have been on that November morning when the venerable Dr. Moises preached the first sermon within its walls. It is still more difficult to realise the mighty changes and events which have taken place since that day, and while that black deposit of soot has been silently coating the building. At the time the inaugural sermon was preached, the French Revolution was raging, and the great actors, whose names now light the historic page, who were destined to play their parts in the several acts of the mighty European tragedy of which it was the prologue, were behind the scenes preparing for the time when they should step upon the stage. The heroes-to-be of other and more peaceful struggles and triumphs, as great, or perhaps greater in their consequences, were there, and waited but for the hour to strike—their task, to light at the fires of freedom, then burning so terribly in France with the baneful and destroying fury of revolution, the torch which was to diffuse over England the warm and gentle radiance of reform. Almost within sound of the church bells that morning lived another of the latent forces of the age—biding the time for *his* great work, which was to follow and complete the others. Seven miles away, up the river at Wylam, lived George Stephenson, then a lad of eight. Nor must we omit to mention another worker in the cause of civilisation, soon to become famous. As the reviver of a decayed though noble art—an art which has been the means of multiplying and disseminating

the beautiful and elevating productions of genius, which else had been confined to the wealthy favourites of fortune. It may be that Thomas Bewick, "the father of modern wood engraving," was in the church that very morning, for his workshop over in St. Nicholas' Churchyard was close by. He most probably sat within these walls and listened to the teacher of Collingwood, and Eldon, and Stowell, as he solemnly called upon his hearers to reverence the newly-built sanctuary.

We have before noticed the great change which has in course of time come over the lower part of Pilgrim Street ; how it has sunk lower and lower, until, from being the residence of the wealthy and affluent, it has become the abode of the poorest and most wretched of the people of Newcastle. As the street has changed so has the church. Its congregation fell gradually away, and the building was neglected and became gloomy and forlorn like the neighbourhood it stands in. But, happily, a revival of interest in the neglected fane has lately taken place.

In 1881 the churchwardens called the public attention to the state of the church, and appealed for help to remedy it. Subscriptions were gathered in and the work of restoration was vigorously proceeded with. On the 23rd of November 1881 the church was re-opened for public worship, and as at its first opening ninety-two years before, the ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Durham. The bishop of 1881 was Dr. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, great grandson of a Newcastle citizen, Joseph Barber, the bookseller of Amen Corner, who was probably present at the opening of the church in 1789.

Those who are conversant with the annals of the town, and delight to recall its old-time aspect, cannot fail to have mentally contrasted the appearance of All Saints' Church and its surroundings as they walked down Pilgrim Street to hear Dr. Lightfoot's sermon, with that it presented when Moises preached his. They must have thought of the time when the air was pure and clear, where now the black cloud of smoke from the Tyne obscures the sky ; of the pleasant cheerful street, with the handsome houses on either side, bearing all the unmistakable tokens of the opulence and good housekeeping of the inhabitants, where now, in spite of the gaudy festoons of flags waving in honour of the occasion, its aspect is gloomy and dispiriting. But the saddest contrast of all was that between the appearance and feelings of the people who on the two occasions gazed from the windows or crowded to the doors when the bells rang out their notes of invitation—the people of the old time listening to the sounds and accepting them as an invitation to themselves ; the people of the later time hearing them but as the prelude to something in which they had no concern, except, perhaps, that the sight of the people flocking in such unwonted numbers to the church might afford them the means of passing away an idle hour.

The parish of All Saints' is, generally speaking, inhabited by the

very poor. Not only in the neighbourhood of the church, but in many other parts, there are colonies of people who live in the midst of the most debasing and soul-deadening influences, and who feel that they are nothing to the church and that she is nothing to them. It is not from any lack of energy on the part of the clergy that this state of affairs has not been remedied. We believe they have striven to the best of their ability to do their duty, and that the fault is not altogether theirs that so many of the people of the parish have been suffered to live in spiritual apathy. It is because the parish is too extended, and the flock too large. It is because the dwellings of the people are allowed by their landlords to rot over their heads, and that in dark and noisome cellars underground the fever-laden gases of the drains are allowed to gather until they find opportunity to invade the upper regions and strike down the hapless tenants with their deadly breath. It is because the authorities have not seen to the efficient cleansing of the narrow, filthy alleys, only less foul-smelling than the interiors of the dwellings, and where, on sultry summer evenings, the people stand outside their doors, as they say, in unconscious irony, "to get a breath of fresh air." Can we expect that people so situated, impeded by sickness in their struggle, hard enough in itself, for daily bread, should have much time or much care for spiritual concerns? There is a deeper meaning than we generally attach to them in the words of Paul, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." But the great cause of the long continuance of this miserable condition of the poor has been the neglect of their fellow-townsmen. We have closed our eyes to all these things, or we have just looked at them, and with a shudder have "passed by on the other side." But for this the clergy had long since had helpers in this overgrown parish; the authorities, and through them the landlords, had been forced to do their duty, and the neglected people had been rescued from their wretchedness.

It is pleasant to know that of late a movement has been made in the right direction. Almost simultaneously with the restoration of the church, fresh energy was thrown into the work of regenerating the people of the parish. Special services for the poorer classes have been held, mission-rooms have been opened, and a system of house-to-house visitation has been organised. In this good work the clergy have been joined by numerous lay helpers.

There is another feature of the revived interest in the old church which is pleasant to dwell upon. This is the survival of the old spirit of munificence which has always characterised our Newcastle merchants. It was shown, in the first place, with regard to the churchyard. A great change for the worse had come over it since the entry in the church-books of 1732, which records the paying of the gardener eight shillings for herbs, was made. In our day it had become, by long neglect, a dismal, gloomy place. The last burial in it, that of Mr. Joseph Garnett (by special Act of Parliament), took place in 1862. The excitement caused by the vault

robberies by the sexton, a short time after this, will be well remembered. The people of Church Walk, overlooking the graveyard, had often noticed lights amongst the tombs at night-time. They were supposed by some to be "corpse candles;" but suspicion was aroused, a watch was set, and the culprit was taken as he emerged from one of the vaults laden with the spoils of the dead. Since that time little or nothing was done to the churchyard, and it became as we have said. About the end of 1881 Mr. Richard S. Donkin of Campville, North Shields, a wealthy shipowner, whose place of business is close by the old church, made a handsome offer to improve it at his own expense. This offer was thankfully accepted by the parishioners, and early in 1882 the work was proceeded with. Now, in place of the dismal, locked-up, neglected-looking churchyard, with its withered trailing grass and generally melancholy aspect, we have a pleasant garden free to all, planted with young trees, and gay with flowers; with gravelled walks winding through it, and seats to rest on; a quiet spot to which one can retire for a while from the noise of the town, and pass a half-hour in meditation amongst the tombs—those silent monitors which lead our thoughts upwards and away from the carping, selfish cares of life. No one can be the worse for an occasional half-hour thus spent, for here we learn the true value of the surroundings of our daily life which cost us so much care and anxiety; here we begin to see, around them and beyond them, with a clearer vision.

Many other generous gifts were at the same time made to the church, but we will only mention one more, that of the presentation of the new clock by Mr. John Hall, another Newcastle merchant. It was formally set going and illuminated on the evening of the 3rd of February 1882. On the occasion an address was presented to Mr. Hall by Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. for the town, on behalf of the people of the parish. In presenting this address Mr. Cowen, standing on the steps of the church, made a speech to the assembled people who crowded below to the number of about ten thousand. Part of his speech is such a power of argument in favour of the preservation of ancient churches, and against the growing vandalism of modern times generally, that we cannot better conclude our chapter on All Saints' Church than by giving it. The part runs thus:—"It reflects great credit upon the spirit and enterprise of the people of Newcastle that they have in recent years made such strenuous and successful efforts to revive the architectural beauties of their old churches. I believe very nearly all of them have undergone renovation, and with great success. The churches of a town, and especially of an old town like Newcastle, are part of its history. They are woven and interwoven with the life of the community, and they ought not to be—and I don't think they are—regarded in a sectarian light. It often happens that churches, like the one before which we are gathered, are situated in districts from which the residential population have in some sense receded.

They are now largely surrounded by warehouses, offices, and stores, more than by the class of houses which surrounded them when they were erected. There is sometimes a complaint that they occupy ground that might be more economically and advantageously used. There has been an agitation recently to remove some of the historic churches of the Metropolis for the purpose of erecting upon their sites co-operative stores. I have no sympathy with this modern vandalism. These churches are often oases in a vast moral desert. For men engaged in the passionate competition and heated rivalry of busy life, to pass into the hushed cloisters, to turn from the vociferous market-place into a building whose stately aisles are lit with the light of heaven, refulgent from surrounding windows with azure, crimson, and purple, has a tendency to solemnise existence and to deepen its consciousness. There may be silence in such buildings, but there is often inspiration. There is much in the commercial spirit of our time that is honourable and praiseworthy, as we all admit; yet, amid the gross pleasure of material prosperity and mercenary ambition, the higher ends of life are sometimes obscured. Observation is lost in locomotion, thought in action, and ideality in materialism. We make an ideality of the immediate. It is to be hoped that labours culminating in such proceedings as to-day has witnessed will have a tendency to lift up national aspirations to a higher level. When this higher sentiment expires, it will be a dark day for our country. It is the great saving principle, the great latent force of civil society. These healthy examples of public spirit, apart from sectarian leanings or theological prejudices, ought to be sustained by every one interested in the welfare of the country."

CHAPTER X.

CENTRAL NEWCASTLE.

"The Nuns' Field, where monks and fairies
Used to cut their midneet capers,
An' the market, where aw selled canaries,
Is now fine shops for drapers.
These fine things the eyes may dazzle,
Or call forth the poet's praise,
But they nivver can make awd Newcassel
Like the toon of other days."

—R. P. Sutherland.

FOR convenience of description we have applied the term "Central Newcastle" to the space lying between Blackett Street on the north, Newgate Street and Bigg Market on the west, Pilgrim Street on the east, and Mosley Street on the south. This space includes the most modern

part of Newcastle within the walls. There is not an old house in it, with the exception of a few in High Friar Street and the High Bridge, and the site it stands on was anciently occupied by the gardens of the Nunnery and of the Franciscan monastery, and by the valley of Lort Burn.

Central Newcastle is almost exclusively the creation of Richard Grainger. We have before described how he obtained possession of it, levelled it, and built upon it the handsome streets which are the pride of Newcastle, and rendered it the equal in architectural beauty of any provincial town. There will be little to remind us of old times in the present aspect of this quarter of the town, but there are many interesting and picturesque features connected with the life of the present, and of recent times, to claim our attention.

"The Monument" at the head of Grey Street—that land-mark for benighted strangers who have lost their way in "the toon"—shall be our starting-point. This handsome column is surmounted by the statue by Bailey of Earl Grey of Howick, Northumberland, that famous statesman, whose name will be for ever linked with the words "Reform" and "Emancipation." The inscription on the base of the column runs thus—

"THIS COLUMN WAS ERECTED IN 1838, TO COMMEMORATE THE SERVICES RENDERED TO HIS COUNTRY BY

CHARLES, EARL GREY, K.G.,

WHO, DURING AN ACTIVE POLITICAL CAREER OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY WAS THE CONSTANT ADVOCATE OF PEACE AND THE FEARLESS AND CONSISTENT CHAMPION OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

HE FIRST DIRECTED HIS EFFORTS TO THE AMENDMENT OF THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE IN 1792, AND WAS THE MINISTER BY WHOSE ADVICE, AND UNDER WHOSE GUIDANCE, THE GREAT MEASURE OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM WAS, AFTER AN ARDUOUS AND PROTRACTED STRUGGLE, SAFELY AND TRIUMPHANTLY ACHIEVED IN THE YEAR 1832."

Starting from the Monument we descend Grey Street, the finest street in Newcastle, and perhaps in the whole kingdom. It is the masterpiece of Grainger. The filling in and levelling of the site on which it stands was a stupendous task, and our admiration of the beautiful buildings is increased by the knowledge of the difficulties surmounted in their erection. In some parts of the street the masonry of the foundations is said to be as far below ground as the superstructure is above. One great advantage, however, the builder had: he had a clear space to commence on, and was free to lay out the whole street and plan the buildings with a view to the general effect, without being bound to preserve

and work-in any existing buildings. It is only in this manner that handsome streets can be formed, and it is because of this plan being followed under the Second Empire that Paris is so much more beautiful than London. The latter city can show as handsome buildings as are to be found in the gay capital; only they are detached and buried up, instead of being artistically and systematically arranged.

The very first object we come upon in walking down Grey Street is an example of the advantage of this unity of plan. It is the noble triangular building called the Central Exchange. Only one of the fronts is in Grey Street, but they are all uniform in design, and are after the model of the Corinthian Temple of Vesta at Tivoli. The handsome domes which surmount the three corners are a great feature in the sky-line of several streets of Central Newcastle. The interior is a noble semi-circular area, splendidly lighted from the roof. Mr. Grainger offered it to the corporation for a corn market, but the offer was declined. It is now used as a subscription reading room, picture gallery, and concert hall. Could the corporation see its way to follow the example of other towns and form a public collection of pictures, the Exchange would make a splendid gallery. Its excellent lighting and its shape would adapt it admirably to this purpose, while its central position is another great recommendation. Public picture galleries should always be in the central parts of large towns, so that they may be most readily accessible to the whole body of inhabitants. They should be placed where the tired citizen may look in, if only for a few minutes at a time, and while resting, drink in the beauties which art lays open before him. To those without pictures at home the gallery collection should supply their place. It may be said that picture galleries are better in quiet suburban situations, out of the bustle and din of the town, so that art students may more conveniently study in them. But the improvement of students is not the great object of public collections. They should be opened for the exhibition of works of art already executed, not so that people may learn to execute more; otherwise the means would be placed before the great end of public art galleries—the elevation and refinement of the masses. Not that artists should be discouraged—far from it; the best way to encourage them is to elevate the public taste, and this can only be done by placing good work before them.

Lambton's Bank, opposite the Exchange, occupies nearly the site of Anderson Place. It was proposed by Grainger to erect here a large building to contain assize courts, judges' lodgings, mansion house, and municipal offices, but the town council did not approve of the idea, and it was abandoned.

Below, on the same side, is the Theatre Royal, the great ornament of Grey Street. Its noble Corinthian portico, after the design of the Pantheon at Rome, is beautiful from every point of view. The street called High Bridge crosses Grey Street a little below. It is

on the site of the ancient Upper Dene Bridge. We have before striven to realise the aspect of the dene in the days of the Edwards, when the boats came up the Lort Burn to the back of the merchants' houses on its western bank. Until the end of last century the burn continued to run open, but by that time it had changed from a clear sparkling stream into a receptacle for butchers' offal and all kinds of rubbish. Above the bridge, it flowed between the Nuns' Field and the grounds of Anderson Place, and below, it ran to the Side between steep and dangerous banks. When the eighteenth century was waning, the state of the burn became the subject of public attention, and it was resolved to arch it over, and fill up the valley below High Bridge. An Act of Parliament was obtained, and the work was done.

Before this the only communication between the central parts of the town was by "narrow stinking alleys," but now a broad street was formed, leading from Pilgrim Street across the filled-in valley to St. Nicholas' Church. It was named Mosley Street, after Alderman Mosley, who took a very active part in these town improvements. On the made ground on the north side of Mosley Street—that is, over the site of the valley—a theatre was built ; also a new post office and market.

The Theatre Royal stood facing down Dean Street, also built about the time of which we are speaking, upon ground formed by filling in the lower part of the dene. It was a brick building, and in front was a covered porch adorned with festoons and dramatic emblems. It is described as unsurpassed by any provincial theatre in the kingdom for chasteness of decoration and general comfort. It was capable of seating 1500 persons, and the architect was David Stevenson, who at the same time was busy with the erection of All Saints' Church. The ancient thoroughfare, now called Drury Lane, which led from the old Flesh Market to the valley of the Lort Burn, and was, perhaps, used by the merchants in olden times for the transport of goods to the boats, was stopped against the west side of the theatre, and turned as at present into Mosley Street. The site of the theatre is thus easily recognisable, for some of the entrances to it were in Drury Lane.

The history of dramatic art in Newcastle is very interesting. About the middle of the sixteenth century, when secular plays began to take the place of the mysteries and moralities of Popish times, companies of strolling players went from town to town, under protection of some nobleman's name, whose servants they professed to be, in order to escape the pains and penalties against vagrants with which they otherwise would have been visited. We have numerous accounts of companies playing before the mayor and corporation in the Merchants' Court on the Sandhill, and receiving money for so doing ; but in Puritanic times the Newcastle magistrates were especially zealous in chastising the poor players as rogues and vagabonds. Stage plays in those days were performed by stealth in the outskirts, and even there the actors were not

always safe from the vigilance of the town's officers, for we have many instances in the town records of their having been seized and whipped. The victims on one occasion, we read, were sundry stage-struck heroes of Jesmond and Ewes Burn village. After the Restoration the players grew more courageous, for we find them performing in Newcastle ; but as it was in the Moot Hall, a place not included in the liberties of the town, we may suppose they still had a wholesome awe of the municipal Dogberries. In later days, the race week and the assize week, during which the town was thronged with visitors, were great times for theatrical performances. We read of the production of the "Beggars' Opera" in "the great booth in Mr. Usher's raff-yard," in Queen Street, at the head of the Side, in 1728. At the same time the theatre in the Moot Hall was going on, and continued to do so up to 1742. There was a rival theatre, called the "Castle Garth Theatre," opened in 1781. The most fashionable theatre, however, at this time, was the theatre attached to the Turk's Head Inn, in Newgate Street, opened in 1747. It continued to be used for about forty years—in fact, until the 2nd of January 1788, when the theatre in Mosley Street, of which we are speaking, was opened with the comedy of "The way to keep him," and "The Sultan." Austin and Whitelock, from the Turk's Head, were the first managers, and names of men well known in theatrical annals afterwards figure in the same capacity, such as Munden, Stephen Kemble the portly, and W. Macready, father of the great W. C. Macready. On its stage Liston made his first appearance ; here performed Emery, Terry, and Charles Kemble ; and here Master Betty, the "young Roscius," in 1805 drew £213, 9s., "the largest house ever was in Newcastle."

Adjoining the Theatre, on the east, was the Post Office, and a passage way between the two led to the new Flesh Market behind, which, it will be seen, occupied the site of the lower part of Grey Street. The Market was square and enclosed by buildings and a high wall. There were other three entrances to it besides the one just mentioned—one, still known as Market Lane, from Pilgrim Street, another from High Bridge, and the third from the old Fish Market. The Market House with its clock, which used to stand at the White Cross, was removed to the New Market, and stood at the north side of the square. The weigh-house and keeper's house were at the south side. There were about one hundred and fifty shops disposed in streets inside the Market Place, and butcher-meat, poultry, eggs, tripe, butter, and other provisions were displayed in the various quarters allotted to them. Outside in Mosley Street stood long rows of country carts, with potatoes and vegetables, but a place was afterwards made for them inside.

During all these alterations, it must be remembered that the Lort Burn, above High Bridge, still ran uncovered, and that Anderson's Place and grounds still stood on the east, and the Nun's Field on the west side of it, and together occupied all the space between

Newgate and Pilgrim Streets. Such was the condition of Central Newcastle when Grainger started his great scheme of town improvement which we have in another place touched upon. Since he completed his work very little alteration has been made in it. His arrangement cannot be improved upon, and to alter is to spoil it, as is evidenced by such new buildings as have been inserted in place of and among his edifices. However beautiful in themselves, they spoil the repose and unity of the original, complete, and perfect whole.

To return to our starting point, the Monument. While passing towards it up Grey Street, we cannot but admire the graceful curve of the course, which adds so much to the beauty of the street, and causes the various points of architectural interest to gradually unfold themselves as we proceed. Arrived at the Monument, we see the long line of Grainger Street, running off at an acute angle to Grey Street, towards the Central Station. It is handsome in its architecture, but tame in comparison with Grey Street. The busy shops, the crowds of people, and the ever-passing tram-cars, give it the appearance of any ordinary town street ; but there is one thing in it which few towns can show. This is the Butcher Market, which lies on its north-west side. The market forms a square bounded by Grainger Street, Nelson Street, Clayton Street, and Nuns' Street, and covers an area of two acres. It is one of the largest and finest covered markets in the country. Entering by one of the archways from Grainger Street, we pass through street after street of butchers' shops, in which are displayed hecatombs of fresh killed meat. Rosy-faced butchers surround us on all sides until we reach the regions where eggs, bacon, and other provisions are displayed. There are four long avenues crossed by four shorter ones on this side of the market. The western side is not divided, but forms a spacious covered hall 318 feet long, 57 wide, and 40 high. This part was originally used as a vegetable market, but now that the new Green Market has been opened close at hand in Clayton Street, it is given up to dealers in all manner of goods. There used to be in the centre a large stone basin, with a fountain in it, which on market days played, and had a very pretty effect, especially when, as was often the case, the ducks brought for sale were allowed to swim about in the water. The "Butcher's Spittoon," as the fountain was nicknamed by the boys, has now been removed, and the ducks have to be content with dry quarters.

On a Saturday morning the market clock looks down upon a busy scene. Countrywomen with butter and eggs and poultry, dealers in rabbits alive and dead, toy-sellers, tin-ware and pottery merchants, line the centre walk with their stalls and stands. Here are pens of live animals of all kinds ; tame rabbits, guinea pigs, hedgehogs, squirrels, game cocks, pigeons, blackbirds, and other feathered pets, are eagerly inspected by delighted troops of school-boys, enjoying their Saturday holiday. Down the sides are cheese

and bacon, green-grocers', dried fish, and other shops, and also numerous tea and refreshment rooms, much frequented by the country people. But the great bulk of the space is taken up by the book-stalls, for here are gathered together the dealers in second-hand books. Time was when you might find book-stalls in many parts of the town, but now they are only to be found here. Many a delightful hour has been passed in the market by enthusiastic collectors, in overhauling the rows of books so invitingly displayed, and here many a rare volume has been snapped up by the knowing ones for a mere trifle, and triumphantly carried away. But now-adays such bargains are scarcely to be hoped for. The sellers have a pretty good idea of the value of their wares, and there is more competition amongst collectors; yet still there is a chance of lighting upon something good amongst the long lines of still-born though bulky works, the back volumes of magazines, and transactions and reports of all sorts of extinct societies, which are marshalled in serried array to try the patience of the searcher.

The market was built by Grainger to replace that which was removed from the old theatre when Grey Street was built. It occupies the site of the Nuns' Field, which formerly belonged to the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew in Newgate Street. Where it stands ran the little Lam Burn, or Execution Dock as it was called, which flowed across Newgate Street from Darn Crook, and along the west side of the present Green Market, and joined the Lort Burn somewhere about the middle of Grainger Street entrance to the Butcher Market.

Past the market there is little else of interest in the remainder of Grainger Street. Where it now joins the Bigg Market stood the old Turk's Head Inn, with its theatre; and opposite stood the Fighting Cocks and the narrow entrance into St. John's Lane, or "Copper Alley," as it was once called. Now instead we see the broad way of Grainger Street West, with the beautiful old church of St. John on the left hand side and the Central Station closing the view.

Parallel with Grainger Street, Clayton Street runs from Eldon Square to the Cattle Market. Behind the Butcher Market is, as we have said, the Green Market—a Covent Garden on a small scale. At the north end of Clayton Street we see, on the left, the old narrow High Friar Chare, which forms a picturesque view, with the east window of St. Andrew's Church at its further end; and turning round, we see on the right the continuation of the same thoroughfare, formerly leading to the Grey Friars' Monastery, but now ending with the towering column of Grey's Monument. In front, across Blackett Street, is Eldon Square, its tall and handsome houses standing back in quiet retirement around the railed-in shrubbery.

We make towards the Monument again—this time by way of Blackett Street. Just before reaching the Joiners' Hall and St. James's Congregational Chapel, is a large house, above the doorway

of which, on the lamp iron, we see displayed in gilt letters the words, "Academy of Arts." This place, now used as an auction room, ought to be interesting, not only to the people of the North, but to art lovers all over the world, for it is intimately connected with the name of one of England's greatest painters—Thomas Miles Richardson—the Turner of Newcastle. He had rooms just over the way in Brunswick Place, and had fitted them up for the private exhibition of his pictures, when the project of a public exhibition in Newcastle was suggested. He fell in with the idea, and the first exhibition was held 23rd September 1822. A society was formed, called "The Northumberland Institute for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in the North of England." Richardson was treasurer, and H. P. Parker, another well-known local artist, secretary. The patrons were numerous and influential, comprising Earl Grey, the Bishop of Durham, the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Lord Ravensworth, Earl of Tankerville, Sir John Swinburne, Matthew Bell, Esq., and Major Anderson. The new society flourished, and built the Academy of Arts, together with a house on either side of it for the use of the secretary and treasurer. The academy was opened 11th June 1827 with an exhibition of pictures by native and other artists. We shall afterwards speak more at length of T. M. Richardson and his work.

We have now completed our tour of Central Newcastle, and have returned to the Monument, and are reminded of the old town wall which once ran east from here to Carliol Tower, but the stones of which are now far beneath our feet, having been used in forming the sewer which runs along Blackett Street. Of another old friend, the Lort Burn, which once ran here between its green banks, we are also reminded. It still runs on its course to the river, but is now enclosed in its channel of masonry far beneath the streets now graced by the palatial buildings of Richard Grainger. Its course continues down Dean Street and the Side to the river. It forms part of the system of sewers—that great network which carries the drainage of the town to the Tyne—and may aptly be called Underground Newcastle.

Here and there in the streets we see square iron trap-doors over which we pass, little dreaming that perhaps a hundred feet beneath us rushes some imprisoned stream, which once ran a clear and pellucid brook, open to the face of day. Sometimes we may chance to find one of these trap-doors open, and two or three men dressed in waterproof garments, long boots, and sou'-westers, grouped around it. It may be, as we pass, we see one of these men, his garments dripping wet, just emerging from the square opening; for the dark and noisome drains are regularly explored and examined with a view to the discovery of leakages and performance of repairs, and the work is as perilous as it is unpleasant. Many are the narrow escapes from death which have occurred in these gloomy places, and many a man has lost his way amongst their

tortuous ramifications. In the local records we hear of a woman having once, by some means or another, done the same thing. Under date 30th of April 1839, we read :—"As police-constable No. 17, Robert Bartram, was on duty near the Postern, about three o'clock in the morning, he heard cries as of a female in distress, and on approaching the grate of a common sewer he saw a woman underneath. Implements having been obtained, the grate was lifted, and she was extricated in a most deplorable condition. Her name was Margaret Scott, and she must have wandered through the sewers for a considerable distance." The dangers of the sewers are not felt only by those who descend into them. Every living creature in the town is subject to their noxious influence. Their deadly gases creep into our houses, and poison the air of our streets, while their liquid and solid contents pollute our river. So we suppose they must continue to do until science shall invent, and local powers adopt, some other plan, more worthy of our boasted civilisation, of dealing with the sewage of towns.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SIDE AND DEAN STREET.

"THE Side" is a curious name for a street. Some say it was given to this thoroughfare because it led up the side of the hill, from the river to the higher parts of the town. Some say it has a connection with some forgotten name of the Lort Burn, because the street outside Newgate (now Percy Street), across which the upper portion of the same burn flowed, was called "Sid-gate." But it is possible that both suppositions may be wrong, for names have often been bestowed on account of some trifling incident or evanescent quality, and have been transmitted down and perpetuated after the cause which gave rise to them has passed away and been forgotten. We have before glanced at the old-time condition of the Side, when the Lort Burn, a navigable stream, ran down the present site of Dean Street, and flowed through the lower part of the street to the Sandhill. We have seen how the boats sailed up the burn to near the Upper Dene Bridge, where Grey Street now stands, on ground made by filling in the valley. Lower down, the burn was crossed by the Nether Dene Bridge—where the street called Low Bridge now is.

There was another bridge, still lower down, near the foot of the Side, but we have no means of knowing when it was built, though necessity would probably cause its erection in very early mediæval times. In those days the name "Side" was only applied to the houses which stood from the corner of the Sandhill along the right

bank of the burn. The opposite side of the street was called "Flesher Raw," and this name probably applied also to its eastern continuation up Allhallow Bank, which we find in our day called Butcher Bank, though now transformed into "Akenside Hill." The steep upper part of the Side was called "Cordwainers' Raw," but afterwards the name "Side" was given to the whole of the street. We may well imagine the inconvenience of the thoroughfare in the olden times, when the burn ran open down the middle of the lower part, often at high tide overflowing its banks and rendering traffic doubly dangerous, if not altogether impossible. In 1696 the burn was arched over and a paved roadway constructed in the Side. It still, however, continued to run uncovered through the other parts of the town for many years.

Even after this improvement the steepness of the hill rendered the ascent of the Side a toilsome task, especially for wheeled vehicles. The upper part in particular was calculated to strike strangers with dismay, as, seated behind the straining horses, they beheld overhanging stories of houses, almost meeting overhead, and shutting out the light of day from the steep and gloomy roadway. No doubt many a sigh of relief has been breathed as the stage-coach reached the level ground at the top, and was skilfully piloted through the narrow street between the west door of St. Nicholas' and the old houses which stood opposite, while the guard blew a cheerful blast to apprise the ostlers at "The Cock," or the "White Hart," of their approach. Many a stout battle with the steep hill has been waged by the horses of the "Newcastle broad-wheelers," the stage waggons which journeyed with their passengers and merchandise between Newcastle and other towns—the journey to London occupying sixteen days. There was, of course, another way from the bridge-end to the higher parts of the town, by Butcher Bank and Pilgrim Street, but it was almost as steep as the Side, and certainly more roundabout. This latter circumstance would not suit the flying coaches, bound as they were to time. There was, besides, another way, more roundabout still, used sometimes by people who were not in such a desperate hurry as the drivers of the coaches. This was along the Quayside, up Broad Chare, Cowgate, and Manor Chare, to Pilgrim Street, and many carriages, carts, and droves of cattle passed by it, both to and from the bridge. We read in Bourne that the Side, that busy thoroughfare, thronged by coaches, waggons, and vehicles of all kinds, was "from one end to the other filled with shops of merchants, goldsmiths, milliners, and upholsterers, etc."

We have before passed the head of the Side in going to the castle. We mentioned it, too, in speaking of the old houses which ran down the middle of the Bigg Market to past the end of Denton Chare. The old houses are all gone, and since they vanished many others which used to stand hereabouts have followed them. The famous "Cock," and the "Blue Bell," at the head of the Side, are gone. So is the shop of Joseph Barber, the

prosperous bookseller of Amen Corner, who had the first circulating library in Newcastle ; so, and but the other day, is the old house which stood next it. So is the whole street opposite, in one of the houses of which was born a well-known citizen of the town—Thomas Doubleday, political economist and poet—the genial author of the "Coquetdale Fishing Songs." The old pant still remains, and happily we can still point out the house in which was born the pride and glory of Newcastle, and of all England too—Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, the hero of a hundred fights, and bright example of all that is self-denying, chivalrous, and noble in human nature. "Old Cuddie" the sailors lovingly called him ; and his friend Nelson in many instances bears witness to his lovable disposition and sterling merit. "Dear Coll," wrote England's great sea captain, twelve days before the battle of Trafalgar—"we can have no little jealousies ; we have only one object in view. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you, and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend."

"What an amiable, good man he is," Nelson wrote again of him in 1784; "all the rest are geese." Again, "The brothers Collingwood were the only officers, with myself, who ever attempted to hinder the illicit trade with America."

The other brother was Wilfrid Collingwood of the *Rattler*, a first-rate officer, who was cut off young.

At the battle of St. Vincent Captain Cuthbert Collingwood came up in the *Excellent*. Says Nelson, "Here comes the *Excellent*, which is as good as two added to our number." Collingwood soon made one of the enemy's ships strike, and took her, and was on the point of subduing another when he saw his friend in danger. "He disdained the empty parade," as Nelson afterwards said, "of taking possession of a vanquished enemy, and gallantly pushed up to the aid of his messmate." "Dear Collingwood," wrote the latter, in thanking him for this service, "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

At Trafalgar, when Collingwood led his column into action, "Look at that noble fellow, Collingwood," said Nelson. "Observe the style in which he carries his ship into action." Said Collingwood, at the same moment, "What would Nelson give to be in our situation !" There was no envy or jealousy on either side, but, as has truly been said, "the great friendship of great hearts."

The character of Collingwood was entirely without affectation. He was in this respect, as in others, the type and model of a true Englishman. He was always calm, yet decided ; strict in his discipline, yet tender of heart and merciful ; economical in all things, and plain in his dress. "A small cocked hat, a square cut blue coat with tarnished epaulettes, blue waistcoat, and small clothes, boots guiltless of blacking and occasionally greased—this was his costume on state occasions."

His life, though a glorious, was a sad one. A loving husband

and father, and passionately fond of home, he spent the greater portion of his life at sea, in the service of his country. The letters he wrote home are perfect models of good English. Had he been otherwise unknown they alone would have immortalised his name. There is little in our language to surpass what Thackeray has called "the manly, lucid grace of Collingwood's English."

He died at sea, "worn and torn" in the performance of his onerous duties, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Here in the Side stands the house in which he was born, and which Milcha Collingwood, his mother, sold to the grandfather of the present Mr. Harvey, tobacco manufacturer. It is now known by the sign of the "Meter's Arms."

Below it, some of the old houses of the Side remain, with their overhanging upper stories, to show us what the place was once like; but the opposite side of the street was pulled down and rebuilt in 1827. Half-way down the latter side, at the foot of the steep part, a narrow flight of steps, called the "Dog Loup Stairs," lead up the hill-side to the Castle Yard. The east Postern stood at the top of them. There was in ancient times a vacant space on the bank-side adjoining these stairs, called "Laurence Acton's Waste." It belonged to Laurence Acton, who was mayor of the town, and was afterwards used as a place of deposit for rubbish. On the opposite side of the street from the foot of the stairs, a short narrow lane, called Swinburne Place, gave access by some stairs to another narrow and dark lane, which led down to the bank of the Lort Burn, just opposite the foot of Painter Heugh. From the latter lane another, called Pencher Place, branched off to the north, and ran along the west bank of the burn as far as the Nether Dene Bridge. The present Burnt House Entry, running from the Side to St. Nicholas' Churchyard, is probably on or near its site.

Before leaving the west part of the Side, we should have said that besides the Dog Loup Stairs, another flight lower down the street also leads up to the "Three Bulls' Heads," in the Castle Garth, and that there are many entries and stairs running back amongst the mass of closely-built old houses which crowd the Castle Hill.

Where Dean Street at present joins the Side formerly stood a pant. Bourne says of it—"The pant standing near the shop of Mr. Robert Makepiece is undoubtedly that which went by the name of Allhallows' Pant." He shows its position on the plan accompanying his *History of Newcastle*. Where Dean Street now is was then an open valley, with the Lort Burn flowing through it, and houses and gardens on the banks at each side. It must have been a pleasant place before the stream was polluted by the refuse of the town.

Painter Heugh leads up the eastern bank to Pilgrim Street. At present it is a narrow and generally dirty lane. Three hundred years ago (in 1560) we find it mentioned in the will of James

Fenne, grocer and apothecary. Part of the will runs thus :—"To my well-beloved wyfe Johan, my newe house lyeinge in the Syde, now by me enhabited, during her life natural ; with also a garden lyeinge in the Paynter Hughe . . . To my brother Christopher thre letel gardens lyeinge in a place called Paynter Hughe."

There was a mill here, as we find by the will of Mark Shaftoe, mayor of Newcastle in 1578, who lived in the Side, and left to his nephew "a mill standing in a certaine place called the Painter Heughe."

The famous "Printing House" of John White, founder of the *Newcastle Courant* in 1711, was at the head of the Painter Heugh.

How this lane got its peculiar name is not known. There is a tradition that it arose from the fact of boats making fast their painters here. Most probably boats did do so, and underneath the bottom corner house there exist the remains of a quay wall with an iron ring inserted in the masonry, and bearing marks such as a boat-hook would make ; but that this gave rise to the name is very improbable.

Down to the end of the eighteenth century there were many good houses, with gardens before them, on the sloping banks of the Lort. You may come upon some of them yet, with their decorated cornices and handsome wood chimney-pieces, and fragments of perishing decoration both external and internal, amongst the crowded dwellings between Dean Street and Pilgrim Street. The valley of the Lort was crossed about the middle of Dean Street by the Nether Dene Bridge. Its site is marked by the passage now called Low Bridge. This bridge was built in the reign of Richard II. on the site of the ancient one built by the Romans, and forming part of the great wall which crossed the valley here.

We have before described the arching-over of the upper portion of the burn, the filling-in of the valley, and the erection of the buildings which gave place to Grey Street. About the same time the Nether Dene Bridge was removed, the lower portion of the Dene was filled in, and Dean Street was built. This was in 1787, the same year in which Brand published his *History*. The traffic was now diverted from the Side, and passed up the new street, which soon became one of the best business thoroughfares of the town. The Theatre Royal, at the top, we find mentioned in *Patterson's Roads*, the Bradshaw of the old coaching days, as the point of admeasurement from which distances were calculated both north and south of Newcastle. Thus we find, in the table of distances for the great North Road, that Newcastle-upon-Tyne *Theatre* was 273¾ miles from London, and 122 from Edinburgh. The first mail from Newcastle to the south was conveyed by the Royal Mail coach on the 22nd of November 1786, and the first to the north on the twenty-seventh of the same month. The stage-coaches, of course, ran much earlier. In 1712 the Edinburgh, Berwick, Newcastle, Durham, and London stage-coaches passed up the Side, and changed at the White Hart. The Leeds and Newcastle

diligence set out from Mr. Hall's, "The Cock Inn," head of the Side.

Since the age of railways the importance of Dean Street has waned. The High Level Bridge and the Quayside railway have again diverted the traffic into new channels, and newer streets are playing the part which Dean Street performed in the early part of the century. So these new streets, now in the height of their prosperity, may one day be, in their turn, thrown into the background by some new advance in the march of improvement, equally as unforeseen as that which caused the decay of Dean Street.

The Side, below the foot of Dean Street, still retains many of the old houses with their large windows, which overhung its causeway when the burn still ran open through it.

The opening from the foot of the Side into the Sandhill was anciently very narrow. The houses of the Side ran to a sharp corner about the middle of the present opening. In 1784 the old corner houses were pulled down (probably with them Katy's Coffee House), "for the purpose of widening the very narrow and dangerous turning." In recent years it has been still more widened and rounded off, as we now see it.

One of the most striking objects in the Side in old times was the Cale Cross. It stood on the north side of the street, near the foot of Butcher Bank. It is mentioned as early as the time of Richard II. Gray, in 1649, calls it "a fair crosse, with columns of hewn stone." Bourne says that in his time "this account is still just," and that "there is at the top of it a cistern which holds the new water." The new water was brought to the town from Gateshead Fell in 1697. Bourne adds, "Here is sold milk, eggs, cheese, butter, etc.," and says that it got its name "because of the cale or broth which was sold there in former times;" but Brand thinks it more probable that it was so called on account of the herb kail-wort, used in making broth, being sold there. The latter writer also remembers the water cistern on the top. In 1773 the Cale Cross was taken down. It was rebuilt in 1783 by that busy architect, David Stevenson, who, it will be remembered, rebuilt the old White Cross in the same year, and All Saints' Church a few years later. The new Cale Cross was built at the expense of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., of Blagdon. In 1786 the top was ornamented with the figure of a lion couchant and four corner vases. In 1807 increase of traffic in the Side caused the removal of the cross, and it was set up in the grounds of Blagdon, where it still remains.

At the foot of Butcher Bank, close to the Cale Cross, stood a well-known old Newcastle inn, the Nag's Head. It was built about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and tradition honours it as being the official residence of the mayor, and the abiding place of King James I. during that monarch's sojourn in Newcastle, while on his way from Scotland to take his seat upon the throne of England.

"The true narrative of the entertainment of His Royall Majestie—

from the time of his departure from Edinburgh till his receiving in London, with all or the most special occurrences; together with the names of those gentlemen whom his Majestie honoured with knighthood (at London, printed by Thomas Creed for Thomas Millington, 1603)" says—"When his Majestie drew neare to Newcastle, the Mayor, Aldermen, Counsell, and the best Commoners of the same, besides numbers of other people, met him; the Mayor presenting him with the sword and keyes, with humble dutie and submission, which his Highness graciously accepting, he returned them again; giving also to his Majestie a purse full of gold" (it is not recorded that he returned this). "And so passing on, he was conducted to the Mayor's house, where he was richly entertained, and remained there three days. Upon Sunday, being the 10th of April, his Majestie went to the church, before whom the Bishop of Durham preached. And that day (as is his most Christian-like custom) he spent in devotion. He rested till Monday, which he bestowed in viewing the towne, the manner and beautie of the bridge and keye being one of the best in the north parts." He left on the Wednesday morning, "and in the Bridge, before he came to Gates-side, he made Mr. Robert Dudley, Mayor of Newcastle, a knight." The placing of this scene upon the bridge runs counter to a tradition which says that this wise king refused to pass over any bridge, because, as he said, "a brig could but fa' ance," and that he was ferried over the Tyne, and on landing at Gateshead asked for a drink, which was brought him from a well close by, ever afterwards known as King James's Well.

It is to be hoped that wheresoever bestowed, Sir Robert received the accolade with becoming thankfulness; certainly it could not be said that he was distinguished by his new title, so lavishly was it scattered abroad in those days. The king had but to visit the house of one of his new subjects—nay, he had but to favour them by receiving the most common offices of courtesy at their hands—sometimes he had but to hear their names mentioned—and the immediate result was the imposition of knighthood. It was no empty compliment as far as the royal pocket was concerned, for he took care that only those who could afford to pay the accustomed fees received the dubious honour, and knights became as plentiful as blackberries. Macaulay relates in his "Essay on Lord Bacon," how that philosopher, finding himself singular in being without a prefix to his name, "became solicitous to be knighted, for two reasons," which, the great essayist says, "are somewhat amusing."

"The king had already dubbed half London, and Bacon found himself the only untitled person in his mess at Gray's Inn. This was not agreeable to him. He had also, to quote his own words, 'found an alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden to his liking.' On both these grounds he begged his cousin Robert Cecil, 'if it might please his good lordship,' to use his interest in his behalf. The application was successful. Bacon was one of three hundred

gentlemen who, on the coronation day, received the honour, if it is to be so called, of knighthood. The handsome maiden, a daughter of Alderman Burnham, soon after consented to become Sir Francis's lady."

According to the catalogue of the Somerset Herald, James I. created 2323 knights, of whom 900 were made the first year of his reign. Numerous were the songs written, satirising the new knights, whose only qualification, in many cases, was the possession of the necessary forty pounds a-year. This is part of one of these songs, called—

"COME TO COURT AND BE MADE KNIGHTS."

"Come all you farmers out of the country,
Carters, ploughmen, hedgers, and all;
Tom, Dick, and Will, Ralph, Roger, and Humphrey,
Leave off your gestures rustical.
Bid all your homespun russets adieu,
And suit yourselves to fashions new;
Honour invites you to delights—
Come to the court and be made knights.

"He that hath forty pounds per annum
Shall be promoted from the plough,
His wife shall take the wall of her grannam,
Honour is sold so dog cheap now.
Though thou hast neither good birth nor breeding,
If thou hast money thou'st sure of speeding;
Honour invites you to delights—
Come to the court and be made knights.

"Knighthood in old times was counted an honour,
Which the blessed spirits did not disdain;
But now it is used in so base a manner,
That it's no credit, but rather a stain.
Tush! it's no matter what people do say,
The name of a knight a whole village will sway;
Honour invites you to delights—
Come to the court and be made knights."

Newcastle had enough and to spare of King James's knights. Amongst them we find—besides Sir Robert Dudley—Sir Peter Riddell, Sir George Selby, Sir Henry Andrews, Sir Thomas Riddell; and we find the royal gossip visiting Heaton Hall, in the parish of All Saints', in 1617, and concluding his visit by making his host into Sir Henry Babbington. King Charles I. followed in his father's footsteps, as will be seen. We have before mentioned the visit of three Norwich travellers to Newcastle in 1634. This was immediately after a visit of King Charles. They say, "The last mayor (Sir Lionel Maddison), and now recorder (Sir Thomas Riddell), did both endure knighthood (whereby their pockets would be considerably lightened) in his Majestie's late progresse. Then did we take a view of the Market Place, the Towne Hall, the neat

crosse, over against which is a stately, prince-like, freestone inne (Mr. Leonard Carr's), in which we tasted a cup of good wine. Then taking a view of the four churches of the towne, and breaking our fast in that fayre inne, we hastened to take horse, and now we are ready to take our leaves of the progresse way, having no stomaches for Tweed nor those inhabitants."

From this account it appears that the Nag's Head, whether it was the residence of the mayor before or not, was now an inn. We find it spoken of again by another traveller of the same period, Sir William Brereton of Cheshire, a well-known supporter of the Parliament during the Great Rebellion. He says, "The fairest-built inn in England that I have seen is Mr. Carr's in this town." He gives an interesting account of the town :—"This Newcastle is beyond compare the fairest and richest town in England, inferior in wealth and building to no town in England except London and Bristow. Over the river there is erected (except the London Bridge over the Thames and the bridge at Berwick-on-Tweed) one of the finest bridges I have met with in England, consisting of eight arches, with houses over them in the bridge. This town (a great part of it) is placed upon the highest and steepest hills I have found in any great town. Here is the fairest quay in England I have met withal, from Tyne Bridge all along the town wall. This town is also famous for the walls which compass round the town, about which you may walk, and which are strengthened with strong towers placed upon the walls at no great distance."

Mine host of the Nag's Head espoused the opposite side to Sir William ; he was a staunch and devoted Royalist. We find one Leonard Carr, alderman of Newcastle—and there is every reason to suppose he is the same Leonard Carr who kept the inn—summoned by the Parliament before the Sequestration Committee and declared a delinquent. The articles exhibited against him are given in detail by Bourne. He is accused of having joined Sir John Marley and others in lending money to King Charles after he had left and deserted the Parliament in 1642 ; also of having disposed in the same manner of money from the town's treasury, and of an impost of threepence per chaldron on coal shipped from the port. He is mentioned as having been appointed chief surveyor for the building of a fort against the Parliamentary forces. This fort was called after him, "Carr's Battery," and stood outside Sandgate ; on its site afterwards stood the famous "Sandgate Midden." He is accused of "pulling down some houses in a place called Sandgate, to the utter undoing of the poor inhabitants." This was to make room for the fort. The last account we have of the loyal alderman bears testimony to his charity. We find him leaving to the poor of All Hallows' parish the sum of £5 per annum, to be charged upon several houses in the Butcher Bank, one of which was the Nag's Head.

The old hostelry stood until 1862, when it was pulled down, and the present edifice, called Printing Court Buildings, built on its

site by Mr. Andrew Reid, the printer and publisher of so many well-known works of local interest. Adjoining, and commencing the Side, as the Nag's Head ended the Butcher Bank, stands the old shop of the late Joseph Garnett, chemist and druggist, his name still above the door. He was a Newcastle tradesman of the good old school, and distinguished for his charitable and amiable disposition. He was a great lover of the old town and her ancient buildings, and a great collector of antiquities. He was the last person buried in All Saints' churchyard—a special Act of Parliament having been obtained to allow of his wish in this respect being carried out. This was in 1862. Intra-mural churchyards were closed against burials in 1854. His memory is perpetuated by a stained glass window in St. Nicholas' Church.

The old house next door is labelled "For Sale," and some day soon we shall miss its familiar face, and see instead a brand new modern suite of offices. The march of improvement is rapid in the Side. One by one the old houses are vanishing. There are some still to be seen, with their wealth of casements and their overhanging stories strongly accentuated by the rigid perpendicularity of their new neighbours. The view up the Side is very fine, though the distance, with St. Nicholas' Church, is partly shut out by the huge and wonderful railway arch which crosses at the foot of Dean Street. By walking a little way up the street the beautiful spire may be seen framed in the mighty arch, and looking down, as it has done for so many hundreds of years, upon the changes and alterations going on beneath.

Our survey of the Side is now ended, and our next step would naturally be round the corner into the Sandhill. But we think the Sandhill, Close, and Quayside, though all within the walls, will most appropriately fall into place under the head of "Riverside Newcastle." So we, for the present, pass them by, and take our way to Pandon, and with the description of that ancient place bring to a close our account of "Newcastle within the Walls."

CHAPTER XII.

PANDON.

"As old as Pandon Gate."

—*Old Proverb.*

THE ancient and royal town of Pandon—or Pampeden as it was called in old times—has been reserved for the last place in our description of intra-mural Newcastle, not because of its unimportance, but, on the contrary, because it is one of the most interesting parts of the town ; also, because it was the last portion to be enclosed within the walls.

Although we have no record of its history previous to the Roman occupation of Britain, we may in imagination picture its state in those early times when the river Tyne was the boundary between two British tribes—the Brigantes, whose country extended southwards to the Humber, and the Ottadini, whose country extended northwards to the Tay. The waters of the Tyne, with their teeming wealth of fish, attracted towards them people of both tribes. Upon the most convenient sites villages were built, and in the whole valley there was none more suitable than the mouth of Pandon Burn.

The banks of the little stream as it approached the river expanded, and its waters probably divided and formed a little delta of rich alluvial soil. Into the sheltered creeks the canoes could be paddled, to be discharged of their finny cargoes upon the sloping beach beneath the alder trees; while the banks, where the sturdy oak and graceful birch rose amidst the thick underwood, offered convenient places for the erection of dwellings.

Upon the commanding eminence where now stands the Sallyport Tower would be erected a fortified village, the dwellings in the valley beneath being most probably occupied only during the fishing season. Hostile raids from all sides were to be guarded against; the chief enemies of the dwellers in Pandon being, of course, the Brigantes of the opposite shore. Quarrels would be of constant occurrence amongst the rival fishermen, and these would lead often to serious battles—to invasions from the one side and reprisals from the other—so that constant vigilance would be the order of the day, and still more of the night. Upon the river the war canoes of either tribe, filled with their blue-skinned warriors, would be on the watch to guard the interests of their friends: just as in our days of superior civilisation it is necessary for neighbouring nations to send their gunboats and blue-jackets to patrol the fishing grounds and guard the interests and lives of their compatriots. But tribal animosities were lulled to rest, and Briton ceased to war against Briton, when tidings came of the approach of a foreign foe.

The Brigantes were the first to meet the onset of the Roman legionaries, and as the "ill-armed and naked valour of Britain" could not stand before the mail-clad warriors of Vespasian, the country of the Brigantes was soon reduced to subjection. The turn of the Ottadini came next. Julius Agricola crossed the Tyne, and wasted and destroyed the country as far as the banks of the Tay. We can imagine the ruin and desolation which then fell on our little settlement, and how its surviving inhabitants were scattered far and wide amongst the wild hills and moors of the north and west. We shall not attempt to chronicle the long struggle of the Romans with the Britons, and their several attempts to confine the northern savages to their native fastnesses by means of ramparts and ditches. We have only to do with one—the wall which Hadrian built across the island from the Solway Firth to the Tyne.

The line of this great work ran past the north side of the little delta we have described, and thus was the future site of Pandon shut in between the rampart and the river. One of the numerous castles of the wall occupied the site of the fort the Britons had built on the hill-top.

We will for a moment glance at another little fishing village further up the Tyne, on the same side as Pandon, and situated at the mouth of another tributary burn, afterwards to be known as the Lort Burn. The history of this village, so far, would but be a repetition of that of its sister village down stream. But when the Romans saw the great natural strength of the steep hill which overlooked it on the west, and on which its defending fort was built; above all, when they saw the close proximity of this steep hill to the river, they pitched upon it as the site of a station, and began to build a bridge beneath its shelter. From the bridge and Hadrian its builder the station took its name—Pons Elii; and thus was the making of Newcastle commenced.

In the meantime we may be certain that the Pandon valley was again peopled. The Romans, secure in the possession of the country, ceased to persecute the natives within the pale, and employed them as assistants in their great engineering, and building, and other operations. The huts of the fishermen again would line the margin of the stream; again the fishing boats would dot the surface of the river.

Pons Elii, at first merely a military station, in time became a Roman colony, enjoying all the advantages of the arts of Roman civilisation.

Pandon most probably was peopled by such of the Romans as were not compelled by their duties to reside within the station, for it was a convenient and beautiful situation, and completely guarded by the neighbouring fortifications. The Roman Tower on Wall Knoll would no doubt look down upon a prosperous and busy, we may even say a handsome little town, nestling in the valley beneath, where pretty cottages and villas peeped from amidst the trees; upon the opposite bank, where the Druidic temple once had stood, and where now stands All Saints' Church, rose the stately temple —the Pantheon—dedicated, like the Great Wall itself, to all the gods; between the tower and the temple, down below, where the fishing boats lay drawn up, merry groups of children, Roman and British, offspring of victor and vanquished, mixed as playmates together, and gambolled on the sandy beach, or waded in the burn. On the broad bosom of the river the Roman galleys glided past amongst the British coracles, and the broad sails of the merchant ships were neither few nor far between.

This scene on one side the wall: on the other the primeval wilderness—the wooded valley of the burn winding into the distance, and thick and gloomy forests closing the view. As evening descended, from their dark recesses came the howling of the wolves and other savage beasts of prey, happily shut out, like the

Picts and Scots, by the impregnable wall—impregnable only, however, as it proved, so long as guarded by human hands. We reach the time of the departure of the Romans, of the inroads of the Picts and Scots, of the despair of the Britons, and of the calling in of the Saxons.

During the time of the Heptarchy, Pandon once more rose from the ashes to which she had been reduced by the northern barbarians, and attained a degree of importance and splendour which completely eclipsed her neighbour, Pons Elii. The latter place, in Saxon times, became the abode of a colony of monks, who built their monasteries and churches on the site of the ruined Roman station, and thus the place got the name of Monkchester, or the castle tenanted by monks; but Pandon was the abode of Saxon royalty. There is every reason to suppose that it was the "Ad Murum" mentioned by Bede as being the residence of Oswin, King of Northumberland, though some suggest that Walbottle is the place so designated by the historian. Dr. Bruce, the historian of the Roman Wall, in his *Handbook to Newcastle*, says—"Beda describes Ad Murum as situated twelve miles from the mouth of the Tyne, which, measured by the course of the river, exactly coincides with the position of Pandon, but is totally irreconcilable with that of any other site to which, on etymological grounds, these events have been referred. The exactness of Beda in other instances in which he defines distance from place to place forbids us to assume that in this case he speaks with the conventional laxity of Symeon of Durham and other later writers. Neither, if we confine ourselves to etymological evidence alone, is the affinity of the name of any suggested site closer to Ad Murum than that of the acclivity at Pandon, which has been immemorially known as Wall Knoll." Besides these reasons, we have the by no means to be despised voice of tradition in favour of this site, and Gray says, "The kings of Northumberland kept their residence in it, and had their house, now called Pandon Hall. It was a safe bulwark, having the Picts' Wall on the north side, and the River Tine on the south."

The Venerable Bede tells us that Ad Murum was the scene of the baptism, by Bishop Finanus, of two illustrious converts to Christianity—Paeda, son of Penda, King of Mercia, and Sigbert, King of the West Saxons, together with the whole of their courtiers and attendants. We may imagine that it was a place of importance and population from the fact of its having been chosen as the scene of such an impressive ceremony, for the Christian ecclesiastics would naturally select a place where the example of the converts would be witnessed by the greatest number of spectators.

Pandon Hall, the palace of the Saxon kings, stood on the site between the open space, now called the Stock Bridge, and the passage between Cowgate and Pandon, called Blyth Nook. If the lower courses of the walls of the houses now standing on this site be examined, it will be seen that they are of very ancient masonry,

perhaps as old as Saxon times. The northern face of Pandon Hall coincided with the front of the houses now called "Red Row." The Pandon Burn ran past its eastern side, and was joined behind it by the Eric Burn (probably named after some Scandinavian worthy), which ran down the present Manor Chare. It is probable that Pandon Hall was surrounded by a moat, filled by the waters of these burns; we know that at high tide the open space on the north of it was (except a sandy islet in the middle of it, afterwards called Alvey's Island) covered by water.

Between Pandon Hall and the river the piece of level and probably still marshy land was reclaimed and built upon, and the Pandon Burn was crossed by the wooden "Stock Bridge." On the west side, the Dog Bank and Silver Street would even then be ancient footpaths, leading up the hill in the direction of Monkchester. A little way up the Eric Burn stood the monastery and church built by the Saxon kings on the ground afterwards occupied by the Augustine Friars—in the graveyard of which we are told that some of its royal patrons were buried. The road to this, which must have passed through a gap in the Roman Wall, would be the beginning of Manor Chare. There would be another gap in the wall to allow of a road (Pandon Bank) passing up to the high ground on the north-east. This gap was probably provided with a gate, and thus it came that Pandon Gate was in existence long before Newcastle's walls and gates were dreamt of; and thus was laid the foundation for the proverb, "As old as Pandon Gate." The hill-side on the east was climbed by several paths—which until recently existed, but of which Wall Knoll now alone remains—and on the summit a fort, probably the old Roman Tower repatched, overlooked the town.

When the Danes ravaged the north country, Pandon shared the fate of Monkchester. Its castles, its monastery, and its homesteads were destroyed, and its inhabitants were slain or scattered. It is probable, however, that before the Norman conquest it was again rebuilt and occupied by a mixed colony of Saxons and Danes, and that it was a comparatively flourishing place when Monkchester was still but a heap of ruins. Its more sheltered situation, and the great facilities it afforded to a sea-faring and fishing population like the Scandinavians, warrant the supposition.

Then came the time when the Normans built the new castle at Monkchester, and that place came to be called, on that account, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. But for the preponderating importance of the new fortress, it is extremely probable that our town might now have borne the name of *Pandon*, which certainly has a specific individuality about it, and an antique ring corresponding more nearly with the age of the place, not to be found in *Newcastle*. There would have been a sort of euphonious analogy, very suggestive and pleasant, between the names of two old Roman cities, had we been able to link with *London-on-Thames* the designation *Pandon-on-Tyne*.

All Saints' from Pandon.

During early medieval times the hill to the east, where had stood the British fort and the Roman tower (where now stands Sallyport), was probably surmounted by the castle of the De Bykers, the feudal lords of the place. It may be that the whole town of Pandon was surrounded by a wall. The level basin was more and more reclaimed, and as the shallows retreated further and further towards the river, their place was occupied by dwellings which, lying so low, were dangerously exposed to floods when the river was unusually high. The streets probably followed the old Saxon lines, which have thus been perpetuated to our own times. The wooden Stock Bridge was, in the reign of Edward I., replaced by one of stone, and up to it the fishing boats sailed, and the fish market was held close by in the Fishergate, as the lower part of the street called Pandon was then termed. Adjoining the castle of the Lords de Byker, on the hill, stood the monastery of the Carmelite, or White Friars, founded in the reign of Henry III., and the church of All Saints' (first mentioned in 1286) now crowned the hill on the opposite side of the valley.

In the reign of Edward I. the existence of Pandon as an independent town came to an end. In 1299 it was annexed to Newcastle, and as we have before described, the walls of the latter town were extended to enclose it. It may be that the already existing walls of Pandon were utilised where possible in making this alteration, as some parts of the town wall in this neighbourhood bore signs of very great antiquity. It is almost certain that the Sallyport Gate was built upon the site where the old Roman wall tower still formed the substructure of the feudal castle ; it is even supposed that the Roman part of the structure was allowed to remain, and the new tower built upon it. The town wall on the north of Pandon followed the line (it is supposed) of the Roman wall, and Pandon Gate was built upon the site of the old Saxon gate we have mentioned—or, perhaps, was only that old Saxon gate repaired and rebuilt. The new fortifications were carried through the grounds of the White Friars, who at this time removed to the hill above Close Gate, at the other side of the town, where they built a new monastery on the site of that of the extinct order of the Friars of the Sac, and also the White Friars' Tower.

In the reign of Edward III. we hear of a great calamity in Pandon. The river overflowed its banks and flooded all the lower part, destroying a hundred and forty houses, and drowning "one hundred and twenty laymen, and several priests, besides women."

The deserted monastery of the White Friars on the Wall Knoll had stood empty and neglected since they left it in 1307, and was probably a heap of ruins when, in 1360, it came into the possession of another religious order—the Trinitarian Friars. Soon a new monastery and church stood on the hill top, and soon the new friars were at home in Pandon. The monastery was founded and endowed by William de Acton, a burgess of Newcastle, bailiff, and afterwards several times mayor of the town. The Trinitarian or

Maturine Friars, or, to give them their full title, "The Order of the Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives," were of the rule of St. Augustine. They wore white robes, with a red and blue cross on the breast, the three colours symbolising the Holy Trinity. One part of their revenue was set aside for their own sustenance, another part for the poor, and the third part for the redemption of captives from the infidels. The society consisted of three chaplains, one to be warden, and three clerks to teach school and instruct in the chapel of the house. One of their first chaplains was the learned Nicholas Durham, D.D., "the constant opposer of the errors of John Wickliff." The monastery was dedicated to St. Michael, and became known as "St. Michael's on the Mount." Three beds were always kept ready for accidental guests. The visitor or inspector was the Master of St. Robert's, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, who was to visit and inspect annually about Trinity Sunday. He was presented on these occasions, by the warden, with a horse-load of fish as a recompense for his trouble. The gift may appear a strange one, but a horse-load of Tyne salmon would be a most acceptable addition to the fare of the monks of the inland Yorkshire dale; and we can well imagine the satisfaction of the brethren in dislodging the silvery-scaled fish from amongst the cool fresh grass in the willow panniers.

There is a tradition, which we accept as true because there is no reason to doubt it, that Roger Thornton lived in Crosswellgate, the street now called "Pandon." He is said to have lived also, at one time, in the Broad Chare, another part of Pandon. The ancient town in those Plantagenet times was doubtless a comfortable as well as a beautiful place to reside in, and probably it was found so by the mayor, and withal the wealthiest merchant of Newcastle. Merchants in those days did not live in castles and villas a score of miles or so out of town, but dwelt where their business was carried on. The shores and wharves of the burn were busy and bustling places enough, and there is every reason to suppose that Pandon had a large share of the trade of the port of the Tyne. Perhaps from Thornton's warehouses here in Crosswellgate went that woollen cloth, red wine, etc., which formed the cargo of the *Good Year*, 200 tons, of Newcastle, property of Roger Thornton and others, valued with her tackling at £400, which, on her voyage to Prussia, was seized by some people of Wismar and Rostock, Hanse towns, about Easter 1394, when two of her crew were killed, which affair caused the king to despatch ambassadors to require satisfaction for this injury, amongst others, against the liege people of the crown of England.

Roger Thornton and his wife attended All Saints' Church, and Sunday and feast-day would see them on their way thither up the pleasant woodland lane, where now stands Silver Street, or along Cowgate and up Dog Bank, then lined with hedgerows overgrown with honeysuckle and wild roses, when they had more time to spare. Often the worthy merchant must have climbed the steep

ascent of Wall Knoll, and visited St. Michael's on the Mount. Often, no doubt, he has enjoyed the hospitality of the warden ; and often in the evening has he paced the walks of the convent garden, and looked proudly on the beautiful scene before him—the valley below, lying deep in the purple shadow of the opposite hill, on which the church stood dark against the radiance of the sunset sky—the silvery Tyne winding away on the left, and the quaint houses clustered beneath him amongst their orchard trees—the walls of the town running from Austin Friars along the top of the opposite bank, and turning at the corner tower down the hill to the Pandon Gate, beside which the hum and splash of the water-mill was heard, and outside of which he might see his own gardens beside the millrace.

Many busy and happy years did Thornton spend in Pandon ; but sorrow, too, came to him here. Dame Agnes, his wife, died in 1412, and for the last time he went with her up the green lane to the church where they had so often worshipped together, and where he left her until he in his time should follow. His time came in 1429, and he was buried beside his faithful dame.

We hear little mention of Pandon through the long years during which England was distracted by the wars of the Roses; but in the reign of Henry VIII. we find St. Michael's on the Mount surrendering with the rest of the monasteries. Some time after, the king made a present of it and its revenues, together with some lands belonging to other religious houses in Newcastle, to Sir John Gresham, alderman of the city of London, and Richard Billingford, gentleman. Sir John was the son of the famous builder of the Royal Exchange, London—"Sir Thomas Gresham, the greatest of our old merchant princes." These gentlemen conveyed St. Michael's in 1548 to William Dent, alderman of Newcastle. The conveyance describes it as "the House or Priory of St. Michael de Wall Knoll, with the following things belonging to it—viz., a garden and orchard, about an acre of ground ; a close, about four acres near the walls of the town ; thirty-four messuages, three gardens, one close ; also a close called Cole-rigges, and four Les Rigges in the Shieldfield." The monastery and its grounds were afterwards (1582) conveyed to the corporation of Newcastle by Alderman Dent.

There was at the top of Pandon Bank a reservoir which supplied the Carmelites' monastery, and, says Brand, also Pandon Hall in Saxon times. This reservoir in the reign of Charles I. belonged to a Mr. William Gray, and there was an agreement in 1646 between the owner and the corporation concerning the bringing of the water to Sandgate Pant. To William Gray we are indebted for the first printed account of Newcastle—the *Chorographia*, printed in 1649 by Stephen Bulkley, the king's printer. It is probable the author lived at "Conduit Head," where the reservoir was ; he certainly writes of Pandon as though he loved it more than the rest of the town. We have elsewhere given many quotations from his work.

He says, after mentioning the antiquity of Pandon—"In it is many ancient buildings, houses, and streets; some gentlemen of Northumberland had their houses in it. . . . In this part of the towne of Pandon below is many streets or chaires and ancient buildings; through the midst of it the river of Tine flows and ebbs, and a burne runs through it called Pandon Burne."

Coming down to 1733, we find the state of Pandon described by Bourne, the second historian of Newcastle. He says—"At the upper end of Wall Knoll, towards the Carpenters' Tower, are still to be seen the remains of the hospital of the Carmelites or White Friars" (he means the Trinitarians, having evidently forgotten that the Carmelites had deserted it). "The east end of their church is still standing." He mentions an ancient conveyance of land, drawn about the year 1287, when Henry le Scot was mayor. The land is thus described—"Which land extends itself from the street of the Wall Knoll to the south side of the monastery of the Carmelites, even to the highway which formerly led to Fishergate." He says—"I take this common way to have been those stairs beside Mr. Green's house at the Stockbridge, which lead up to the gardens there, and which, were it not for a wall, would lead directly from the street (Fishergate) to the remains of the monastery." He supposes the garden and orchard of the monastery to have been where in his day the gardens of Swaddle, Green, Gray, etc., occupied the hillside; all the ground which descends into Fishergate.

The Eric Burn was probably by this time arched over, and Manor Chare ran over it. Bourne quotes from the Milbank MS.—"The chief almshouse in the town is the Wards near the Manour; the mills at Pandon Gate should give them, as I remember, 20 shillings per annum, but old Mr. Brandling pulled off the lead on purpose to expel the poor people, which he did. The mills are now fallen into one Horner's hands, and so is lost for ever. I have seen the writings and know it."

At the west side of the open space we now call Stockbridge stood a block of buildings on the site of the little island we have before mentioned. Bourne says—"It was formerly called the island, as says tradition. It was so called because in former times, when the tide flowed up to the Stock Bridge, there was there about a hill of sand, which, at the tides leaving it, appeared like an island. They call it at present Alvey's Island, because it belonged to one of that name." The street bounding this place on the west, north, and south was called the King's Street, and the waste ground to the east, towards the margin of the stream, was called "The Stones."

Of the ancient Pandon Hall, Bourne remarks—"It is now rebuilt in some measure. There are still remaining many ancient walls and parts of this building. . . . From hence we go eastward unto Pandon Bridge, which is called Stock Bridge." By this time the burn south of the bridge had been for the most part covered in, and the place called Blythe's Nook was built where the moat of Pandon Hall had been. Wall Knoll, Pandon (street), Cowgate,

and some other parts of Pandon still stand as in Bourne's time. So we pass on to his beautiful account of Pandon Bank. He says—

"The suburbs out of Pandon Gate are but very few houses; but there are gardens all the way up the causeway. . . . This way was, within these four years, the pleasantest entrance into the town of Newcastle, having gardens on each side, beset with trees of so large a size and shade that they covered the street itself in several places. These were cut down for a little unpossest money, and the greatest beauty of the street lost. There are in this street two or three passages leading to different places which it may not be amiss to mention. After you are out of Pandon Gate there is one on the left hand leading to Pandon Dene, a very romantick place, full of hills and vales, through which runs Pandon Burn. It is a very entertaining walk in summer to Magdalen Well. A little above this is another very narrow passage on the right hand, bordering upon Mr. Harrison's garden, which leads to a place called the Garth Heads, which was a place of pleasure and recreation; but of late it was taken in and made a common garden of by Richard Ridley, Esq., the proprietor of it. Having passed this lane, we proceed till we come to the top of this great ascent (for such indeed is this street), and there we meet with two ways—the one leads to the Shieldfield and the other to the Ouse Burn, which is at present a large village, occasioned by the coal works of Richard Ridley and Matthew White, etc."

At the latter end of the eighteenth century, the desire for change and improvement which arose in Newcastle did not leave Pandon alone. Alvey's Island disappeared about 1785, and the Stockbridge was turned into the wide open space we now see it. In 1795 Pandon Gate was pulled down, and many of the old houses were rebuilt and modernised. We still find the ancient stairs mentioned in the Milbank MS., quoted by Bourne, running up from Fishergate to the monastery gardens above, but they bear the name of Craik's Alley, as a draper named Craik built some houses on the side of the bank. They were afterwards called "Coburg Stairs."

Outside the town wall to the north, down in the valley, was built early in the nineteenth century the district called New Pandon, beside the old Mustard Mill, the wheel of which was turned by the waters of the burn. For some years later the banks of the valley just above preserved a good deal of their rural appearance. They were clothed with grass and bushes, and the gardens behind the houses of Pandon Bank were pleasant to see. At the top of Pandon Bank was an orchard whose trees grew famous apples. But the dene was cut in two by the great railway embankment near the Manors Station, and the lower part lost all its beauty. The grassy banks and the garden sites were built upon or trodden into bare scrubby patches.

The age of railways had the same effect upon Pandon as upon the other low parts of Newcastle. The well-to-do people removed

to the newer parts of the town, and their dwellings were converted into warehouses and offices, or let off in tenements. The cottages which, with their little gardens, occupied the bank-side below St. Michael's Monastery, gradually fell into decay, and, like many of the old houses of Pandon, became the abodes of a thriftless, poverty-stricken population. Dirt, neglect, and over-crowding soon were the chief characteristics of the place, and the once pleasant town of Pandon became little better than a hot-bed of fever and disease.

CHAPTER XIII.

PANDON—CONTINUED.

WITHIN the last few years there have been great changes in the north part of Pandon. The group of houses called New Pandon, outside the walls, was the first part to be demolished, and the filling in of the valley at this part was commenced. Then, after a time, many of the houses upon the bankside, below the Sallyport and the ruins of the Monastery of St. Michael's on the Mount, were demolished; and when this was done the work of constructing the new streets which were to cross the dene on the made ground above the site of New Pandon, and one of which was to cut away St. Michael's Mount, was commenced in earnest. It will be interesting to take a survey of the north parts of Pandon at this period.

At the end of 1880 the town wall was to be seen running up Causey Bank from Forster Street corner to the Sallyport Tower. A break in it at the end of New Road conducted by a little flight of steps from the Causey Bank to the plateau called St. Michael's Mount. Above this break there was part of the wall in fair condition, projecting from which could be seen a row of corbels on which a turret had rested, and above this, a public-house before mentioned was built in the thickness of the wall. The Carpenter's Tower, or Sallyport, was in good preservation, with its fine old arched gateway and the figure of a ship (the emblem of the Shipwrights' Company) cut in stone above the entrance to the upper storey, reached by a flight of stairs. Bourne tells us that in 1716 the Company of Carpenters or Shipwrights built upon "the under part of it a very grand and stately square tower, adorned at the top corners with four fair turrets in the form of a lanthorne;" which tower, with its "four fair turrets," is what we see now.

Inside the gateway was a carter's yard, with sheds, and stables, and dung-hills, covering the site of the graveyard where lay the mortal remains of the Trinitarian brethren. A narrow lane, called Factory Lane, led from the steps through the wall we have mentioned

as being opposite the end of New Road to the top of Coburg Stairs. On the north side of this narrow lane stood the remains of the monastery church, converted into a slate-roofed warehouse or workshop. The south wall of the church extended the full length of the lane, and in it could be traced the forms of the windows, though the openings were all built up solid. One of the pointed doorways of the church was also visible towards the west end of the same wall.

Passing through Factory Lane we reached a level space on the bank top overlooking Pandon. From this space the houses had been lately cleared away, and amongst the heaps of *debris* could be discerned fragments of the monastery which had been used in building them. To our right, nearer Sallyport, extended the dung-hills on the site of the graveyard. Down the hillside in front of us, where had bloomed the gardens of the monks, and of the later denizens of Pandon, still ran the Coburg Stairs, with their brick-work battlemented arch thrown over the foot. Along the bank-side on the right there were more dismantled houses, and heaps of stones and rubbish where houses had stood. We could see the town wall running down from Sallyport to the great gap below, where Pandon Gate had been torn away. Through this gap Pandon Bank could be seen running up the hillside to the north; no longer the pleasant place which Bourne described, but dirty, dilapidated, and doomed to destruction. Then, coming back to the gap, we could see the wall dip down for a short distance, and then begin to ascend the opposite bank, disappearing as it did so behind the buildings on the north side of Stockbridge; then it reappeared as it reached the ruined Corner Tower, where it turned northwards. There was the railway, with the Manors Station, running high over the valley, which, with its remaining and mostly dismantled houses, was so soon to be covered up.

Returning again to the little flight of steps through the wall at the end of New Road, a footpath led, inside the wall, down past the head of Wall Knoll into Forster Street. On the east side of this path, where it ran steeply down to Forster Street, are the ruins of the Glassite Chapel, where the sect founded by Mr. John Glass, a minister expelled from the Church of Scotland for maintaining that "the Kingdom of Christ is not of this world," used to worship. They are sometimes called Sandemanians, from one of their elders, Robert Sandeman, and hold peculiar principles. They believe in complete republican equality; dine together every Sabbath, cooking and eating their food in the same building in which they worship (hence popularly known as the Flesh and Kail Church); hold community of goods, and wash each others' feet. One of their most zealous members was Jeremiah Spence, brother of Thomas Spence, the founder of the famous Spencean System of Social Economy.

In twelve months' time the aspect of North Pandon had undergone a great change. The plateau of St. Michael's was swept clean

of all buildings save the Sallyport Gate, and down in the Pandon valley, north of the wall, was to be seen nothing but a confused mass of rubbish and cuttings, with plank-ways for the navvys' barrows running over the chaotic surface. The town wall, both south and west of Sallyport, was in process of demolition, and presented a melancholy appearance, with here and there the papered walls of the rooms of houses, which had been built partly in its thickness, gaping open and exposed, the fronts demolished altogether.

During 1882 the work went on ; St. Michael's Mount was cut away, and its material went to fill up the dene. A great retaining wall was being built nearly on the site of the town wall, and the confusion was at its height when, on 17th May, the order in Council founding the new Bishopric of Newcastle was gazetted. As our task of chronicling the fortunes of Newcastle Town properly ends at this time, when it ceased to be a town any longer, we ought here to stop ; but it will perhaps be better to give a slight sketch of the new roads, and show how Pandon appeared when they were completed, or nearly so, in 1883.

The great object in view in making the alterations was to form a direct and nearly level communication between the east waterside part and the centre of the town, and thus save the time and labour spent in climbing the steep roads hitherto in use. This object has been attained by the construction of a new main road, beginning at Pilgrim Street, near the Arcade, crossing over the filled-up valley of Pandon (in its way branching off to the foot of Melbourne Street), and near the Carpenters' Tower dividing into two parts—one level and running into New Road, in front of the Keelman's Hospital ; the other sloping downwards and curving till it enters the top of the Milk Market. On entering this new road from Pilgrim Street, we see, over the parapet on the left, the long façade of the Virgin Mary Hospital, and look into its windows from a distance of only a few yards. Then we cross under the railway, through the Skew Arch, and see Croft Lane, on the left coming down from the Manors Station, and on the right running past the Corner Tower as of yore, and down the old Croft Stairs into the Manor Chare. We notice that a small portion of the wall adjoining the north side of the Corner Tower is still to be seen ; also, that part of it on the east is still left close alongside the new retaining wall. Continuing on, we see on the left the branch of the road which leads to Melbourne Street, and notice that a few of the old houses of Pandon Bank are still left at the top, and that the old bank still runs for a short distance until it suddenly ends amongst the heaps of earth which have been used in filling in the dene, and which have not yet at this point been levelled. We see also the top part of Causey Bank cutting across the new branch road, on this side of St. Matthew's new church, with its ugly brick tower.

Proceeding along the main road, we look over the parapet of the

supporting wall on the right, and see old Pandon down below. Before reaching the Sallyport Tower the road divides. Following the northern part of it, which proceeds on the level, we reach the Carpenters' Tower, which soars high above the north side of the road, supported on a massive substructure of brick and stone. The old tower is in need of repair ; its windows are broken, and it shows the jagged, broken place where the town wall joined its south-western corner ; but we are glad to see the old place safe from future molestation, perched on high, and are proud of it, and of our corporation, that has seen fit to preserve the last of the town gateways, and an interesting relic of Roman, mediæval, and Georgian times. It is hard to realise now that on the spot where we stand, the ground of St. Michael's Mount rose, only a few months ago, to the level of the base of the old tower now so high above us. It is curious to look up and know that directly over our heads stood the foundations of the Trinitarian Monastery, and that above our heads, too, where now is nothing but empty air, the bones of the brethren reposed in the earth for many long centuries. To the east of the Sallyport a new flight of stairs leads up to the Causey Bank, here cut asunder, and its lower part altogether removed. At the top of these we get another and more familiar view of the Sallyport.

Descending again, we retrace our steps to where the road forks, and go down that branch which leads to the Milk Market. On our right we see the remains of the south side of St. Michael's Mount, cut and hacked, but rising considerably above our pathway, which has been cut deeply through the hill. Stepping up amongst the clayey banks, and looking back along the outside of the retaining wall, we see the broken end of the town wall impinging upon it behind the houses about the middle of Stockbridge. We see, too, that the Coburg Stairs, or at least part of them, still run down to Pandon, and that the little steep lane within the wall still leads from the top of Wall Knoll to Forster Street. Wall Knoll, too, still runs down as of yore, but the houses on the north side of it are for the most part empty and ruined, and we can look through their roofs from our position behind and see the remains of the ornamented plaster cornices still hanging on the walls, the tattered paper still clinging, the gaunt joists and roof-trees, and the fire-places yawning empty and black.

In the course of the alterations many interesting discoveries were made—a cannon ball, sword blades, and other articles were unearthed ; also one of the old stone figures which formerly stood on the town walls. It is the figure of a soldier leaning on his sword, and is minus the head. It has been placed in the old castle. As we have before said, a military mine, or counter-mine, was discovered near the wall south of Sallyport. The burial place of the monastery was removed, and many human bones were dug out of it—the remains of the monks of St. Michael's. In demolishing the part of the town wall which was removed, it was found

necessary to use blasting powder, so firmly did the old masonry hold together. That part which was hidden behind the Stockbridge warehouses was found to ascend the hill in steps, and a very interesting feature was noted at this point. The wall, it appeared, had once turned here at right angles towards the south, but at a later period the *return* had been cut off and the wall continued in a straight line eastwards. This would seem to confirm the supposition that the eastern walls of Newcastle had been continued to the river before Pandon was annexed, though we cannot see why they should have come thus far east before turning. It would have been more easily understood had they continued south from Corner Tower.

We will now make an examination of the lower parts of Pandon, which have not been interfered with by the above alterations. Entering it by Manor Chare, we arrive upon the Stockbridge. The part of it between the foot of Manor Chare and the end of Cowgate is called "Duck Hill," *alias* "Stoney Hill," in Corbridge's map of 1723. On our right-hand runs the Red Row, a group of houses now let off into tenements, with hucksters' shops on the ground front, which occupies the site of Pandon Hall. At the east end of the open space in front of these houses—now known as Stockbridge—we stand upon the site of the Stock Bridge itself, which used to cross the burn here at the foot of Pandon, or Fishergate, as it used to be called. Beneath our feet, Pandon Burn still runs on its way to the Tyne, and on the left we see the high new retaining wall just built to support the made ground where Pandon Dene has been filled in, and the new streets have been formed. From the spot where we now stand, the Romans would look up towards *their* new wall some two thousand years ago, for it would look from here not very unlike the present one of which we speak —not so high perhaps, and not so plain and forbidding, for it would have its turrets to relieve the monotony of its sky-line, and besides, would follow the rise and fall of the valley sides, instead of cutting across on one level as this does.

We enter Cowgate and see Blythe's Nook on our left—a crooked alley leading into Pandon (street), where we may see the ancient rounded cornered stones in the lower courses of the block of buildings, which are perhaps remains of old Pandon Hall itself, if it extended thus far back, as it probably did. In 1564 we read of a "Great Mansion House in Brode Chare" (the southern end of Cowgate) "conveyed to Henry Brandlinge of Newcastle, marchant, by John Baxter, of Hebburn, co. Durham, Esq., son and heir of Matthew Baxter, late of Newcastle, marchant." The Henry Brandlinge here mentioned left in 1578, amongst other bequests to his son Robert, "a great house called Pandon Hall." Whether this "Great Mansion House" bequeathed to Henry Brandling was the same with the "Pandon Hall" he left his son, we are unable to say. It might be so if the whole of the street was then, as now, sometimes called Broad Chare—although it is properly Cowgate to

the foot of Dog Bank, and Broad Chare from thence to the Quay. There is no sign of any mansion now visible, and the Cowgate is narrow and gloomy enough nowadays. We read of its being inhabited in olden times by people of considerable importance, of whom two only are named, Walter de Cowgate and Gilbert de Cowgate; they flourished in the time of Edward I. Before leaving the vicinity of Pandon Hall, we may venture to speculate as to whether it might not have been the "Duke's Place," mentioned by Gray, where, he says, it is supposed the Dukes of Northumberland resided. Gray notes Pandon Hall as still standing in his time (1649).

After passing the foot of Dog Bank, the continuation of Cowgate is called Broad Chare, as we have said. Along the west side runs the property of the Trinity House, and of this we shall speak when we come to the Quayside. Broad Chare is very narrow, and is full of warehouses and offices now, but we may guess at its former condition being somewhat pleasanter than at present, when we read of "a garden in the street called Brode Chair" (in the year 1558), "extending into a rivulet called Pandon Burn backward to the east." The street is mentioned as early as 1390, and again in a deed dated 1520 (*Archæologia Æliana*, vol. i. N.S.), which concerns "a house or stable in le Brod Chare . . . within these bounds—viz., between the said messuage on the west as far as the rivulet running under the said messuage on the east;" and we have "the King's Highway called Brode Chear," 1525.

"Stonye Hyll," a vennel on the north of Spicer Lane, is mentioned in 1562, and on its site is the square recess in Broad Chare before Rayne & Burns's iron warehouse. Spicer Lane runs from this down to the Quayside, and we find it mentioned in 1547, when there was a dispute regarding some property in it which had lately belonged to Lord Lumley. This would be some of Roger Thornton's property, which came to the Lumley family by marriage, as we have noticed. The worthy merchant once lived in Broad Chare.

Between Broad Chare and the street called Pandon is an irregular space crowded with warehouses and yards. Returning to Stockbridge we enter Pandon (street) at its north end—the ancient Fishergate—and after passing the foot of Coburg Stairs, and the end of Wall Knoll on the left, and the end of Blythe's Nook on the right, come to the part which used to be called Crosswellgate. It is a narrow dirty street with broken-down tenement houses on the left-hand side, and curves towards Forster Street, having on the right-hand side several chares leading to the Quay.

The first of these chares is Burn Bank—a narrow, crooked opening following the course of the Pandon Burn, which runs nearly underneath it, and having on either side some very ancient and massive masonry, now forming part of the walls of warehouses. Past it is an old and very much decayed house with the date 1669 carved on its stone lintel, and close to it is the next opening, Byker Chare, which, it is supposed, derives its name from the De Bykers, the ancient feudal lords of Pandon. At its north end, on

the east side, is an old house, where, in Bourne's time, lived Henry Atkinson, hoastman, the maternal grandfather of Lord Eldon. Bourne mentions the house as being an ancient one, but if it was at the corner of the chare, it has been replaced by a building of brick since his time. Perhaps it was next door to this on the east, where still stands an old decayed house—the first storey of stone and the two upper ones of brick and timber, and each projecting a little forward over the one beneath.

Next we come to Cox's Chare, once called "Coxton's Chare," and then to Love Lane, in the seventeenth century called 'Gowerley's Rawe." It is now a very narrow lane between two rows of high granaries, and leads from the east end of Pandon (or Forster Street, as it is now called) to the Quayside. This chare is famous as the birthplace of William Scott, Lord Stowell, and John Scott, Earl of Eldon and Lord Chancellor of England. The house in which they were born was on the east side of the chare, and probably near the Quayside, for John Scott was fond of saying in his struggling younger days, that he was not particular about the commodiousness of his lodging, having once lived "in the foot of a chair." The family afterwards removed higher up Love Lane into the house occupied by Ridley & Co., spirit merchants. The house in which the two future lords were born was pulled down. Their father was William Scott, hoastman or coal-fitter, like his father-in-law, Henry Atkinson, to Mr. George Bowes of Gibside. Of the youthful adventures of the boys many anecdotes are told in Twisse's *Life of Eldon*—how Master Jacky danced hornpipes at his father's "binding" suppers, to the great delight of the keelmen who were being regaled by their master on the occasion of their "binding," as the signing of their written engagement to serve for twelve months was called; how they went to the Grammar School and learned under the famous Dr. Hugh Moises; how the unfortunate Master Jacky was often waylaid by the lads of Stockbridge on his way to school and severely handled, and how he was avenged by his elder brothers; how they robbed orchards and blew out the candles in the shops of the Sandhill; and how they fell in love with the girls at the dancing-school. How at length William went to Oxford, and John followed in time; then how John fell in love (in earnest this time) with Bessy Surtees, the Sandhill banker's daughter, and how he carried her away from her father's house one night, she jumping into his arms from that memorable window with the blue pane—still there to be seen; how they were married and went to London, and how he rose and rose until he became Lord Chancellor, all through running away with Bessy Surtees, for before that escapade he was intended for the Church; and how King George III. himself said to him—"You would have made a country curate of yourself, but your wife has made you my Chancellor." Are not all these things household words amongst the people of Newcastle?

We have now traversed the whole of Pandon; but there is yet

one place we must mention again, and another Newcastle worthy we must not forget. Let us go once more to the top of Pandon Bank, to the spot where, in his house near the Conduit Head, William Gray, in 1649, was writing the first history of Newcastle, Now, on the site, or about the site, stands a group of buildings built about the beginning of the century by T. Wilkinson, a successful cabinet-maker of the town; and one of these houses, the last on the left-hand going down Causey Bank after leaving Stepney Lane end, was the residence of Robert Forster, butcher, whose son, John Forster, made a name of which his native town has good cause to be proud. He was the author of *Statesmen of the Commonwealth;* the *Arrest of the Five Members; Debates on the Grand Remonstrance; Life of Sir John Eliott; Life of Walter Savage Landor;* and *Life of Oliver Goldsmith.* He left unfinished a *Life of Swift*, and was editor at different times of the *Daily News* and the *Examiner.* He is best known as the bosom friend and biographer of Charles Dickens. John Forster was born in 1812, in a "little yellow-coloured house standing immediately behind the residence of John Clayton" (town clerk), "in Fenkle Street, which was pulled down by Richard Grainger to make way for Clayton Street." This information we have taken from a MS. note inserted in the Literary and Philosophical Society's copy of his *Life of Goldsmith*, which note is signed "G." It contains other interesting information concerning the Forster family, and holds out a hope that its writer will one day give us more.

And now we take our leave of the ancient and royal town of Pandon, and pass onwards to the riverside portions of the town.

PART IV.

RIVERSIDE NEWCASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVER TYNE—ITS HISTORY.

"Tyne river, running rough or smooth,
Brings bread to me and mine;
Of all the rivers north or south
There's none like coaly Tyne."

—*Local Song.*

EAN FRANCOIS MILLET, the French painter, in one of his letters, speaking of his yearning for ability to express in his work "the splendours and terrors of the night," the awful sense of infinity which the sight of the heavenly bodies awakened in him, says—"Is there not something terrible in thinking of these lights which rise and set, century after century, without varying? They light both the joys and sorrows of men, and when our world goes to pieces, the beneficent sun will watch the universal desolation without pity." The unceasing flow of a river is suggestive of similar thoughts. Here again we feel the mighty chasm which separates man from nature—cold, unsympathetic nature—moving continually and unresistingly forward, unconcerned by his brightest triumph or his bitterest affliction. We feel too the utter insignificance of the boasted works of man beside this mighty force; we feel the ephemeral nature of the oldest and most venerable of them, compared with the flowing stream which is as old as the hills from whence it springs. Houses, temples, quays, and bridges the most

stately and the most stable, are but things of a moment in the life of the river.

So, standing by the Tyne at Newcastle, imagination carries us back to the time when it flowed, as yet, unseen by man. Then we can picture its banks occupied successively by the huts of savages and the forts and stations of the Romans. Next we see Saxon, and Dane, and Norman appear, and watch the gradual growth of Newcastle to its present state. The unresting stream carries us with it forward into the future. In fancy we see the town expand until she reaches her full growth and beauty, and then stands still. Not so the river; it still flows onwards, and will do so when, perhaps, it may run through a region where only grassy hillocks and scattered fragments of masonry remain to show the place where Newcastle once stood. But the future we must leave to itself; our concern is with the past and present state of the river Tyne.

The original cause of the peopling of the banks of our river was, probably, as we have elsewhere said, the unlimited supply of fish which its waters afforded—a supply which has never failed. The Tyne has always been noted for its salmon. The naked aborigines of Tyneside, the Roman epicures of Pons Elii, the hardy Norsemen, the mediæval burghers, and the modern citizens of the Newcastle of our day, have all found ample supply of the lordly fish in its prolific waters. The earliest records of the river point to the importance of its fisheries. As early as the time of Rufus, we find its bed from Stanley Burn to Tynemouth divided into three equal portions: one third on the north belonged to the county of Northumberland, another on the south to the bishopric of Durham, and the remaining middle part was common, and free to all. It is probable this division was first made on account of the disputes which were sure to occur about the fisheries. An ancient MS. of the time of Henry II., quoted by Brand, gives a list of nearly seventy stations for yares or fish traps on the south side of the river belonging to St. Cuthbert and the See of Durham; and when we consider that there would probably be a still greater number on the north side, we may form some idea of the thorough manner in which the water was fished in those days.

The ancient subdivision we have named gave way before the claims of the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle to the conservatorship of the whole of the river Tyne, as far as the tide flowed. By right of the royal charters by which they held their borough, they claimed and exercised, not only the conservatorship of the river, but many other privileges and monopolies besides. Thus, Newcastle was to be the sole market for the Tyne. All goods brought into the river, all fish captured, must pass through her market and pay custom and toll. All bread for sale must be baked in her ovens and pay furnage; all beer must be brewed at Newcastle; and, in fact, she was to be the only town on the river.

It was not without strong protest on the part of the bishops that those claims were made and upheld. The See of Durham also

held royal charters, by which it claimed jurisdiction over its moiety of the river, and it, as well as the corporation of Newcastle, had water bailiffs and other officers to protect its rights. The mediæval history of the river Tyne is a history of the struggles of the Newcastle burgesses to uphold their monopolies against the constant attempts of the bishops of Durham and the priors of Tynemouth to encroach upon them. In 1259, by an agreement made between the town and the prior and convent of Durham, it was stipulated, amongst other things, that the tenants of the latter at South Shields should have liberty to bake and brew—but for themselves only, not for sale to strangers. In 1279 a trial was held, when a verdict was returned that the priors of Tynemouth and Durham had built towns on either side of the Tyne, "where no towns should stand, only huts for fishermen; and that fishermen sold their fish there, which should only be sold at Newcastle, to the great injury of the whole borough, and in detriment to the tolls of our lord the king at the castle; because the fish and other merchandise on which our lord the king is wont to take toll, which are now sold in the above manner, ought to be sold at the borough of Newcastle, where our lord the king takes his tolls. And that the said prior of Tynemouth had also made a brewery at Sheles, and had large fishing craft, where there ought only to be boats. And that the prior of Durham, on the other side of the water of Tyne, had made a brewery, and had ships where boats only ought to be. And that the aforesaid prior of Tynemouth caused other people's bread to be baked in his proper oven, which ought only to have been baked at the borough of Newcastle, whereby the borough lost its furnage, amounting to fourpence in every quarter." The sentence of the judges was that no towns ought to be on the Tyne but only at Newcastle. Both North and South Shields were forbidden to hold fair or market, or expose goods for sale, and both priors were fined for the illegal use of their ovens and breweries. In 1306 the prior of Tynemouth was compelled by Parliament to remove at his own cost a shore he had built at North Shields (probably at Spital Dene, where are remains of ancient harbour works), contrary to the rights of the town of Newcastle.

Sometimes, however, the burgesses seem to have gone beyond their rights, extensive as they were, for King Edward III., by writ (1334), forbade the mayor and bailiffs of Newcastle to hinder the mooring of ships on the south side of the river. Again, in 1352, they were compelled to promise that in future they would abstain from molesting the South Shields fishermen, and no longer seize their boats with fish, and carry them up to Newcastle before the church at Jarrow had got its tithes, "making them to swear that in future they would sell their fish in Newcastle only."

Many times we find the conservatorship of the river confirmed to Newcastle. Bourne mentions an inquisition made 4th January, Henry VI. 25. The jury, upon their oaths, found "that, time beyond the memory of man, the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne had

held of our sovereign lord the king, and all his predecessors, the said town and water of Tyne, and the soil of the said water of Tyne, wherever it was covered, from a place called Hedwin Streams; and that the same, with the appurtenances, were parcel of the liberties and free customs of the said town, and were held under a fee-farm, saving the king's rents, prizes, and assessments in the port of the said town. Then they find and set forth King John's charter and confirmation, and divers other customs and privileges belonging to the said town are there mentioned, expressed, and set forth." King Henry VI. granted to them certain customs to be received of every ship using the port.

Coming down to the reign of Henry VIII., and passing over many confirmations and enlargements of privileges by various monarchs, we find an Act of Parliament passed prohibiting the shipping, unshipping, or sale of any goods in the Tyne between Hedwin Streams and Sparhawk, "but only at the town aforesaid," and empowering the mayor and burgesses "to pluck down all wears, gores, and engines that should be made in the river, to the great obstruction of the navigation thereof."

The coal trade, gradually increasing since its commencement on the Tyne as far back as the time of Henry III., had now become very large and important. The colliers mostly returned to the river in ballast, which was deposited in heaps by the riverside. It was carried to those heaps in baskets on women's heads, we are told by old writers. In transporting it from the ships much fell into the water, and the shoaling of the river by this means became a very serious matter. In the reign of Edward VI., it will be remembered, the town of Gateshead was annexed to Newcastle by Act of Parliament. At the same time all the shores of the river Tyne on both sides, between high and low water mark, were settled upon the corporation of Newcastle for the maintenance of the town and of the port of Tyne. The corporation built many ballast wharves on these foreshores. Many others were built by shipowners for their own use and by private persons as speculations—the foreshores in these instances being leased of the corporation. Upon these wharves the ballast was unshipped on payment of dues to the owners. As will be afterwards seen, these ballast shores were great causes of damage to the river when they became neglected.

When Queen Mary ascended the throne, she, of course, undid what her brother had done in the case of Gateshead. She restored it to the bishopric of Durham, together with the southern moiety of the river and of the bridge. But under Elizabeth we again find Newcastle enjoying the royal favour. The great charter of this queen we have before mentioned, which confirmed the old privileges of the town and conferred many new ones upon it. The mayor and burgesses were granted the reversion of the office of the High Admiralty of the river Tyne, which was held at the time, for the duration of his life, by Lord Howard of Effingham, in his patent of

Lord High Admiral of England. He anticipated this reversion by assigning, thirteen years before his death (which took place in 1618), the admiral jurisdiction of the port and river to the mayor and burgesses, with power to hold a Court of Admiralty. This court was held in the Guildhall every Monday, and an oar was added to the insignia of office of the corporation, and carried or placed before the mayor as a badge of the new authority. On one side of this oar was painted the royal arms, with "Aº R. R. Jª. 4."; on the other side the arms of the town, with "Aº. Dni. 1606."

We have an interesting glimpse of the state of the coasts of England in the reign of James I. in the account of a royal commission granted to the mayor and aldermen of Newcastle, empowering them to fit out against the pirates then infesting the seas "one shippe or more, warlikelie appointed with men, ordnance, and victual sufficient for the enterprise."

In the same reign there was a change in the conservatorship of the river, the Bishop of Durham and justices of peace of the counties of Durham and Northumberland being appointed to a share in that office. The town's burgesses, hitherto sole conservators, did not relish this addition, for we find them, three years afterwards, making complaint to the king in council at Whitehall, of the great decay of the river through neglect or breach of trust of the commissioners appointed. The result was the appointment of seventeen new ones, the mayor of Newcastle being of the number. They were strictly enjoined to provide for the better conservation of the river, "under pain of forfeiting all the liberties of the town into the hands of the king."

In the reign of Charles I. there was no falling off in the old disputes and bickerings. In 1630 "the prescription for conservation of the river Tyne by the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle was allowed in the court of king's bench, and the sheriff of Durham was ordered to apprehend those guilty of damaging the river, and carry them before the said mayor. It was in 1633 that King Charles visited Newcastle, and passed down the river in great state, attended by the corporation barges. During the passage he was waited on by the keelmen, who presented a petition against "keyes and staithes" erected between Newcastle bridge and the sea, and which were represented by the petitioners as nuisances to the river Tyne and hindrances to their special calling. Three years later, when the king sent out his unfortunate writs for ship-money, Newcastle was rated at £700. On this occasion there was a passage-at-arms between the townspeople and the Bishop of Durham—the former, as usual, coming off victorious. The clergy claimed exemption from the common taxes of the country, and the bishop on this account claimed exemption against ship-money. The Newcastle people, though willing to pay their share, would not hear of the bishop shirking his. There is a curious and amusing letter of Bishop Morton, written 10th February 1634, to Richard Baddeley of London, in which he

complains of the annoyance caused by "the sages of Newcastle," who, in the matter of ship-money, "have soe advanced the matter for exoneration of themselves and burdeninge their neighbours, that they are become odious that way, soe that wee of the church, who thought wee might plead immunity, I doubt shall be found chargeable, notwithstanding that the sheriffs are all propitious unto us." . . . The bishop then asks that advice may be sent—"what I and the church of Durham may presume upon, because as wee would not bee awantinge to any service for his majestie, soe would wee preserve freedom in that we may."

In the time of the Commonwealth we have most interesting light thrown upon the Tyne and its conservators by Ralph Gardiner in his *England's Grievance Discovered.* We have before spoken of the stout brewer of Chirton, and his opposition to the overweening tyranny of the Newcastle corporation. He was a determined, fearless, plain-speaking Puritan, the very sort of man a corrupt corporation had been wise to leave alone. The members of the Newcastle corporation, however, were not wise in their generation. They hindered Gardiner in his business, contending that he, not being a burgess, had no right to carry it on. They imprisoned him, under circumstances of great hardship, in the castle of Newcastle, where not the least bitter of his complaints is, that he was "constrained to drink the jailers' beer, not fit for men's bodies." They laid heavy fines upon him, and ruined him with law suits. On one occasion, when attempting to seize him, "as he was peaceably in his own house," and after shooting at some of his servants and beating his wife, "so that much blood was spilt," the Newcastle serjeants and their men were set upon by some sailors who had seen what took place, and who got ashore, and in spite of their "swords drawn and pistols cockt," wounded and disarmed them.

Smarting under his many injuries, Gardiner went vigorously to work against his enemies. He drew up a petition to Parliament (the Long Parliament), setting fo th the misdoings of the corporation, and praying for redress, and "that the trust of the river of Tine be put into faithful commissioners' hands, the mayor and aldermen and commissioners of Newcastle having betrayed the trust reposed in them for conservancy thereof." The petition was referred to the Committee for Trade and Corporations, and witnesses were examined for both sides. The finding of the committee was against the corporation, but the sudden dissolution of Parliament by Cromwell, on the 13th of December 1653, put a stop to further proceedings; and so the old abuses were suffered to remain, and the reformation of the Tyne conservancy was retarded two hundred years.

Gardiner published his book, "that the history of the investigation and the depositions, and such things as are pertinent, might be sooner collected, being put together, and more satisfactory to all hands than lying in several courts distractedly." In it we have a

most terrible account of the tyranny of the "River Dragon," as the corporation of Newcastle might then have been truly called.

We are told that all ships and boats were compelled to sail up river to Newcastle, with and for all manner of victuals—no market being suffered to be held at Shields—whereby there was great loss of life in stormy and winter weather among the poor folks forced to attend market. The river was dangerous at any time, through the shoals, rocks, and sunken wrecks which lay in the channel, and often in winter was frozen over and unnavigable, so that the people were forced to travel to Newcastle by road, or starve. The roads were bad, and disused coal pits, their mouths covered and hidden by the snow, entrapped the unwary travellers to their destruction.

Ships which came to Shields to load coal and salt were compelled to discharge ballast at Newcastle, paying 8d. per ton dues, and thus losing valuable time as well as incurring risk of wreck. Numerous instances are given of ships being stranded or sunk while on this useless voyage. The inconvenience and loss may be imagined when we read of vessels taking as long as fourteen days to get up and down between Newcastle and Shields.

If a ship was disabled or damaged, only free carpenters of Newcastle were allowed to repair it, and their charges were exorbitant. Cases are given of captains having been imprisoned for employing unfree labour to save their cargo and repair their vessels; and the following is a specimen of the treatment the helpers themselves met with:—"Michael Bonner, merchant and water serjeant of Newcastle, upon his oath, said that the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle arrested, and imprisoned, and set a fine upon one John Hardcastle, for working upon a ship in the river Tyne, he not being a freeman of that corporation, and made him enter into a bond of £100, in May 1648, never to work upon his trade again, and made him pay his fine." Other like cases are given where the persecuted workmen and their families were reduced to beggary and starvation.

No ship, though she were sinking, was allowed to be piloted into the river "by any other seaman than a freeman of Newcastle; in the interim one is sent for (being sixteen miles inland), often either she is lost or driven by storm away." In another part Gardiner says of this—"If these men could command the wind and seas not to rage and swell, but be hushed into a calme, and the river kept from friezing until they sent down help from Newcastle, their reply might be admitted; but since the wind, sea, and ice are not controllable by their charter, what abominable tyranny, what savage inhumanity is it, to deny ships in distresse such help as is at hand to preserve themselves; cases of necessity make void proprieties."

The deposition of Thomas Haslewood of London, master of a ship, throws light upon a strange practice of old times. He deposes,

upon his oath, "that all masters of ships which sayleth into the river of Tine, for coals, salt, etc., the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle compels them to swear against themselves whether they did not cast ballast at sea between Sowter and Hartley, or within fourteen fathom of the said river of Tine; and when the said master hath sworn the truth that he did not, then a poor drunken fisherman or other is called into the Town Chamber and maketh oath that the master did cast ballast, when in truth he did not, he having part of the fine for the same. Then the master's oath is invalid, and forthwith he is commanded to pay a fine of five pounds, or else to cut a purse which hangs up in the Town Chamber with sand and money in it, and so much as is therein he must pay or is sent to prison, and there to lye till he doth pay it." This cutting of purses is mentioned in an order of King James I. as "an ancient custom in Newcastle, to be revised and put in execution. A shipmaster who had offended against the law by casting ballast within the prescribed limits, was to be constrained, in the presence of the people, to cut a purse with monies in it, as who should say, he had offended in as high degree as if he had cut a purse from the person of a man, whereby he might be so ashamed that he should never offend therein again."

Gardiner further charges the corporation "that they have spoyled the river with their ballast shoars, by ships sinking in sailing up the river and returning back; their ballast shoars being so full, and heavy, and hilly, that every shower of rain and storm of wind doth blow and wash down the ballast into the river, besides the weight in pressing down the walls, to the great prejudice of the commonwealth by the obstruction of the river, and the endangering of shipping." Again, "that by the negligence of the commissioners of the river, above three thousand tons of ballast have fallen into the river in one night's time." And again, "that within these twenty years, where twenty ships of a certain burden could have rid afloat in most roadsteads of the river at a low water mark, now not above four ships can ride afloat." This last charge is substantiated by the deposition of Thomas Haslewood, shipmaster, before mentioned, who gives it as his opinion "that the ballast shoars above Bill Reach have been the spoyl and ruine of the river of Tine, and doth believe that if no care be taken speedily therein, there will be no navigable river, to the utter impoverishing of these counties and a great prejudice to the whole nation."

One more extract and we will take our leave of the sturdy reformer of the Tyne. He says—"As Sir Walter Raleigh, being to give a character to Henry the Eighth, prefaced his description with this introduction, 'If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king.' So, having given the world an account of the most unchristian, illegal, oppressive practices of the magistrates of Newcastle upon the people of this nation, whose

either neighbourhood, or calling, or condition of life necessitated them to an intercourse with them, either by way of traffique or any other way, though forced into that port and harbour by distress of weather, tempest, or any other accident, incident to those that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their businesses in the waters; reflecting on their actions, I may safely say of them, as that noble knight did of that king, '*If all the pictures and patterns of a cruel and merciless people were utterly lost in the world, they might be all painted to the life out of this narrative,*' setting out the illegal oppressions and arbitrary exactions, barbarous murthers, practised and committed by the magistrates of Newcastle, both on their neighbours and the free people of this nation. . . . Yet at this time we are not without good hopes but that the cries of the poor and oppressed will enter into the ears and hearts of this present power, that they will be as a hiding place from the winde, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Poor Gardiner's "good hopes" were not fulfilled, as we know. The old state of things went on until Cromwell's death, and the Restoration found the Newcastle monopolists rejoicing in their strength.

Again we hear of their struggles with the Bishop of Durham and others to preserve their monopolies. In the vestry of All Saints' Church, Newcastle, there is an old map of the river, and a curious printed paper subjoined gives an account of an attempt made in the reign of Charles II. by some tenants of the Dean and Chapter of Durham to build a "ballast shoar" upon Jarrow Slake. The proceedings taken in 1669 by the corporation to prevent this encroachment are described. The case, it appears, was tried at the Exchequer Bar, by a Buckinghamshire jury. The verdict was, that the Dean and Chapter could not lawfully erect the ballast shore in question without the license of the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle. It was afterwards decided by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, and the Master and Brethren of the Trinity House, that such a shore, if erected, "would prove destructive to trade in general, dangerous both to shipping and men's lives, to the enhancinge of the price of sea coales, to the obstruction and diverting of the river Tyne, and manifestly to the decrease of trade and decay of the town of Newcastle."

In 1690 there is an order of Common Council to refer to a committee the consideration of what means are necessary to be used "for preventing the great growth of trade at Shields."

We have another case in 1697 similar to that of 1669—though the tenants of the Dean and Chapter are not the same—and with a similar result. A witness in this case testifies "that Newcastle hath had the conservatorship of the river Tyne all this time; that they keep a water bailiff and a river jury. That a court is kept every Monday, if there be occasion, where, after a survey of the keyes in the river, they present nuisances, and persons are

frequently fined for them. . . . He knows that New Jarrow was sett out by the river jury, and Hebburne Shoare was built by leave of Newcastle. That New Jarrow, Old Jarrow, Howden Pannes, Hebburn, Hebburne Key, and Walker Shoare pay an acknowledgement to Newcastle. That when Byker Shoare and Fryer Goose burst out, Newcastle built them up againe att their owne charge to preserve the river (tho' these keys belonged to other p'sons)." The Dean and Chapter pleaded their ancient right to the fisheries, and this the corporation did not dispute, but denied their claim to be conservators of any portion of the river. Said they, "The Bishop's jurisdiction is only about the salmon fishings."

The neighbouring places on Tyneside, Shields especially, must have keenly felt, all this time, the great monopoly of Newcastle. Brand quotes from North's *Life of Lord Keeper North*, written in the reign of Charles II.—"Ever since ships have been built larger, partly for better roads and partly for better pilotage, the port towns have crept nearer the main; as they say would happen upon the Tyne, and Shields would become the port town, if Newcastle had not a privilege that no common baker or brewer should set up between them and the sea." In 1691 it was proposed to lay down mooring chains in Shields harbour, but the Newcastle Trinity House would not countenance the plan.

In the reign of Queen Anne we find the mayor and burgesses still keeping a sharp look-out for any attempt, however indirect, to interfere with their position. Thus, on a bill being introduced into Parliament to make the river Wear navigable, we find the members for Newcastle opposing it. Though introduced in 1705, it did not receive the royal assent until 1717. In the meantime there had been a project for making the Tyne navigable up to Hexham, but it was stifled by the corporation of Newcastle as tending to damage their town. As we advance along the stream of time we find the voice of complaint against the "River Dragon," as Surtees calls the town of Newcastle, growing stronger and stronger. The monopoly became more and more irksome to the neighbouring communities, and accusations as to neglect of the conservatorship we find constantly being made. As an illustration of the dog-in-the-manger policy of the town, we may notice that the North Shields coal miners were obliged to send their coal overland to Cullercoats harbour for shipment, though their mines were close to the water of Tyne. McKenzie mentions a house built over the mouth of one of these mines, a little above the wooden bridge at Shields; yet they were not permitted to load in the river, though only a few yards away.

In 1726 we have complaints from another quarter. The Trinity House of Newcastle in that year petitioned the corporation, setting forth the straitened and choked-up state of the river channel, caused, in their opinion, by the building of Willington Quay and the custom of taking ballast out of ships into keels, for conveyance to the ballast shores. In the same year the corporation had

another surprise. The ballast wharves and shores along the river-side were a source of great revenue to them. We can well imagine the consternation caused by the news that a Mr. Richard Lyddell, late of the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, master mariner, had obtained a patent for a new machine, somewhat similar to the ballast hoppers of the present day, for conveying ballast from ships, and sinking it in deep sea water, thereby "freeing the river from the hazard of being chocked up by any ballast falling, or being cast up into the harbour." When several of the new machines made their appearance in the Tyne, and actually unloaded ballast from the colliers there and carried it out to sea, the corporation brought actions against those using them, and refused to allow them to work, though petitioned to do so by numerous shipowners and captains trading to the Tyne. Very little of the revenue derived from the river dues was expended in keeping the channel in order. The money which should have been employed in removing the sand-banks and other obstructions was spent in town improvements. The town authorities argued that the river was as good as it had ever been, and that they had a perfect right to dispose of their funds as they choose. To keep themselves in countenance, they seem to have spent some small part of their income on the river. We read in 1762 that "a large stone, computed to weigh upwards of twenty tons, commonly called the "Grey Mare," was taken out of the river Tyne opposite the glass-houses below the bridge at Newcastle. It was weighed up with keels under the direction of Captain Errington, the town's surveyor. This Captain Errington was a famous man in his day. He was reputed to be the strongest man in England, and it was he who, with Captain Francis Heath and other brethren of the Trinity House, in response to the call of the Duke of Cumberland, volunteered in 1745 to go to the siege of Carlisle, and help in working the guns. What little the corporation did to the river failed to improve it; it went from bad to worse, while the commerce of the country and the necessity for a better water-way was increasing. In 1774 Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, an authority on nautical matters, said in a report, he considered the Tyne capable of becoming one of the finest rivers in the world, but ignorance, inattention, and avarice had converted it into a "cursed horse-pond." Such was the opinion of a good judge of the state of our river at the end of the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVER TYNE—ITS HISTORY CONTINUED.

WITH the nineteenth century, opposition to the corporation of Newcastle as conservator of the river Tyne became more determined and sustained. In 1800 the town authorities were indicted at the Northumberland Assizes for obstructing the king's highway by numerous sands and shoals; but they were acquitted. It appears, from the report of a surveyor employed by a committee of shipowners, that at this time "there were many large sands grown up, and the navigation worse than ever he saw it before. In some parts there was not water enough, when the tide was out, to cross in a sculler."

In 1813 Rennie, the famous engineer, was engaged by the corporation to survey the river, and report on the best means of improving it. His chart showed a depth of six feet on the bar at low water, and a minimum depth of four feet in the sailing channel up to Newcastle; and he suggested a plan for narrowing the channel by building quays and other works, and thus making the river scour and deepen its own bed. The members of the old river jury, however, were horrified at the idea of taking away one-third from the breadth of the river; authorities were found to throw cold water upon the scheme, and nothing was done. Still complaints and demands began to pour in on all sides, thick and fast. Everybody had his pet idea to air, and the newspapers were full of the usual anonymous letters, finding fault with past and present arrangements, and showing how, by following their (the writers) advice, all could be put right, and a river millennium established at once. In 1816 a proposal, which fell through, was made to establish a custom house at North Shields. This proposal called forth the well-known satirical local song called, "A Quayside Ditty for 1816." It emanated from the Shields party, and is too long to be given in full; but the following five verses will serve to show its style and scope:—

"Ah! what's yor news the day, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor?
Ah! what's yor news the day, Mr. Mayor?
The folks of Sheels, they say,
Want wor Custom House away,
And ye cannot say them nay, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor;
And ye cannot say them nay, Mr. Mayor.

. . . . . .

"Before it be ower lang, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Then ca' up a' yor gang, Mr. Mayor;
Yor corporation chiels,
They say they're deep as deils,
And they hate the folk of Sheels, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor;
And they hate the folk of Sheels, Mr. Mayor.

"Ah! get wor Keeside Sparks, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Wor Fitters and their Clerks, Mr. Mayor,
To help to bar this stroke;
For faicks, they are the folk
That canna bide the joke, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor;
That canna bide the joke, Mr. Mayor.

. . . . . .

"How wad we grieve to see, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
The grass grow on the Kee, Mr. Mayor;
So get the weighty prayers
Of the porters in the chares,
And the folks that sell the wares, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor;
And the folks that sell the wares, Mr. Mayor.

. . . . . .

"If the Sheels folk get the day, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Ah, what will Eldon say, Mr. Mayor?
If he has time to spare
He'll surely blast their prayer,
For the love of his calf chare, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor;
For the love of his calf chare, Mr. Mayor."

A few years later we have the famous letters of "Tim Tunbelly, Gent.," in the *Tyne Mercury*. The author was Mr. William Andrew Mitchell, the editor and proprietor of the paper, and also editor of the *Newcastle Magazine*. The letters were levelled against the corporation management in general, and, of course, the glaring abuses connected with the river occupied a prominent place in them. Ralph Gardiner had been bitterly serious in his denunciations —too thoroughly in earnest to jest; but Tim Tunbelly adopted another tone. He held the corporation up to ridicule, and brought to bear upon it all the force of his pungent, and sometimes scurrilous, banter. He is in great glee on finding that one of his letters has been copied by a New York paper, and proposes to frame and glaze a copy of it and present it to the corporation, to be hung up in one of their offices, "that they may have constantly before their eyes the appalling fact that the omnipresence of my letters (not forgetting to say something of the *Tyne Mercury* itself) has *caused the corporation elections of Newcastle to be laughed at by the citizens of New York*." He describes, with great humour, the bickerings at the Guild meetings, and the jobbery and abuses which prevailed under the old corporation. Speaking of the laxity of the auditing of the town accounts, he tells how one of the newly-appointed auditors was at first very particular in inquiring into all the details of the various entries of expenditure, and how, for his firmness in the matter, he was presented with a piece of plate by the incorporated companies. He continues—"No sooner was the plate received than he turned his back upon his brethren, advocated the withholding of the corporation accounts, and defended the magistrates in their secret service. All this was for very weighty reasons. He opened a shop as a stationer, and, as Dan Dixon said, 'got a

wafer put into his mouth;' in short, he received the corporation sacrament."

With regard to the river, Tim points out its shocking state, and refers to the activity of the Sunderland people in improving the Wear. He enumerates the petitions in favour of cleaning the Tyne, and the counter petitions against doing anything, got up by the friends of the corporation. "Now I say," he writes, "mark the corporation and their friends. They never confess that the river wants cleaning, neither do they say that it is already clean; but they pray that no other plan be adopted *than that which brings them such swinging profits.* One party wants the river clean, and refers to Mr. Liddell's machine, incidentally, as a good means of cleaning it; and the corporation say what is equivalent to this—'We don't care whether the river is clean or dirty; but you shan't have Liddell's machine, and we will have ballast quays for ever.'" "I can tell thee," in another place he says, "I can tell thee that there have been some serious consultations about cleaning the river, but whether amongst those who are the ablest to set the matter a-going I must not tell thee yet. All that I know is, that it is held by a few that it would be folly to begin any reform now that I am exposing everything wrong; because, whenever any change is commenced, the public will cry, 'Aye, aye! it's all Tim Tunbelly!' What a grand doctrine is this! Did ever any man, fully bent on doing good, care a straw about who gave him the first idea of it? But I will set the gentlemen at rest on this point; for the moment a keel or wheelbarrow is moved in the great work, there is no man who will be more ready to say it is free, unsolicited, unforced labour of the corporation than myself. If my perpetual ringing of the truth in their ears once set them at work, the praises of the whole country will make them thoroughly ashamed of giving over before they have perfected their task to the general satisfaction." These "serious consultations" ended in smoke; as long as the old corporation lasted it may be said that practically nothing was done to prevent the shoaling of the river.

The reformed corporation came into office in 1836, and began with some energy to attempt the conversion of the Tyne into a navigable river. Rennie's plan, with some modifications, was adopted, and the work of building a new quay at Newcastle, and various groins and jetties further down the river, to concentrate the flow of the stream and so scour away the shoals, was proceeded with. Much money was thus spent, and the River Improvement Committee honestly strove to carry out their work. But the committee was only part of the town council, and had a constant and jealous competitor in the Town Improvement Committee. The latter naturally urged its own particular claims upon the town purse. Many of the councillors did not believe in the practicability of the scheme adopted for improving the river, and many difficulties were thrown in its way, so that it is not to be wondered at that it was never carried far enough to have any effect. Only one dredger

was employed, and proved, as was to be expected, inadequate to permanently deepen the channel. As fast as it cleared away the shoals, they silted up again; and besides, proper care was not taken to prevent ballast and rubbish being thrown into the river, and into the sea near the river mouth. To show the state of the river seven years after the work of the committee began, we read that in 1843 a Shields pilot, named Robert Young, waded across the bar at low water from the north to the south side—a feat repeated three years later by other three pilots.

It may here be noticed that in 1845 the "Newcastle-upon-Tyne Port Act" was passed, by which a river police was established, and a system for laying down moorings for vessels was provided. The funds for these purposes were to be provided by a rate of one farthing per ton on all vessels using the port. In ancient times the police of the river were the serjeant of the water and his assistants; later, the water bailiff of the Newcastle corporation. The duty of these officers was strictly to protect the monopoly of Newcastle in the river. They were to prevent all faults against the river and haven of Tyne; to seize all goods conveyed ashore in suspected places, and, in fact, elsewhere, except at Newcastle, for the use of the mayor and burgesses.

We now come to perhaps the most important event in the history of the river Tyne—the transference of its management from the corporation of Newcastle into the hands of a body of commissioners representing the various Tyneside towns. In 1849 a Tyne Conservancy Bill was introduced into Parliament by the shipowners and others of the towns of Shields and Gateshead. It was, of course, energetically opposed by the town of Newcastle. A preliminary Admiralty inquiry was held before Captain (afterwards Admiral) Washington, at which Newcastle was represented by Mr. John Clayton, town clerk, and the opposite party by Mr. Leitch. The account of this inquiry, as given in the newspapers of the day, is very interesting, the evidence of some of the witnesses being peculiarly characteristic and amusing. The result was unfavourable to the Newcastle monopoly.

Captain Washington's report gave an account of the various river dues collected by the corporation, and the manner in which they had been expended. During the preceding seven years £26,000 a-year had been received from the river, and of this less than £5000 a-year had been expended on its improvement. Since 1809 over half-a-million, extracted from the same source, had been spent in lighting, paving, cleaning, and improving the streets of Newcastle. He found that the average depth of water on the bar was then the same as it had been thirty-six years before—namely, about six feet; that the depth and capacity of Shields harbour was diminishing; and that the shoals between Shields and Newcastle were increasing. In 1813 a ship drawing 15½ feet could sail up to Newcastle quay, and have a foot to spare under her keel at high water; while in 1849 one of similar draught could not cross Jarrow

shoal, seven miles below Newcastle Bridge. He sums up—"It must be manifest that the several duties usually attached to the conservancy of a harbour have not been attended to on the Tyne; that the most ordinary duties of river engineering, such as regulating and deepening the channel, cutting off projecting points, dredging away or otherwise removing the shoals, so as to produce a uniform bed of the river, have all but been entirely omitted; that sufficient quay accommodation for the traffic has not been provided; that no attempt has been made to improve the bar, or to stop out the sand brought daily into Shields harbour off the Herd (a sand to the south of the river mouth), or to get rid of the obstruction to the tide by the piers and starlings of Tyne Bridge; that the casting of ballast close to the entrance, and to a large extent in Shields harbour, had not been prevented; and that until within two years there were neither moorings for vessels, nor river police to prevent theft, and that these had only been obtained by the imposition of an additional tax on shipping."

One of the witnesses examined by Captain Washington as to the cause of the silting up of Shields harbour was William Boyle, wherryman, who said—"You ask what did this, and what did that—now let me tell you something about cause and effect (laughter). I was bred at the Fish Market, North Shields, matured at the New Quay, and live at the Low-lights Shore (laughter), and so I ought to know the harbour pretty well. Now then, let's see what's one cause of the in-sand. A deal has been said about ships casting their ballast at sea, and the shipowners winking their eyes (laughter). He had seen scores of ships casting their ballast by the Herd Sand, far within the boundaries. Instead of going to Souter Point, they would lie all along the edge of the Herd." (A nautical bystander, "I've seen two hundred at it altogether.") "Sometimes they would drop anchor close to the harbour. It was safer to cast ballast there than at Peter Allen's (Marsden), and they could get towed in for half the money." Strange to say, this witness was called for the corporation, whose cause his testimony went so far to damage. The desire of the shipmasters to escape the heavy ballast dues was the cause of their casting ballast outside the river. Another witness, Thomas Marrison, a ballast keelman, described, amongst other things, having seen as much as a hundred and sixty tons of ballast *cleared* into one keel, of which not one shovelful actually went on board, but was flung into the river instead. "He believed that out of every hundred tons of ballast that came into the harbour, eighty went into the river. . . . No cess was paid for what went into the river; that was why they did it—it saved the cess."

The Lords of the Admiralty, on receipt of the report of Captain Washington, gave their assent and approval to the Tyne Conservancy Bill. It proposed to establish a Board of Commissioners, the representation of the various riverside towns being apportioned as follows:—Newcastle to have 6 members; Gateshead, 2

members; North Shields, 2 members; South Shields, 2 members; a number to be appointed by the Admiralty not exceeding 5 members—total, 17. After being read a second time in the Upper House, the bill was lost through the prorogation of Parliament, as Robert Gardiner's bill of 1653 had been lost through its dissolution.

In the session of 1850 the bill was again introduced, the proportion of the representatives of the various towns being altered as follows:—Newcastle, 3 members; Gateshead, 1 member; North Shields, 3 members; South Shields, 3 members; Admiralty, 5 members—total, 15.

In the same session the corporation of Newcastle introduced an opposition bill, called "The Tyne Navigation Bill," which proposed to apportion the commissioners thus:—Newcastle council, 9 members; Gateshead, 2 members; North Shields, 2 members; South Shields, 2 members; Trinity House, Newcastle, 2 members —total, 17 members. The mayor of Newcastle to be chairman, the town clerk to be clerk, and the borough treasurer to be treasurer to the commissioners. All the accustomed river dues, with exception of three-fourths of the coal dues, to be used in carrying the Act into execution; the three-fourths of the coal dues to be retained by the town of Newastle, for *town purposes only*.

After some time spent in deliberation by a Parliamentary Committee, the promoters of the two rival bills arranged a compromise, and the result was the passing of the River Tyne Improvement Act, 15th July 1850. By it the number of commissioners was arranged as follows:—For Newcastle, 6; Gateshead, 2; Tynemouth, 3; South Shields, 3.

In addition, the promoters of the Newcastle bill (Tyne Navigation Bill) and the promoters of the Shields bill (Tyne Conservancy Bill) to appoint each two commissioners to hold office for life—the first vacancy in each pair of those life appointments to be filled up by the Admiralty, the second vacancies not to be filled up at all. So that, ultimately, there would be fourteen elected and two Admiralty commissioners. The board to have the appointment of its chairman and officers. The dues to be collected in the first instance by the corporation of Newcastle, and paid over by the borough treasurer to the commissioners. An auditor to be appointed by each of the different representative parties. The new board had the sole charge of the river, and all improvements were left to its judgment.

It will be seen that though the monopoly which Newcastle had enjoyed for so long was wrested from her, she still had, as was but just, considering her importance, a great voice in the river management. Nor did she lose altogether the fruits she had been wont to gather. She retained her rights to the foreshores and to five-eights of the coal dues, as well as some small package and cranage dues.

In commencing their duties in 1850, the Tyne Commissioners

found the river as we have described it—no better, but if anything worse, than it had been in 1813. The vessels trading to the port were principally sailing ships, generally of not more than four hundred tons burthen. The Hamburg and Rotterdam steamboats of Mr. John Ormston, and the London, Edinburgh, and other coasting lines of steamers, periodically sailed to and from the Tyne ; but they were all of small size compared with the steamers of the present day. The state of the river was such as to prevent any advancement in trade.

It would be beyond our province to give the history of the various improvements effected by the commissioners. The subject is treated of at length in that valuable work, *The River Tyne: its History and Resources*, by the late Mr. James Guthrie, secretary to the commissioners, from which we have drawn freely in compiling this sketch. At the end of the first ten years the work of the board had not been productive of any good in the great object of deepening the navigable channel. The smallness of the funds at its disposal, and the difference of opinion amongst the members as to the means to be adopted, interfered with progress.

By the passage of the "Tyne Improvement Act" of 1852 the commissioners obtained powers to construct a dock at Hayhole, near Howden, a village about seven miles below Newcastle, on the north bank of the river. The expense of its construction was to be defrayed by borrowed capital, to be raised on security of dues on shipping and merchandise to be levied in the dock. The construction of this dock, or the deepening of the river at this point, had been urgently pressed by the Duke of Northumberland and other coalowners on the north side of the Tyne, who complained that the water had been so much shoaled up by the action, or neglect, of previous conservators that vessels could not get up to the coal-spouts to load.

By the same Act of Parliament the commissioners took powers to levy a tonnage due on shipping towards the construction of piers at the entrance to the river. The foundation stones of both dock and piers were laid in 1854. The dock (called the Northumberland Dock) was opened for traffic in 1857. The piers are still in course of construction.

In 1859 the Tyne Dock, at Jarrow, on the south side of the river, constructed by the North-Eastern Railway Company, was opened, but, as we have said, the great work of deepening the river channel had not been advanced.

"In 1860 and 1861," says Mr. Guthrie, "the river Tyne was at its very lowest point of decadence as a navigable river, relatively to the trade carried on. Vessels of moderate size and draught were detained for weeks after loading, unable to get to sea *at the top of high water;* other vessels were thumping and grounding on the bar in vain attempts to get to sea ; and a state of things existed seriously detrimental, and which, if continued, would have been most disastrous, indeed ruinous, to the trade and reputation of the

port. In May 1860 three large American vessels all grounded together on the bar, while three vessels of the same size had gone safely into Sunderland. The larger vessels were largely deserting the Tyne for Sunderland. Vessels of over twelve feet could only get up to Newcastle at high spring-tides. Serious expenses were incurred by the Newcastle merchants in lightening vessels at Shields to enable them to proceed up the river. On the 8th of June 1861 there lay aground *in the channel* at Newcastle, off the sixty ton crane, a valuable schooner (the *Edward Beck*), about a hundred tons register, and, within a few yards of her, the steam-tug *Sceptre*, doing all that steam could aid her in trying to get off the sand-bank, which continually impeded navigation at this place—where certainly vessels of such classes ought at all times to be able to move. Shipowners, pilots, coalowners, and merchants were all uttering one loud continuous complaint for an improved state of things."

An improved state of things did come with the appointment of the late Mr. Ure as engineer to the commissioners. He drew up a comprehensive plan of river improvement, and the necessary powers for carrying it into effect were granted by the Tyne Improvement Act of 1861. The chief feature of the plan was the employment of steam dredgers for deepening the channel, instead of trusting to "the old abortive expectations, entertained by engineers and others, of the river being trained to excavate itself."

From the year 1861 the improvement of the river made the most satisfactory and uninterrupted progress. By 1863 there were at work six dredgers, with accompanying steam-tugs, hopper barges, and necessary appliances, "being such a dredging plant as no port or harbour of the world had ever possessed." The leviathan dredgers, ceaselessly tearing up the bed of the river—the long strings of huge hoppers which were constantly being towed out to sea laden with the dredgings—soon wrought a change, as may be imagined when we know that from 1861 to 1866 the enormous quantity of over twenty million tons of material was raised and removed.

The Tyne Improvement Act of 1870 gave the commissioners the five-eights of the coal dues which the Newcastle corporation had up to that time collected for town purposes, on consideration of payment of £130,000 to the latter body.

Another Act in 1872 consolidated and simplified the borrowing powers of the commissioners, which, through successive additions, had become so complicated that there were four distinct and independent funds to explain to intending lenders.

There were new Tyne Improvement Acts in 1876 and 1877, and a Tyne Commission Amendment Act in 1875. By the latter, six new members, representing the dues-payers, were added to the board, to be elected triennially; two each by shipowners, coal-owners, and traders of the Tyne ports. These new members were to elect an additional auditor.

Meanwhile work was being pushed vigorously forward, and as Guthrie says, "the whole face of things was changed as by a transformation scene." He gives the results of the operations up to 1879, part of which are as follows :—On the bar the depth of water in 1860 was 6 feet 6 inches at low water, or 21 feet 6 inches at high water, spring-tides. In 1879 it was 22 feet and 37 feet at the same respective states of the tide. In the sailing channel of Newcastle harbour, between the Ouse Burn and Tyne Bridge, the depth varied in 1860 from 3 feet 6 inches to 8 feet 6 inches at low water, or from 16 to 21 feet at high water. In 1879 it varied from 20 to 25 feet at low, or 35 to 40 feet at high water. Alongside Newcastle quay the greatest depth in 1860 was 6 feet 6 inches, and in some places the foreshore at the base of the quay was 3 feet *above* low water mark, while the depth at high water varied from 9 feet 6 inches to 19 feet. In 1879 the depth of water in the berthage alongside the quay varied from 10 to 20 feet at low water, or from 25 to 35 feet at high water. All depths are given for spring-tides. The river below Newcastle was correspondingly deepened, obstructing points were cut away, and training walls built. Above bridge the work of improvement had proceeded up to Elswick, where a depth of 12 to 17 feet at high water was increased to from 28 to 35 feet. Above Elswick the river had been widened and improved. Newcastle Bridge, which, with its piers and abutments, occupied one-third of the whole waterway of the river, and caused a difference of level in the river bed, above and below it, of several feet, was removed, and the new Swing Bridge had been opened for traffic in 1876. Such was the work of eighteen years on the Tyne.

The improvement of the river is still proceeding. The piers are gradually extending their arms into the sea, and the dredgers are still steadily working in various parts of the river. The huge projection of land called Bill Point is being cut away, and another large dock is in course of construction at Coble Dene, on the north side of the river below Northumberland Dock. Big steamers are being built and launched at Scotswood and Elswick, and the work of cutting and deepening is going vigorously forward in the higher reaches, so that at no very distant Barge Day the Newcastle corporation may sail over their ancient bounds and see the Tyne, from Hedwin Streams to Spar Hawk, a noble river, navigable by the largest vessels.

It is interesting to glance back upon the roll of notable events in the history of shipping on the Tyne. Thus, going back to 1750 we find a great excitement on Tyneside on the occasion of the launch of the *Russel* from Mr. Headlam's yard. She was, we read, a fine vessel capable of carrying thirty keels of coals, and the largest ship, up to that time, built upon the river. Then, in 1753 we read how the *Experiment*, built on the Tyne by the Newcastle subscribers to a West Indian trade, came back from her first voyage, to the great delight of the townspeople, with a cargo of sugar, rum,

coffee, and cotton, in return for the commodities of Newcastle. Part of these "commodities of Newcastle" would doubtless consist of grindstones, christened by old world humorists "Newcastle light goods," and mentioned in mediæval records concerning the town as "Petræ vocatæ gryndstones;" popularised too by the proverb—"A Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone are found all the world over." In 1763 a famous event took place on the Tyne; the launch of the *Solebay* frigate from Airey's yard. Then we skip over forty years and find another war-ship being launched in 1808 from Mr. Row's yard at St. Peter's, the *Bucephalus*, of 970 tons, and pierced for fifty-two guns, on which occasion the bells of St. Nicholas rang a merry peal. On the 19th May 1814 a strange sight was seen on the Tyne. Being Ascension Day, the corporation in their state barges were proceeding in procession down the river, when they were joined by the first steam-packet ever seen on the river. She was called the *Tyne Steamboat*, and afterwards the *Perseverance*, and ran with passengers between Newcastle and Shields. In the September (10th) of the same year the *Caledonian* from Dundee was the first steam vessel which entered the Tyne. In 1818 the first steam-tug came into use. The first communication by steam between Newcastle and London was in 1824, when the *Rapid*, a Tyne boat, made the voyage in fifty-six hours. About the same time the *Newcastle* commenced running to Leith, and shortly after the *Hylton Jollife*, London packet, and the *Ardincaple*, Leith packet, regular traders, were put on their stations. March 20th, 1848, saw the first iron ship, the *John Garrow* of Hartlepool, 800 tons, enter the Tyne; and on the 2nd of July the same year, the first screw-steamer, the *Archimedes*, made her appearance. 1840 saw, too, the launch of the *Bucephalus* Indiaman, from Messrs. T. and W. Smith's yard at St. Peter's, once Mr. Row's, the largest vessel as yet built on the river. In 1846 the *Marlborough*, larger still (1300 tons), and in 1848 the *Blenheim* (1500 tons), were launched from the same yard. It was such ships as these which made the Tyne in that day as famous for shipbuilding as she is now. The "Newcastle ships" were the pride of the East India Docks. It was not until 1852 that the first screw collier, the *John Bowes*, was launched from Palmer's yard at Jarrow. She is still in existence, and regularly worked up to the present day. A great sensation was caused in 1858 by the building of the *Carlo Alberta* by Messrs. Smith of St. Peter's. She was a war-steamer of 2500 tons, 400 horse-power, and 50 guns, and was built for the Sardinian Government, and so far the largest the river had produced. We proceed no further with our records of launches and of new departures and inventions. They nowadays happen so frequently that a mere list would take up a considerable portion of our whole chapter. The Tyne still holds its high place as a shipbuilding river. Its banks from Scotswood to the sea resound with the din of the rivetters' hammer. Shipyards are to be seen at every bend and on both sides, and their number is rapidly increasing. The produce of the

Tyne in 1882 was 133 steamers and 7 sailing vessels, the total tonnage being 134,407.

We have glanced briefly at the past history of the river, and at the labours of the Tyne Commissioners for its improvement. It is pleasant to look upon the magnificent result of these labours, and to see that they have made the Tyne of the present day one of the chief ports of Great Britain. From the Parliamentary Returns for 1879 we learn that the Tyne ports in that year furnished as much as one-sixth of the clearances outwards from all England and Wales ; four-fifths of those of Scotland ; more than the whole of Ireland ; and one-ninth of the whole United Kingdom. During 1881 the Tyne, with its 11,363 vessels to and from foreign countries and British colonies, came second only to London with its 16,567 vessels—Liverpool being third, with 9398. In the coasting trade of the same year, the Tyne is sixth in the list, with 11,032 vessels cleared with cargoes for ports in the United Kingdom. The ports ahead of it are:—London, 46,773 vessels ; Liverpool, 17,899 vessels ; Belfast, 14,122 vessels ; Bristol, 12,004 vessels ; Glasgow, 11,986 vessels.

Considerable misapprehension as to the trade of the Tyne is created by the existence of three separate Custom House ports on it. In 1848 Shields was created an independent Custom House port, and in 1865 it was divided, and North and South Shields were made separate ports. Thus what is really one port was divided into three, though now, in the Annual Shipping Returns of the Board of Trade, the three ports are grouped together.

The exports of the Tyne, of course, principally consist of coal ; but besides the staple commodity, large quantities of chemicals, lead, glass, steam engines, and other manufactures in iron, fire-clay goods, etc., are sent out.

The facilities for trade which the Tyne affords are great, but what is more, they are increasing every year, and are capable of almost indefinite extension ; so that in time we may hope to see Newcastle famous, not only for its coal trade, but also as a great emporium for general merchandise. There have long been lines of steamers sailing to the Dutch and Belgian ports, and now direct and regular communication has been opened out with the United States. Great as has been the advancement made by the Tyne within the last twenty years—enormous as her commerce is—there is every reason to believe and hope that in twenty years more the doings of to-day will be looked back upon as insignificant and small compared with the enormous trade and increased manufactures our river shall then have witnessed.

CHAPTER III.

THE COAL TRADE OF NEWCASTLE.

"Those mighty ships that in my mouth I bear,
Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle named,
For which both far and near that place is no less famed
Than India for her mines."

—DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion.*

NEWCASTLE.

"Seated upon high rock sees Dame Nature's wonders strange,
Or else to others wittily doth vent them for exchange;
In vain why seek you fire from heaven to serve your turn,
The ground here either keeps it close or quickly makes it burn.

"Nor that which folk, with stony flash or whirlwind grim, affrights,
But giveth life to earthly things and minds to living wights;
This melteth iron, brasse, and gould, so pliable and soft,
What mind th' allective shade of gould stirs not, nor sets aloft.

"Nay more then so, man say it doth dull metals change to gould;
To say therefore it is a god our alchymists are bold.
If god he be as thou giv'st out (great master) of thy word,
How many gods then doth this place and our Scotland afford."

—JOHN JOHNSON: *Poems of the Cities of Britain.*

NO account of Newcastle would be complete without some mention of the coal trade, which has done so much for the town, and made it what it is—the capital of the North of England. Of the origin of coal, and of how the tropical vegetation which formed it came to be located in our now temperate north country, it is not our province to speak. The subject is too wide to be dealt with in a merely incidental chapter; besides, it already forms the theme of many interesting works. We would, however, recommend all who are about to study it to examine the unrivalled collection of coal measure fossils in the museum of the Newcastle Natural History Society. We will but glance at the general history of the trade and matters connected with it.

There is reason to suppose that the ancient Britons knew that coal would burn, and occasionally used it. The half-burnt cinders and the ashes of coal fires which have been discovered amongst the mortar of Roman buildings near Newcastle, show that the conquerors of the Britons too were acquainted with its valuable properties. It is improbable, however, that either Britons or Romans would take the trouble of serious mining for coal, as wood was in their days so plentiful and so easily attainable. The coal which they used would be such as cropped up to the surface, and could be won without difficulty. Horsley says—"There is a coalry not far from Benwell, a part of which is judged, by those who are best skilled in such affairs, to have been wrought by the Romans."

The ancient Roman, as he gazed with curiosity upon the wonderful black stone which burnt, and when he returned home showed to his friends specimens of this strange product of the far-away island of Britain, little knew how wonderful it really was. He did not dream that it was destined to make the obscure colony of Rome greater, and richer, and more powerful than Rome herself in her most glorious days.

The Saxons used coal as fuel, for we read of twelve cart-loads of fossil, or pit coal, being sent to Peterborough Cathedral in the year 852, when Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred the Great, was king. Saint Augustine, who lived in the tenth century, mentions a curious use of coal. He says—"Is it not a wonderful thing that though coals are so brittle, that with the least blow they break, with the least pressure they are crushed in pieces, yet no time can destroy them; insomuch that they who pitch landmarks are wont to throw them underneath to convince any litigious person, who should affirm, though ever so long after, that no landmark was there." Ashes and potsherds were used in a similar way.

Round about Newcastle there is no doubt that coal was used both in Saxon and early Norman times. The mines would then be simply horizontal galleries dug into the hillsides, and their produce would be consumed in the immediate neighbourhood. But in the thirteenth century a demand for coal sprang up in London and other places, mainly by manufacturers, such as smiths, brewers, and lime-burners, and the coal trade of Newcastle may be said to have commenced.

Gardiner tells us (though we have no other record of it) that in 1239 King Henry III. granted a charter to the townsmen of Newcastle to dig for coal on the crown lands near the town. Matthew Paris, in 1245, mentions sea-coal and pits to win it, and colliers who wrought in the pits. In an inquisition made by order of Edward I., in 1281, it is said that the town of Newcastle is so improved by coals, that the fee-farm is now worth £200—whereas in the reign of King John it was not worth £100. Concerning the coal mines of those Norman days, Edington, in his *Treatise on the Coal Trade* (1813) says—"It may be seen to this day where their water-courses come out to the surface at Gallowgate, near the bottom of the Town Moor."

The new fuel came more and more into general use, until in 1306 it was complained of in Parliament as a public nuisance, "which was thought to corrupt the air with its stink and smoke," and its further use in London was prohibited by proclamation, "to avoid the sulferous smoke and savour of the firing." For domestic use it was doubtless then very unsuitable, on account of the construction of the fire-places made to burn wood. But soon after the proclamation we have just named, we hear of new "iron chimneys," or fire-places for burning coal. Then we find it mentioned as burned in the royal palaces, and probably it soon came into general household use.

Edward III. granted licenses to "our beloved mayor and bailiffs and good men of our town of Newcastle" to work coal in the Castle field, the "Frith" (Forth), and the Town Moor; and in his reign coal won on the Durham side of the river was to be brought to Newcastle in boats (keels) for shipment to all parts of England, but to no place out of it except Calais.

The constant disputes concerning the river between the townsmen of Newcastle and the Bishops of Durham and Priors of Tynemouth will be remembered. Many were the occasions on which the aggressive burgesses exceeded their lawful privileges, great as they were, and their violent measures towards the servants of the church often called for the intervention of the crown. On shore as well as on the river we find them active in opposition. There is an account of their having trespassed on the domains of the Prior of Tynemouth at Elswick, and of their cutting the drains from his collieries there, until forced to desist by command of the king.

If we may take Shakespeare as an authority, coal fires blazed in the famous Boars' Head Tavern in Eastcheap in the mad days of Prince Hal and stout Sir John Falstaff. It was on the eve of the battle of Bramham Moor (fought in 1408) that Dame Quickly taxed the fat knight with breach of promise of marriage, made some time before, and sworn to "upon a parcel gilt goblet, in my Dolphin Chamber, at a round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week." With regard to the term "sea-coal," most probably given to all coal in London because it came by sea, there is a curious note in the *Itinerary* of John Leland, the famous royal antiquary of Henry VIII. He says—"The vaynes of the se-coles ly sometimes upon clives of the se, as round about Coket Island and other shores; and they, as some will, be properly called se-coles; but they are not so good as the coles that are digged in the inner part of the lande."

"There are tricks in all trades" is an old saying, and it cannot be said that there were none in the coal trade, even so far back as the reign of Henry V. A keel was supposed to hold twenty chaldrons of coal and reckoned as such, but it appears that some plying on the Tyne were made to hold twenty-three chaldrons; their owners thus cheated the king out of part of his due of twopence per chaldron on all coal sold to non-freemen out of the port of Newcastle. To put a stop to this an Act was passed in 1421 compelling all keels, under pain of forfeiture, to be marked of what portage they were, and commissioners were appointed to measure and mark them. The size of the keel, about twenty-one tons burthen, has remained the same from the fourteenth century down to the present day, but the size of the Newcastle chaldron (on which duty was paid) was gradually much increased until fixed by law, long afterwards, when it had attained to upwards of twice its original proportions. A keel is now eight Newcastle chaldrons, and a chaldron equals fifty-three hundredweight. We give further particulars of keels and keelmen in our chapter on Sandgate.

In the old times of which we have been speaking the coal mines were very primitive affairs. The miners could not, on account of the water, sink deep down into the earth as we do now, but had to content themselves with coal which lay near the surface, though where the ground lay high they drained the workings by means of horizontal drifts or adits, and so won comparatively deeper seams. They had no waggon-ways or railroads—indeed they had not even carts, and the coal was carried on horseback through the winding forest ways to the places of embarkation. The panniers in which it was carried held two or three pecks a-piece. The coal was drawn from the pits by means of a hand windlass, until the invention of the horse "gin," a large drum, which, by an arrangement of cog-wheels, was turned by horses yoked to a horizontal bar. When this gin was invented we know not, but by the time of Elizabeth we hear of wains for carrying the coal from the pits to the river, and holding about eight bolls each.

The reign of Elizabeth was an eventful time in the history of the Newcastle coal trade. Coal had become a necessity, and the trade had increased to large proportions. The attention of the Government was drawn to it as a source of revenue which had been long neglected, and which might be made to yield a handsome sum yearly. The Queen demanded from the corporation of Newcastle the arrears of the tax of twopence per chaldron, which had not for some time been paid. The corporation pleaded their inability to pay the arrears, so large were they in amount, but offered, if they were cancelled, to pay in future a shilling per chaldron on all coal sold for shipment to English ports. This offer was accepted. In 1582 we find the Queen herself entering the coal trade, for we find that in that year she obtained from the Bishop of Durham a lease (called the Grand Lease) of the manors of Gateshead and Whickham, with all the coal pits, for ninety-nine years. This lease she gave to the Earl of Leicester, and he transferred it to his secretary, Sir Thomas Sutton, the founder of the Charter House. Sir Thomas again sold it to the hoastmen of Newcastle, who so arranged matters that the mines included in the Grand Lease came into the hands of about twenty of their society, who already held possession of all the principal mines in the district. The whole trade was consequently in the hands of these twenty; they could manage the output or vend of coal as they liked, and also, of course, regulate the price. Coal rose from four shillings to six shillings per chaldron—then to seven, eight, and nine shillings. The good people of London grumbled, but the coal monopolists did as they liked.

The hoastmen just mentioned were a sort of middlemen between buyers and sellers in ancient times. We describe them more at length in our chapter on the "Quayside." Queen Elizabeth, by a clause of the great charter of Newcastle (granted in 1600), incorporated the Society of Hoastmen, and granted the members certain privileges—amongst others, sole power to load and unload pit coals

and stones for shipment from the Tyne. They in return undertook to see that the Queen's home duty of a shilling per chaldron was regularly paid, and also a duty of five shillings per chaldron she had imposed on all coal sent over sea.

When King James I. came to the throne he increased the duties; but in the early part of his reign we hear of fears which, had they been well grounded, must speedily have put an end to both duties and coal trade altogether. These fears pointed to the exhaustion, in a very short space of time, of all the available coal. The limit of depth had been almost reached; free drainage could not much longer serve. Necessity is the mother of invention, and men's wits were soon at work to find some means of raising the water from deeper sinkings. Numerous contrivances of the nature of chain pumps, and worked by horse or water power, were brought out and used for raising the water to the adits or drains, or to the top of the shafts altogether. Another improvement had also been introduced shortly before this. This was the construction of staiths or wooden erections, projecting into the river, for storing the coal as it arrived from the pits, and with spouts for shooting it into the keels or ships, thus saving great labour. The spouts were an afterthought, the original staiths being simply open wharves, where the coal was heaped up ready for shipment. An earlier plan was to raise a "dyke," or mound, upon the foreshore as a place of deposit for the coal above the water level; but from these dykes the coal had to be carried along planks, or by keels, on board the ships. A few years later, though there is no record of it before 1660, came the tramway, or "Newcastle road" as it was called, laid with wooden planks, on which the coal carts were drawn by horses between the pits and the staiths. Coal waggons were afterwards introduced. The first one used, says tradition, was lined with tin and filled with a liquor called punch, and the emptying of it afforded great amusement to the workmen. Great impetus was by these and other improvements given to the trade, and we read that in 1615 four hundred sail of ships were employed in it, two hundred of which supplied London, and the rest France and Holland. In 1622 nearly 400,000 tons of coal were shipped on the Tyne.

About this time we find evidence of more tricks in the coal trade. Information exhibited in the Star Chamber by the Attorney-General in 1621 charges the Newcastle hoastmen with forcing ships to take bad coals and much slate amongst them, or refusing to load them; unmarketable coals being bought for London prove much to the damage of the people; for which they are all fined, some £100 a-piece, some more, some less, "being found guilty and ordered to do so no more." But, says Ralph Gardiner, from whom we take this information, "it is proved they continue the same to this day."

During the reign of James I. the revenue raised by the taxation of the coal trade was farmed, and we find the Privy Council writing the hoastmen of Newcastle to enforce payment of the duty to the

farmers. Charles I. followed the same plan. In his reign the use of coal had become general in England on account of the great scarcity of wood. The planting of trees had for some years been much neglected throughout the kingdom, and we are told in *Stowes' Annals* (1632) that the supply was running short through the making of ships, houses, and furniture, and the manufacture of iron, brick, and tiles. "Within thirty years past," says this historian, "the nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burnt, nor willingly eat of the meat that was either sod or roasted with sea-coal fire." But the wood fire with its delightful subtle fragrance soon became, as in our day, a luxury only to be enjoyed by the rich, and for general use coal ruled the roast.

King Charles seeing the increasing importance of the coal trade, began to think that he might do better even than heavily tax it. He determined to take the trade into his own hands, and actually made an agreement with the colliery owners by which he bound them to sell only to him at eleven shillings a chaldron, and by order of privy council fixed the sale price in London at seventeen shillings per chaldron in summer and eighteen in winter. But the great rebellion put an end to this, as to so many other of his schemes, and showed that the Newcastle coal trade was become of national importance, for when the vend was stopped by the chances of war, the people of England found how necessary the supply had become to their comfort, and even existence.

In 1640 when, after Newburn fight, the Covenanters took possession of Newcastle, about ten thousand people employed in the coal trade fled, for it was bruited abroad that the Scots would give no quarter. About a hundred ships which arrived at Tynemouth after the battle, hearing that the Scots were in possession of the town, returned empty. The foresight and energy of William Cavendish, Marquis and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, secured the possession of Newcastle and the coal-fields to King Charles, on the breaking out of hostilities with the English Parliament. We know how London was the Parliamentary stronghold, and how the Marquis prohibited the shipment of coal thither. The scarcity of coal was soon felt, and the House of Lords earnestly recommended the Commons to send ships to Newcastle for a supply. The gun-makers petitioned Parliament for coal to carry on their trade.

In the autumn of 1643 the people of London were like to starve with cold and want of fuel for cooking. On 2nd October an ordinance was issued by Lords and Commons to supply the poor and others with wood in default of coal, as Newcastle was surprised "by the papal and malignant forces." While the Parliamentary party had gun-makers and no coal, the king, with the coal-fields at his command, it appears, had neither gun-makers nor guns in sufficient numbers. We find him writing, in figure cypher, from Oxford, on 2nd November, to the Marquis of Newcastle, concerning the procuring of arms from Holland in exchange for coal.

When the Scots, for the second time, crossed the border, and were marching to join with General Fairfax in Yorkshire, the Duke made an attempt to destroy the coal mines, lest they should fall into their hands. His purpose was defeated by the vigilance of the enemy. The battle of Marston Moor set them at liberty to besiege Newcastle in earnest, as we have before described. For seven months, from May to November, only one vessel entered the Tyne, and that one was a foreigner, and was not aware of the investment of the town. After the fall there was a public thanksgiving in London, where coal had risen to £4 per chaldron, and the House of Commons immediately ordered supplies to be sent for the relief of the poor. The dislocation of the trade caused by the war was long in being repaired. Even in 1648 coal was so very dear in London that many died for want of firing.

Gray, in his *Chorographia*, gives some very interesting information about coal. His account was written in 1649. He says—"Many thousand people are employed in this trade of coales—many live by working them in the pits—many by conveying them in waggons and waines to the river Tine; many men are employed in conveying the coales in keeles from the stathes aboard the ships. One coal merchant employeth five hundred or a thousand in his works of coals; yet for all his labour, care, and cost, can scarce live of his trade; nay, many of them hath consumed and spent great estates and dyed beggars. I can remember one of many that raysed his estate by coale trade; many I remember that hath wasted great estates.

"Some south gentlemen have upon great hope of benefit come into this country to hazard their monies in coale pits. Master Beaumont, a gentleman of great ingenuity and rare parts, adventured into our mines with his £30,000, who brought with him many rare engines not known then in these parts; as the art to boore with iron rods to try the deepnesse and thicknesse of the coale, rare engines to draw the water out of the pits, waggons with one horse to carry down coales from the pits to the stathes on the river, etc. Within few years he consumed all his money, and rode home on his light horse. . . .

"The coale trade began not past fourscore years since; coales in former times was only used by smiths and for burning of lime; woods in the south parts of England decaying, and the city of London and other cities and townes growing populous, made the trade for coale increase yearely, and many great ships of burthen built, so that there was more coales vented in one yeare than was in seven yeares fifty yeares by past; this great trade hath made this towne to flourish in all trade."

We have already given many extracts from Gardiner's *England's Grievance Discovered in relation to the Coal Trade*, published during the protectorate of Cromwell. One of the great arguments of the author against the monopolies of the Newcastle corporation is, that they hinder the coal trade. He says that were shipmasters freed

from the necessity of sailing up river to Newcastle every voyage to cast ballast, they could make "upwards of three voyages in the year more than they do, which would cause two or three hundred thousand chaldrons of coal more to be sold, and the excessive prices to fall under twenty shillings the chaldron all the year. . . . A Welsh pedigree doth not descend by more steps and degrees than the property of their coals is varied while it is derived from the owner of the colliery unto him that at last buys the commodity to spend it, as well trades as others. The owner of collieries must first sell the coals to the magistrates of Newcastle, the magistrates to the masters of ships, the masters of ships to the woodmongers,* or wharfingers, and they to those that spend them. Every change of the property adding to and enhancing the price of the coals thus interchangeably bought and sold; which course, as it picks some money out of the purses of every man that buys coals, besides bad coals being thereby vented, so it grinds the faces of the poor, who in these latter days, by reason of this monopolising of them, have found it as hard a matter to fortify themselves against cold as against hunger."

Of the farming of the revenue derived from the coal trade he says—"But there are some gentlemen" (he has been speaking of former lessees) "which hath this benefitted lease at present—namely, Sir John Trevor with others, who payes (as I hear) £1400 per annum (having some years yet to come in the pattent). I wish the poor had it after them, at the rent of £5000 per annum."

Charles II. settled the duty of one shilling per chaldron paid on sea-borne coal upon his natural son, Charles, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and this duty was afterwards known as "the Richmond shilling." After the great fire of London an extra duty of three shillings per chaldron was levied for the rebuilding of the city, and the coal trade also contributed largely by taxation to the expense of building St. Paul's Cathedral and the other churches of Sir Christopher Wren. Coal mines had now increased in depth, for improved chain pumps worked by water-wheels were invented. These pumps raised the water from the pits not at one lift, but by two or three separate stages. Roger North, writing in 1676, speaks of the pumps at Lumley Colliery as "being placed in the lowest places, that there may be the less way for the water to rise; and if there be a running stream to work the engine it is happy. Chain pumps are the best engines, for they draw constant and even, but they can have but two stories of them; the second being with an axle-tree of seven or eight fathoms, and the deepest storey is wrought by buckets and a wheel and ropes by the force at the top."

The same writer says—"Another thing that is remarkable" (at the Newcastle collieries) "is their way-leaves, for when men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over their ground, and so dear that the owner of a

* Coal merchants were called woodmongers until about 1700.

rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river, exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to coal merchants."

The eighteenth century saw the introduction of steam power into mining operations. Newcomen's steam engine, invented in 1710, was used for pumping water from the mines. The horse gins, though of an improved kind, were still used for drawing the coal. Afterwards the steam engine was applied to this work, though in an indirect manner. One method was to use the steam pump to raise the water from the pit into a cistern. From this cistern the water ran and turned a water-wheel having a winding-drum attached, which drew up the coal corves. By another plan the coal was drawn by the descent of a bucket of water into the mine, which water was re-pumped by the steam engine. The celebrated James Watt was successful in applying steam directly to wind the coal, though there were other inventors who, to some extent, had grappled with the difficulty. He also improved the pumping engines; and after his time there was practically no limit to the depth and extent to which the mining engineer might carry his works, as far as regarded drainage and haulage.

The Newcastle owners were amongst the first to see the great advantages appertaining to steam power. In 1714 there were only four steam engines in existence, and two of these were used upon Newcastle coal mines; the first being erected at Byker by the son of a Swedish nobleman who taught mathematics in Newcastle.

The wooden waggon-ways continued in use until 1740, when iron tram-plates were introduced. They were flat; but about the end of the century cast-iron rails placed on edge came into use, and in time took their place. Horses were used for drawing the coal waggons till a method was invented of making the full waggons run down hill of their own weight, and at the same time, by means of a rope and pulleys, pull up the empty ones to be filled again. This method is still used on some ways.

In 1808 fixed steam engines were used for drawing the waggons up the inclines and along the levels, and soon came the time when the prophetic misgivings of that famous patron of canals, the Duke of Bridgewater, with regard to tramways was fulfilled. He is reported to have said of canals—"Oh, they will last my time, but I don't like the look of these tramroads; there is mischief in them." The tramroad was indeed the birthplace of the locomotive. It was on the colliery waggon-way that Blenkinsop's, Hedley's, and Stephenson's engines were first worked, and the present railway gauge, in almost universal use, had its origin in the width of the space between the wheels of the coal carts for which tramways were first laid down in the Newcastle district.

Year by year the Newcastle coal trade went on increasing, and

improved machinery and appliances of all kinds were invented. The riverside staiths were improved. Instead of fixed spouts, the staith was arranged so that the full coal waggon could be lowered bodily, and by means of a movable bottom, emptied direct into the hold. Some of the staiths were made with adjustable spouts to raise or lower according to the state of the tide. As the river was increased in depth, the staiths were reduced in length.

But perhaps the greatest difficulty in coal mining, and one which has not yet been entirely overcome, was the ventilation of the workings. The inflammable gases which in foul mines are constantly issuing from the coal, render the use of naked lights impossible, and light of some kind is of course necessary in the black depths where the pitmen toil. In the early mines, the adits or drains which carried off the water served also to admit air, which passed upwards by the shaft, carrying the gas, of which the quantity in the higher seams is not great, with it. But when mines were increased in depth and extent, the risk of explosion was multiplied. Spedding's steel mill, invented in 1760, had been long used for giving light. It was a machine in which, by turning a handle, a steel-rimmed wheel was made to revolve rapidly against a piece of flint. It was worked by a boy who sat beside the pitman at work, and the continuous shower of sparks it emitted cast a feeble glimmer of light around. This contrivance, however, besides being of very small illuminating power, was found to be dangerous; sometimes the sparks ignited the gas, and the result was an explosion with all its fearful consequences.

The next step towards improvement was the invention of the safety lamp. The first in the field was that of Dr. Clanny of Sunderland, invented in 1813. In it the flame was insulated, and supplied with air by a pair of bellows, the separating medium between the flame and the external air being water, through which the air necessary for combustion was passed. This lamp was cumbrous, and was superseded by the inventions of George Stephenson and Sir Humphrey Davy. The latter had been asked to give his attention to the construction of some safe mode of lighting mines. The result was the invention of the "Davy" lamp. It was an oil lamp enclosed in a covering of wire gauze, through which alone the air for supporting the flame, the products of combustion, and the light found their way. Such a lamp might be carried in the midst of quiescent explosive gas without danger. The gas might penetrate the gauze, and even explode inside the lamp, but the rapid cooling properties (or high conductivity) of the wire meshes would permit no flame to pass through, unless a series of explosions heated it red hot; but of course the warning lamp could be extinguished before this took place. In a strong current of gas, however, the danger of explosion was much increased, as the lamp heated so rapidly.

Simultaneously with the invention of the Davy lamp, George Stephenson produced his safety lamp, the "Geordie," as it was

called by the pitmen. It was made on the same principle as the Davy, but gave a better light, as part of its casing tube was constructed of glass. Another Clanny lamp—like Stephenson's, partly of glass—was afterwards made, and the three are still in use, together with other modern modifications of the same principle.

In 1832 cages with guides were introduced instead of the hazel corves or baskets which had been so long employed for raising the coal. It is estimated that the new system effected a saving of about £100,000 per annum, as the corves were so soon worn out, and had so frequently to be replaced, while the cages were permanent, or at least lasted a very long time.

The introduction of steam vessels had an immense effect upon the coal trade. The old sailing colliers made about ten or twelve voyages to London in the year. The screw colliers make regularly five times as many, and besides, they are very much larger vessels. The foreign trade has likewise been increased by the same means. Great quantities of coal are sent also by rail as well as by sea to London and other places. Some idea of the development of the coal trade may be formed by comparing the past and the present. In 1704 the whole of Northumberland and Durham produced 65,000 tons, while in 1882 there were shipped on the Tyne alone 8,303,843 tons.

We may here remark that the old "Richmond shilling" duty was made over by the Duke of Richmond in 1799 to the Government, in consideration of a perpetual annuity of £19,000, and that this annuity was afterwards converted into stock in the Three per Cents, of the amount of £633,333, 6s. 9d. In 1831, on the petition of the Tyne coalowners, merchants, and shipowners, the Richmond shilling was abolished, and Newcastle coal made free of Government duty. The Tyne Commissioners, since 1870, collect a penny per ton dues, instead of, as before, twopence per chaldron, which was equivalent to a penny three-fathings per ton. The greatest burden upon the trade, and that most bitterly felt, is the imposition of a due of thirteen-pence per ton by the City of London corporation on all coal entering within the twenty mile radius from the centre of the city, either by sea or land.

From time to time scares have arisen concerning the probable speedy exhaustion of the English coal-fields, and different authorities have assigned various periods to their duration. While these scares have lasted, inventions of all kinds for economising fuel have been placed before the world in great numbers, but so far, as a general rule throughout the country, there is much reckless waste of coal both in manufactories and in private houses. We do not, as in days of yore, allow the small coal to accumulate by thousands of tons round the pit mouths, and there set fire to it and burn it away to keep up prices; but the clouds of smoke which hang over every town and village in the land are evidences of the enormous waste which is daily and nightly going on. As a matter of fact

there is too much coal raised at present; it is too cheap, and consequently not sufficiently prized.

Competition between the various coal-fields, notably those of South Wales and Newcastle, is causing the coalowners to glut the market with coal at prices which do not pay for the working of it. Such a state of affairs must have an end. The one generally predicted is the exhaustion of the Newcastle steam coal; but as in the time of James I. the prophets of decay were proved to be but false ones, so now, as then, some new phase may develop—something unexpected may occur, and disappoint once more the Cassandras of the coal-fields.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TYNE ABOVE BRIDGE, AND "THE CLOSE."

NEWCASTLE has crept so far up the riverside that nowadays it may be said to commence at Scotswood, which is about three miles above the High Level Bridge. Standing on Scotswood Suspension Bridge, with Blaydon, Newburn, and Lemington behind us, we can see the houses on the northern bank stretching away in almost unbroken line towards Elswick and Newcastle. The beautiful valley of the Derwent opens on our right, and leads the eye far away past Axwell Park, and Gibside, and past Winlaton Mill, where were the famous iron works of Sir Ambrose Crowley and his law-defying crew of outlandish smiths, to the sylvan scenes and ancient villages which border its upper course. Close at hand, near its junction with the Tyne, under the high foliage-clad Dunston Hill, on which stands Whickham with its low church tower, the Derwent flows past the village of Swalwell and through the level Derwenthaugh. On our left-hand is the village of Scotswood, where the latest phase of up-river industry is seen in the shape of an iron shipyard, with its gaunt skeletons towering up, and its din of platers' hammers, in strange contrast with the neighbouring green-clad trees and quiet pastures.

Leaving Scotswood, and keeping on the north bank of the river, we pass by South Benwell with its little coal staith and boat-building yard, north of which, on the hill top, lies the "pleasant village of Benwell," the Condercum of the Roman wall, and find the riverside lined with fire-brick yards, boathouses, timber-yards, and waste ground, at no distant day to be converted into busy "works" of some kind. The Scotswood road, along which we advance, becomes more regularly lined with houses, and from Elswick there is a palpable swelling out of the buildings to the northwards; the thin line expands into a populous district, and we feel we are in

Newcastle in right earnest. At Elswick the world-famous works of Sir William Armstrong extend for fully a mile along the riverside. Moored alongside them we see a fleet of steamers—gunboats waiting for their ordnance and merchant ships for their machinery—while above tower the cupolas of the blast furnaces, which turn out their famous "Ridsdale" iron. Armstrong's works are one of the sights of Newcastle. Here are manufactured iron bridges, steam engines and boilers, Armstrong guns, shot and shell, torpedoes, hydraulic cranes, and machinery of all kinds. Passing from Scotswood Road by a bridge thrown over part of the works, we may take the steamboat and sail the remainder of our way. The flat green island lying off here in the river is called the "King's Meadows," and was a famous place in days of yore. On the "Barge Days," when the corporation used to sail the boundaries of their river jurisdiction, the Meadows was the scene of much merry-making and sport. There was often a regatta, tents and shows were pitched, and horse races run on the island. A public-house, called the "Countess of Coventry," flourished on these occasions, if for the rest of the year it was quiet enough; but it, like the old merry-makings, is swept away and the island is bare and desolate. There is a curious story in connection with the naming of this house which is worth giving. Once upon a time the Mowbrays of Manor House, near Lanchester, had a footboy called Moses. This boy, on account of his quickness and intelligence and good behaviour, attracted the notice of his master, who, thinking to give him a better chance in the world, sent him to a friend in Hull who was partner in a firm of merchants engaged in the Baltic trade. From office boy young Moses gradually rose to be a clerk, and was sent to Riga to act as resident agent. His shrewd business qualities and integrity were rewarded by his being given a small share in the firm, and he after some time returned to England. So far his career had been commonplace enough, but now commences the strange part of the story. He began to look out for a wife, and secured one with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. His wife died, and in due course he looked out for another, and again succeeded in marrying a lady with thirty thousand pounds. His second wife died, and the widower was for the third time successful in marrying thirty thousand pounds. By this time he was a very wealthy man and the owner of vast property, amongst which was the King's Meadows. His only daughter and heiress became Duchess of St. Albans, and her property descended to her only daughter, who married Lord Deerhurst, afterwards Earl of Coventry. And so the house on the Meadows was called the "Countess of Coventry." Why the name "King's" Meadows was given to the island is not known. It has been said by some that it was because the hay for King Charles the First's horses was grown here while he was a prisoner in Newcastle, but this is evidently fanciful. We read of the Meadows that in 1644, during the siege of Newcastle, the Scots posted sentries there. In the

burial register of Whickham Church occurs, under date 3rd September 1644—"A man shot bii the Scotish centres in the Meadows as he was coming up the river in a boat." A few years ago there were other three islands, called the Clarence Islands, in the channel between the foot of the Meadows and the northern bank, but the dredgers have swept them away, as they soon will also sweep the Meadows island itself.

At the foot of the Meadows we are opposite Dunston on the south, and on the north bank we see the serried lines of western Newcastle climbing the steep hill, where Elswick Park is seen with its trees, and the square tower of the Elswick Road Wesleyan Chapel closes the view. Near to us, on the same side, is the new church of St. Stephen's, and the musical tones of its bells come sweetly to our ear across the water. We sail past timber-yards, alongside which great rafts float in the river, past foundries and boathouses, until we reach the tall Shot Tower of the Low Elswick Lead Works. There is only another such tower, we believe, in England—that which stands by the side of the Thames at Lambeth. Opposite is the deserted and forlorn old brick mansion, Redheugh Hall, ancient seat of many noble and wealthy families. Next we sail under the spidery Redheugh Bridge past the Grindstone Quay, with its piles of the famous Newcastle grindstones, and reach the Skinners' Burn, where we land. Under the gangway of the boat-landing we see the mouth of the sewer through which what was once the Skinners' Burn discharges into the Tyne. This burn rose near Pitt Lane, at the top of Bath Lane, and flowed past Westgate and so down the Forth Banks to where we are now. The riverside at this point is generally quiet enough, only a few steamboats and wherries passing up and down, and very few people to be seen about. But on a great boat-race day the scene is changed. The banks are alive with people; the quays and buildings along shore are crowded; and as the competing scullers appear in sight, and pull past amidst the wild excitement and encouraging shouts of thousands, the water behind them is torn up by a mob of steamboats, and small craft of all kinds begin to dot the surface of the foaming stream. The Tyne has long been famous for her rowers, though now her star seems to have set. Old Harry Clasper, "honest Bob Chambers," both good men and true, as well as famous scullers—Cooper, Renforth, and a host of others, whose names are household words in riverside Newcastle—have upheld the fame of the old river both at home and abroad. The bare, yellow Rabbit Banks opposite us, on the south side of the river, are a favourite coign of vantage on race days. It is difficult, looking at them now, together with their surroundings of houses and factories, to believe that well into the present century they were really rabbit banks, and that rabbits disported themselves there, and sportsmen were warned by posted handbills (still extant) against destroying them. But we must leave the Skinners' Burn landing. The steep street called Forth Banks leads from here up to the Cattle Market;

but we turn to the right and enter the Close, one of the most famous streets of the old town.

The Close has been very appropriately called "the Thames Street of Newcastle." It leads along the riverside to the Sandhill, and is a very narrow and generally quiet street. Hitherto we have only viewed the outskirts of Riverside Newcastle—parts yet in their infancy and undeveloped; but now we have reached a neighbourhood venerable with old age and teeming with reminiscences of old-time life. The Close was once the residence of the nobility and gentry of the town and district, and pleasantly situated their houses would be, amongst the trees by the river, with their water stairs behind and their court-yards in front facing the street we are in, which ran past them as the Strand did past the mansions and palaces of old London.

A short distance along the Close we come to the site of the Close Gate already described. Outside Close Gate was built the first dissenting meeting-house, long known as the "Old Meeting-House," and afterwards turned into a glass-house. It was built by Alderman William Hutchinson, and the story of his life throws much light upon the state of Newcastle in the olden times. Like so many country lads before and since, the future alderman came to Newcastle to seek his fortune. He came from Gilling in Yorkshire, in 1646 (the same year in which Ambrose Barnes came to the town), and was indentured to Benjamin Ellison, merchant adventurer and mercer, for a ten years' apprenticeship, as was the custom. When out of his time, he started business on his own account, and became "one of the considerablest merchants of his time." He had been brought up in the Church of England, but his views being too moderate for the fierce bigots of that age of persecution (the time of Charles II.), he was excommunicated, and turned to the Dissenters. He joined the congregation of the learned and famous preacher and physician, Dr. Richard Gilpin, and it speaks much for the honesty of his convictions that he left the all-powerful and dominant Episcopalian church, with all its chances of power and wealth, to join a despised and persecuted sect, forced to meet clandestinely for worship. The congregation had no meeting-house, but gathered together in secret at the house of their pastor, near the White Friars' Tower, which overlooked the Close. Early in the morning they would steal one by one to the house, and after service was over disperse in the same manner, if, happily, their meeting was not disturbed by the town serjeants prowling in search of unlawful conventicles. One of these latter worthies, Cuthbert Nicholson by name, a cordwainer, was watching on the morning of the 1st of August 1669, and did see a great number of people go into the house of Mr. Richard Gilpin in the White Friars, about five or six o'clock, whereupon he sought help, and broke open the door and dispersed them in the name of Mr. Mayor. He deposed that he saw about fifty or sixty come out, and amongst them Mr. William Hutchinson. We read of the

congregation of Independents sitting under the famous William Durant, and then meeting at his house in Pilgrim Street (above the gates of Anderson Place), being disturbed in the same manner by the serjeants-at-mace and the churchwardens of the parish.

When James II. came to the throne, and the Act of Toleration was passed, the Dissenters again met openly as they had done in the Commonwealth days. The "Old Meeting-House" outside Close Gate was built by Dr. Gilpin's flock. The site was given by Alderman Hutchinson, and in great measure the expenses of building were defrayed by him.

The outrageous attempts of King James to upset the municipal liberties of the people of Newcastle, along with the other towns of England, by removing the duly-elected mayors and sheriffs, and causing creatures of his own to be nominated for their places, will be remembered. Also, how the electors refused to accept the king's Catholic nominees, and how William Hutchinson, as the chief representative of the Protestant party, was returned mayor of Newcastle. Our worthy alderman, however, did not long survive the honour, for he died in 1689, the year after the king's deposition, and was buried in All Saints' churchyard. An interesting letter relating to the "Old Meeting-House" will be found in our next chapter, which is devoted to the history of William Hutchinson's old friend, Ambrose Barnes.

Passing the site of the Close Gate, indicated by a tablet on the north wall of the street, we are once more within the walls of old Newcastle. Davidson's Flour Mill is on our right hand, with huge grain ships, American and European, unloading at its wharf. On the opposite side of the Close a heap of ruins marks the site of the old Dolphin Inn, burnt down two or three years ago. A famous inn it was in days gone by, and little did John Newton, "the spirited owner and occupier," think, when about 1825 he built a large public room behind (excavated out of the steep bank side), highly ornamented by plaster cornices and pilasters, executed according to the Corinthian style, that so soon it would vanish from the face of the earth and be forgotten.

All along the Close we see old buildings, picturesque and beautiful even in their decay, some of them still occupied as dwelling-places by the poorer classes, but most turned into warehouses, shops, and offices. From the river peeps may be had of quaint brick gables and old-fashioned windows amongst the crowd of hybrid buildings which edge the shore, remains of the dwellings of the ancient burghers. Bourne says the Close "was formerly that part of the town where the principal inhabitants lived. Sir John Marley, Sir William Blackett, Sir Mark Millbank, and the houses of many other gentlemen of figure, are still remembered by the ancient inhabitants. And, indeed, however the street itself may be, however mean the fronts of the houses are, within they speak magnificence and grandeur, the rooms being very large and stately, and for the most part adorned with curious carvings."

It is probable that most of the houses to which Bourne refers were on the south side of the street overlooking the river. The house of Sir John Marley stood about where Davidson's Mill now is. It was in the possession of the Marley family down to 1780, and was, after that time, used as a soap manufactory by Messrs. Doubleday & Easterby. Whilst in their possession it was burnt down by the fire which also destroyed the Northumberland Glass House in 1821. Sir John Marley, the gallant defender of Newcastle, died in this house in 1672, and was buried in St. George's Porch, St. Nicholas' Church. His descendants number amongst them many noteworthy people. Thomas Marley, Chief Justice of Ireland, and his brother Henry, Bishop of Clontarf, were of them. The daughter of the Chief Justice was mother of the celebrated Henry Grattan. Last, but not least, was Elsie Marley, famous in song. She was landlady of the "Barley Mow," at Pictree, near Durham, in 1750, so that the introduction by Sir Walter Scott of the song made in her honour into the *Fortunes of Nigel* is clearly an anachronism. Richie Moniplies tells how he "sung the good old song of 'Elsie Marley,' so as they (the Londoners) never heard it chanted in their lives. And withal (as John Bunyan says) as they went on their way he sung—

> "'Oh, do ye ken Elsie Marley, honey—
> The wife that sells the barley, honey?
> For Elsie Marley's grown sae fine,
> She winna get up to feed the swine.'"

The song was probably communicated to Scott by his friend Surtees of Mainsforth, to whom it would be well known.

In the Close is the old Mansion House, once the official residence of the mayor. It stands about the middle of the street on the south or river side. It was built in 1691 upon the site of an older Mansion House, and is a large square brick building, now untenanted and much dilapidated. Here the mayor lived in state, and disbursed his salary, and his own money into the bargain, in entertaining the burgesses and distinguished visitors at his hospitable table and grand balls and entertainments. Here the judges lived while in Newcastle on circuit, and here were kept the town mace and other insignia, and plate, which latter was not suffered to become dull through lack of use in the good old days. There was the mace of silver gilt (still used), inscribed "Made for the corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne, anno regni Jacobi secundi, tertio, anno Domini 1687. Nicholas Cole, Esqr., mayor; Thomas Pace, Esqr., sheriff." Also the mayor's chain of office, his gold and silver snuff-boxes, and so forth. Amongst the plate was a handsome epergne and salver, purchased with a hundred guineas given by George Bowes, Esq., being the first royal purse of a hundred guineas run for at Newcastle, and won 25th June 1753 by his bay horse Cato.

The Mansion House was furnished by the corporation at great

cost, and before these days of factories and chemical works, it must have been a most delectable place to live in, with the bright river flowing past its windows and reflecting the green banks on the opposite side. Its rooms were spacious and richly decorated. The dining-room was capable of seating eighty persons, and above the fire-place hung Richardson's noble "View of Newcastle from Sheriff Hill," and on the other walls were Parker's "Sandhill on Coronation Day," and other pictures. The oak room was, as its name implies, wainscoted, and it had the carved oak chimney-piece now in the hall of the castle, which was originally in the Bee-hive public-house on the Sandhill. In the last half of the eighteenth century the corporation purchased the house to the east of the Mansion House, and erected on its site a large new room for public entertainments, but this part of the building has been pulled down. It is worthy of note that there was no library in the house.

The Mansion House now is a dreary place, with its empty rooms and wrecked fittings, and all the drearier by contrast with the memory of its past magnificence and gaiety. After the passing of the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, its furniture and most of the plate was sold, and, generally speaking, for very small sums. Since then the stoves and chimney-pieces and other fixtures have been nearly all taken away, so that there is little of interest left. The court-yard in front of the house, where the carriages of the guests used to be driven up to the portico, has been roofed over to shelter the stacks of timber which stand there—for the place is now let to a timber merchant. The original iron palisading and the great entrance gates are still there, though hidden from the outside by a wooden paling. The raised terrace along the front of the house was once ornamented with stone balusters, now gone; beneath it are the wine cellars. The fine old brick-work frontage is sadly the worse for wear, particularly the ornamental pilasters and the arch over the doorway. In the entrance hall, directly opposite the doorway, with its massive oaken frame, is a great fire-place, its hospitable face now hidden and built up. Over it, on either side, are wooden racks on the wall, which once held the armour, pikes, and halberts, which formed the decorations. The oak room has still its panelled wainscot on two sides, reaching from floor to ceiling; the other two sides have been stripped bare.

Behind the house is the Mansion House Quay, now piled up with timber. The water stairs are still there, where the mayor's gilded state barge was moored to receive his worship and guests when they went on board to take part in the barge processions on Ascension Day. Barge Day was a grand event in old Newcastle. The whole town turned out to see the show, and a gallant show it was. The barges of the mayor, the Trinity House, and of the various trades' companies, gorgeous in paint and gilding, and rowed by men in picturesque and gay costume, accompanied by a flotilla of boats with streamers flying, moved away down the river amidst the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the cheers of the

crowds on shore and on board the bunting-decked ships alongside the quay. Arrived at Spar Hawk at the river's mouth, the proclamation of the jurisdiction of the corporation of Newcastle over the river was read. Then the procession returned, and sailing past Newcastle again, proceeded to the other boundary at Hedwin Streams, far up the river, where the proclamation was read once more, and the rest of the day was spent in feasting and merry-making. This happened every year; nowadays the ceremony is gone through only once in five years, and is shorn of much of its picturesqueness. Steamboats have taken the place of the barges, and the prettiness of the sight has in consequence been impaired, though there is no falling off in the feasting and the fun.

It was once the custom for the mayor to take the judges for a sail down the river in his barge during assize week, but this was put a stop to, for a time, by an amusing incident which took place in 1729. A case at the assizes, between Sir Henry Liddell and the corporation of Newcastle, had been decided in favour of the former. While on the river, a dispute arose concerning this case between Mr. Justice Page, who had tried it, and Mr. Henry Reay, Mayor of Newcastle. Some hot words were used, in consequence of which the judge threatened to commit Mr. Mayor. He was equal to the occasion, and quickly retorted that, as his lordship was now on the river Tyne, and within the jurisdiction of the Mayor of Newcastle, he would turn the tables upon him and commit him. How the quarrel ended we know not, but for some time the learned judges were not asked, or at least did not care, to place themselves in such a delicate situation.

The Mansion House Stairs recall to mind another story about one of His Majesty's judges, which is immortalised in John Shield's song, called "My Lord 'Size." It appears that Baron Graham, while taking a stroll on the quay here, happened to fall into the river. He was dragged out, and according to the song, a coroner's jury proceeded to sit forthwith upon his body. We will let Shield tell the tale in his own way—

"Now the Mansion House butler thus gravely deposed—
'My lord on the terrace seemed studying his charge;
And when (as I thought) he had got it composed,
He went down the stairs and examined the barge.
First the stem he surveyed, then inspected the stern,
Then handled the tiller, and looked mighty wise;
But he made a false step when about to return,
And souse in the river straight tumbled Lord 'Size.'

. . . . . .

"Next a keelman was called on, Bold Airchey his name,
Who the book as he kissed shew'd the whites of his eyes,
Then he cut an odd caper, attention to claim,
And this evidence gave them respecting Lord 'Size—

"'Aw was settin' the keel, wi' Dick Stavers an' Matt,
An' the Mansion Hoose stairs we were just alangside,
When we a' three seed something, but didn't ken what,
That was splashin' and lubberin' aboot i' the tide.
'It's a fluiker,' ki Dick; 'No,' ki Matt, 'it's owre big,
It luik'd mair like a skyet when aw furst seed it rise,'
Kiv aw—for awd getten a gliff o' the wig—
'Ods marcy! wey, marrows! becrike, it's Lord 'Size!'"

The story had a pleasant ending as follows:—

"But ere on their verdict they all were agreed,
My lord gave a groan, and wide opened his eyes;
Then the coach and the trumpeters came with great speed,
And back to the Mansion House carried Lord 'Size."

On the same level with the quay or terrace are the kitchens and servants' offices, amongst them the butler's pantry, from whence the butler probably witnessed the mishap to Lord 'Size. The great fire in the kitchen recalls the good old times, when many a noble joint was here roasted, and when the mayor's servants went the round of the market, and took an egg from every basket, and took toll of the fish, and apples, and other goods, and carried them to the Mansion House kitchen, and when light weight butter was seized and confiscated for the use of the mayor's cook. There was another kitchen built on to the east extension we have mentioned, and like it, now pulled down.

It is worth our while to make our way upstairs by the great oaken staircase, and through empty dismantled rooms, and so by way of a back staircase on to the flat roof. Here we see the two square, brick structures which are such a characteristic feature of the Mansion House sky-line, with their dome tops. On the south side of each, facing the river, is a little arcade, under the shelter of which were once placed wooden seats, as we see by the marks where they had been let into the wall. Here on summer evenings might the mayor and his friends sit and smoke their pipes, and enjoy the splendid view stretched beneath and around, now so sadly marred by the march of modern improvement. Looking over the north side, we see the narrow Close below, and the interesting old house standing back from the Tuthill Stairs which we shall shortly visit. Descending, we reach once more the terrace, and pass out by the east end of the house. Here are still to be seen the mayors' stables, now empty, where the corporation horses fed and grew fat like their masters, thinking meanwhile of the great stage coach which it was such a labour, yet such an honour to draw.

Opposite the Mansion House the Tuthill Stairs run up the steep hillside from the Close to the foot of Westgate Street, now called Clavering Place. The stairs are narrow, and the houses on either side are poor tenements, generally in bad repair. Half-way up on the right-hand side is the old house we saw from the top of the Mansion House. It stands a little way back from the stairs, and

the original main entrance to it is on the other side, and is approached by passing through a pointed doorway into Sweepers' Entry in the Close. The entrance from the Tuthill Stairs gives access to the first floor—the main entrance to the ground floor. This old house has a most interesting history, and is one of the most precious relics of old Newcastle.

It was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Henry Chapman, "Marchant and Alderman," whom we find, together with his wife Joan, living in it in 1587. It stood then on the bankside, overlooking the river, amidst gardens and orchards, and must have been a pleasant residence for the worthy alderman. A "messuage and garth" are mentioned as standing above it in the street called the "Towte-hill." This is the old name of the present Clavering Place and lower part of Westgate Street, and still survives in the Tuthill Stairs. The house remained in the possession of the Chapmans until 1629, when it was sold to Alexander Davidson, a staunch royalist, and afterwards knighted by Charles I. Staunch and true he remained to the last, for we hear of the brave old knight being killed under arms at the siege of Newcastle in 1644. His daughter Barbara was married to Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas Riddell, of Fenham, and the young couple leased the house of which we are speaking of Sir Alexander (the wife's father) in 1637. Only two years afterwards they left it (if indeed they occupied it at all), for in 1639 the vicar of Newcastle, the unfortunate Yeldard Alvey, was living in it. We have before noticed the misfortunes of the royalist vicar. Another tenant was Edward Stote, merchant, probably one of the Stotes of Stote Hall, at Jesmond, who died here in 1648.

We lose sight of the old house until the reign of George I., but it is probable that it was used as a place of worship previous to the Revolution, for when it was bought in 1720 by Mr. George West of Gateshead, for the Baptists, there were old pews in it, and affixed to one of them, hands for holding the sword and mace of the corporation. The Baptists before they came here worshipped in the old chapel on Tyne Bridge. The chapel in the old Tuthill Stairs house was on the first floor. The walls were handsomely wainscoted and ornamented with carving, amongst which appeared the date 1588. The ceiling was of panelled oak, and above the chapel was a dwelling-house for the minister. The celebrated essayist, John Foster, on completing his ministerial education at the Baptist Academy at Bristol in 1792, fulfilled his first preaching engagement in Newcastle, where he remained three months. There is in the *British Quarterly Review* for August 1846 an article which gives an interesting glimpse of the old chapel and its congregation during his ministry. It says—"The place of worship was an ancient room called Tuthill Stairs. It was not large enough to receive a hundred persons; and during Mr. Foster's visit was never full. But of a portion of this small auditory the preacher writes to his friend Horsfell as follows:—'I have involuntarily caught a habit of looking too much on the

right-hand side of our meeting. 'Tis on account of about half-a-dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. I sometimes almost forget that I have any other auditors. They have so many significant looks, pay such a particular and minute attention, and so instantaneously catch anything curious, that they become a kind of mirror in which the preacher may see himself. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself.' Nothing of moment is recorded during the three months spent by our young preacher at Newcastle, save that his mind continued to be given to rambling much more than to labour, and that his habits were tending fast to qualify him for a hermitage rather than a pastorate. The following picture is much too good to be passed over—'A correspondent of genius and observation might give you an amusing account of Newcastle, but such qualifications are but in a small degree mine. The town is an immense irregular mass of houses. There are a few fine uniform streets, but the greater number exhibit an awkward succession of handsome and wretched buildings. The lower part of the town, as being in the bottom of a valley, is dirty in an odious degree. It contains thousands of wretched beings, not one of whom can be beheld without pity or disgust. The general characteristic of the inhabitants seems to be a certain roughness expressive at once of ignorance and insensibility. I know little of the Dissenters in general. I was one evening lately much amused at the Presbyterian, or Scotch meetings, by the stupidity of their psalms, the grimace of the clerk, the perfect insignificance of the parson, and the silly unmeaning attention of a numerous auditory. But *our* meeting for amplitude and elegance! I believe you never saw its equal. It is, to be sure, considerably larger than your lower school, but then so black and so dark! It looks just like a conjuring room, and accordingly the ceiling is all covered with curious antique figures to aid the magic. That thing which they call a pulpit is as black as a chimney, and, indeed, there is a chimney-piece and a very large old fire case behind it. There is nothing by which the door of this same pulpit can be fastened, so that it remains partly open, as if to invite some good person or other to assist you when you are in straits. My friend Pero, whom I have mentioned before [his dog], did me the honour one Sunday to attempt to enter, but from some prudential notion, I suppose, I signified my will to the contrary by pulling to the door, and he very modestly retired. Yet I like this pulpit mightily; 'tis so much the reverse of that odious priestly pomp which insults your eyes in many places. I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities. When I order a new coat I believe it will not be black.'"

The Baptists built a new chapel higher up the stairs in 1798, and the old one was for some time used as a school-room; and here was held, we believe, the first Sunday school in Newcastle. Mr.

Jonathan Angus (mayor of Newcastle in 1881) was its last superintendent.

Now the old house on the Tuthill Stairs, after seeing so many tenants and such varied fortunes, is turned into a tenemented dwelling-house. The chapel has still its Elizabethan panelled oak ceiling, but is divided by partitions into small apartments. The exterior of the house is very quaint, with its stone substructure and its higher parts of brick and timber, but it is hastening to decay, and soon this, like so many of the memorials of the past life of our old town, will vanish from its place and be seen no more.

Further along the Close there is another steep and narrow flight of stairs. The Long Stairs, as they are appropriately called, run up the hill to the Bailiffgate, near the castle. From the head of them, near St. Nicholas' schools, there is a picturesque view which brings the High Level Bridge into striking contrast with some very old parts of Newcastle. The Castle Garth Stairs, further east, we have already spoken of.

Nearly opposite the foot of the Long Stairs a narrow opening, called the Javel Group, leads from the Close to the river. The origin of its strange name has been much debated ; but it will be remembered that when the gaol of the castle was built, the timber used in its erection was landed at the "Gaole Grippe," most undoubtedly this place. *Groope* or *grype*, says Brand, means a ditch, and *javell* is a corruption of gaol. In a view of Newcastle from the south, given in Brand's *History*, we see trees growing close to the Javel Group, but now its appearance is far from sylvan.

A little further east from here stood the house of the Earls of Northumberland. It was "bounded on the east by Bower Chare, betwixt Tyne Bridge and Javil Groope." We find it demised, in 1482, by Henry, Earl of Northumberland, to his servant, George Bird, under the name of the "Earls' Inn ;" but now no trace of either it or of Bower Chare remains.

There was another house in the Close, perhaps the most interesting of all, the situation of which we cannot determine. This was the house of Ambrose Barnes. It was on the south side of the street adjoining the water, as will appear from the digest of his *Memoirs* to which the next chapter, as such an interesting history demands, is entirely devoted.

The eastern end of the Close is crossed by one of the land arches of the High Level Bridge, and the stupendous mass of masonry presents a magnificent appearance as viewed from the west, with the old buildings of the Close beneath it and the new buildings of the Sandhill beyond, all dwarfed by its immensity. Passing underneath the arch, and gazing from the wharf in front of the building intended for a fish market, the famous bridge may be seen spanning the river with gigantic strides. Square and massive it stands—a noble monument to the memory of Robert Stephenson, its constructor, a constant scource of pride to the people of Newcastle,

and one of the engineering wonders of the world. The upright piers are of solid masonry, the rest of the structure is of cast iron. The total length of the viaduct is 1338 feet, and the water-way spanned by the four central arches is 512 feet wide. The roadway of the bridge is 85 feet, and the railway on the summit 112 feet above high water mark. We see the locomotives and trains creeping across the sky-line—huge and heavy as they are—dwarfed by the height and proportions of the bridge. The High Level was begun in 1846 and opened for traffic in 1850, its total cost being nearly half-a-million sterling.

The Emperor Hadrian, that type of ancient Roman grandeur and artistic culture, the builder of the great Roman wall, built the first bridge across the Tyne, where now the Swing Bridge stands on our left hand. His work he held of such account that he proudly conferred upon it the name of his own Imperial family; it was of such importance that the Newcastle of Roman days was known only to the world by the name of its bridge—Pons Elii. How—could he but rise from the tomb—would the builder of the ancient bridge blush for his puny work as compared with the mighty viaduct which now overlooks its site, all Roman in its massive strength, but more than Roman in the skill shown in its construction! And having seen the great achievement of Robert Stephenson, the son, with what feelings of amazement and admiration would he, who built the Great Wall to isolate a barbarous people in their own barbarity, regard the work of George Stephenson, the father, which is gradually drawing and knitting together, literally in bands of iron, the ends of the earth!

CHAPTER V.

AMBROSE BARNES.

"MEMOIRS of the life of Ambrose Barnes, late merchant and sometime Alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," published for the Surtees Society in 1867, is an abridgment, by that learned and indefatigable antiquary, Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, of a MS. in the possession of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle. By whom this MS. was written is not known, for the author only appends to it the initials M. R., but that it was written by one who lived in Barnes's time appears from several remarks in the book. To increase the mystery of its authorship, it is dedicated to some person, real or imaginary, bearing the fictitious name of "Sir Theodor Talbot." The dedication is dated 19th January 1716, which is only six years

after the death of Ambrose Barnes. The book is such a rich store-house of old Newcastle and North-country lore, enriched by the valuable notes of the editor, that every lover of the old town should study it closely. We will here give a few extracts and notes from it; though where there are so many interesting particulars gathered together it is difficult to tell what to select, and more difficult still to make up one's mind to reject any.

Ambrose Barnes was born in 1627, at Startforth, in Yorkshire. He came of a stout Saxon stock of once substantial yeomen, though "but a little shred of the ancient patrimony descended to our Ambrose." His fore-elder in the time of Henry VII. was known, doubtless for some forgotten exploit, as Ambrose Roast-wolf, and his great-uncle, Lambert Barnes, was one of the Earl of Surrey's bowmen, slain on Flodden Field. On his mother's side he came of a race of huntsmen. His four maternal uncles, sons and grandsons of huntsmen, were all huntsmen themselves. The eldest was the Edward Dodsworth of Chevington, buried in Warkworth church-yard, under the stone still called the "Huntsman's Grave," on which was sculptured three bugle horns and the inscription, "Here lyeth the body of Edward Dodsworth of East Chevington, Hunts-man to King James, who departed to the mercy of God, the 30th of May, Anno Domini, 1630." Of the other uncles, Henry was King's Huntsman from 1619 to 1624, Francis was Yeoman Pricker of the Buckhounds, then Serjeant of the Buckhounds, and finally Master of the Buckhounds to Charles II.; Anthony Dodsworth, the youngest, was also a Yeoman Pricker and Serjeant of Buckhounds. We read that once when Charles I. was passing through Yorkshire, Uncle Henry Dodsworth took young Ambrose (then aged about six) with him when he waited upon His Majesty, and how, when the king and the huntsman were talking together of dogs and hunting, the boy stood shyly off on one side, and would not allow his uncle to present him to the king—for which modesty his biographer gives him much credit. He was destined to see the king again a few years afterwards under very different circumstances.

Love of field sports seems to have been a characteristic of the Barnes family as well as of the Dodsworths. It is hinted that Dame Juliana Barnes, the famous writer on hunting and falconry in the fifteenth century, was connected with the family to which Ambrose belonged. His father, Thomas Barnes, it is certain was a too ardent votary of the chase, so that it is not to be wondered at that our hero should show some leaning in the same direction. In his youth at least, amongst the Yorkshire dales, he took a little after Roast-wolf and Uncle Dodsworth. He was fond of sports, more especially cock-fighting, and is said to have been the champion of the cock-pit. He had a famous bird called Spang-counter, which came off victorious from many a battle; "but the sparks of Streatlam Castle killed it out of mere envy. So there was an end of Spangcounter and of his master's sport of cocking for ever." This proves that his love of sport was not deep-seated,

else he had not been so easily turned from it. Doubtless his shrewd and practical mind was touched by the "diminution brought upon the patrimonial estate by the expensive course of life of those who should have prevented it," and by the sight of the "havoc and waste made by the kennel of hounds his father constantly kept." He complained afterwards of "how long dinner staied upon their coming from hunting; and often when the meat lay before the fire to keep warm for them, the hounds, which ran before, would come into the kitchen and snatch it away, whilst none in the house durst mutter a word against it."

As a school-boy we read that Barnes was diligent in his studies, and that his book was his principal delight. His "pleasantness, and genteel and witty discourse," made him the darling of his school-fellows at the grammar school. We catch a fleeting glimpse, about this time of his life, of Master Ambrose, while taking an evening walk in the meadows, being pursued by his father's bull, infuriated by his scarlet hose, and rescued by the bravery and presence of mind of the milkmaid, who flung her pail of milk in the savage brute's face. We next hear of him as being in London, and much complimented for his "discretion, reasoning, and judgment," by Sir Nathaniel Brent at Doctors' Commons; but we hasten on to the (to us) most important part of his life—that during which he was connected with Newcastle.

On the 1st of August 1646 Ambrose Barnes was apprenticed to William Blackett, merchant adventurer and boothman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was now nineteen years old—rather an advanced age for an apprenticeship to begin, but not uncommon at that period. After eleven months' service he was transferred to Samuel Rawling, merchant adventurer, and while with him assisted, as already described in a former chapter, in counting the money paid over to the Scots, when King Charles I. was delivered up to the Parliamentary commissioners. "The master of Ambrose Barnes," say the *Memoirs*, "entirely confided in him. The weight and burden of the trade, which was very great, lay upon him. His opinion was a law to his master. Trade then flourished mightily in all its branches. His master treated him like a partner, permitting him to venture on his own bottoms, whereby he cleared seven or eight hundred pounds to himself, and this before the term of his apprenticeship was expired."

"There was in the same family, fellow-apprentice with him, Mr. Anthony Salvin, a gentleman of good estate, of the city of Durham. The two kept up a friendship and correspondence till old age, and would, when they met, divert themselves with the remembrance of pleasant passages during their apprenticeship." They had a fellow-apprentice, whose name does not transpire, who was such an idle dog that he ran through his apprenticeship without learning his trade. "He was Mr. Barnes his bedfellow, and kept such disorderly hours, Mr. Barnes never knew when he

came to bed, and Mr. Barnes was so assiduous in his master's business, the other never knew when he got up."

We have an interesting account in the *Memoirs* of the Plague, which raged twice in Newcastle during Barnes's apprenticeship. His master was sitting at dinner when word was brought that one of the servant-maids in the house was sick. The goodman immediately rose from table and set off for Shields, where the same day he took ship for Hamburg, leaving "shop, counting-house, 'scritore, debt-books, keyes, and all his effects to the care of Mr. Barnes." The poor maid who was taken sick died, and soon another suffered the same fate; then young Barnes himself "was infected, and shut up in an empty house near the Exchange, without any living creature except himself; but they rapt at the door when they brought him meat, and he himself came and took it in to him. In this hideous, lonely manner he spent several days and nights, but God was with him," and he recovered.

In due time our hero got through his long period of service, and received his indentures; after which he paid a visit to Hamburg, to learn the course of foreign trade, and returning in safety to Newcastle, commenced business on his own account. Soon followed another important event in his life—his marriage in 1655 with Mary, third daughter of Mr. Thomas Butler, merchant, of Newcastle. She seems to have been a perfect model of a good housewife, for we read—"Besides the pills, electuaries, conserves, candies, sirrups, and many distillations she made for the use of her family, she kept a closet of receipts for salves, ointments, powders, and diet drinks, which she sent to the poor, sometimes visiting them herself."

Her mother, Mrs. Butler, was the youngest daughter of James Clavering, twice mayor of Newcastle, a younger son of the Callaly family, and the progenitor of the line of Claverings of Axwell and Greencroft. Mrs. Butler's character is painted in the *Memoirs* with a few graphic touches—"Mrs. Butler was a gentlewoman of strong parts and great knowledge of divine things, but of so stern and harsh a temper, they used to say of her, what has been said of others, she had as much grace as would serve half-a-dozen saints, but not half enough for herself." One of Ambrose Barnes's favourite stories was of his wife's cousin, Sir James Clavering, Baronet, of Axwell. "Mr. Barnes would pleasantly tell, yet with a mournful sort of pity, how, speaking one day seriously and closely to Sir *James Clavering* concerning a life to come, and what a call old age is to prepare for it—'Ay, Cousin Barnes,' sais Sir J., 'you say true. I hope I shall be saved, for I never make visits on Sundayes, but keep within doors and read Dugdale's *Baronage of England*.'"

With another well-known north-country family, the Liddells of Ravensworth, Mr. Barnes was connected through his wife. Her elder sister Grace was married in 1614 to Roger Liddell, a merchant of Newcastle, afterwards of Darwen Crook, County Durham. His father was the purchaser of Lamesley, Ravenshelm, with its old

castle, and Farnacres close adjoining. At his death he left Ravenshelm and Lamesley to his eldest son Thomas, Farnacres to his second son Henry, and Darwen Crook, or Darn Crook, to Roger. Farnacres and Darn Crook have since been bought by the descendants of the eldest son, now represented by the Earl of Ravensworth. One of them, Sir Thomas Liddell, Baronet, in 1808 employed the famous architect Nash to rebuild the old castle of Ravenshelm, and the present Ravensworth Castle, called after a village which once stood near its site, is the result. Two of the early English towers of the original structure are still preserved in the east wing of the castle.

Ambrose Barnes had a family of seven—two sons and five daughters—two of which latter died in infancy. Mary, his eldest and favourite child, was married to Jonathan Hutchinson, son of Alderman Hutchinson who built the old meeting-house outside Close Gate before mentioned. The eldest son (of Mr. Barnes) Joseph, became a barrister-at-law, and Recorder of Berwick-on-Tweed. Thomas, the younger, became a minister, and of him we shall hear more a little further on, as also of the other two daughters.

In the words of the *Memoirs*, "Mr. Barnes had not been long the governor of his own family when the town began to cast an eye upon him as fit for publick government." On the 15th January 1658, and when only thirty years of age, he was made an alderman. He had been a member of the Common Council for some time. We have many praises of his activity in asserting the power of the laws, and "taking care that they were not sharpened against the good, while they grew blunt against the bad." At this time his house and shop were, we believe, in the Side or Butcher Bank, near the Cale Cross. He was thus a parishioner of All Saints', and the following anecdote shows that he attended that church, where his friend, William Durant, was afternoon lecturer. "There was an endearedness of intimacy between him and Colonel Axtel, who was of the Anti-pœdo-baptist persuasion. The colonel, going once to the chapel which stands at the bridge-end (St. Thomas'), meeting him, who was going to the All Hallows' Church, said smilingly to him, 'My friend and I go now different ways, but we shall shortly go to one and the same heaven.'" Lieut.-Colonel Axtel was one of the most violent of the Parliamentary leaders during the rebellion. He was one of the king's judges, and most insultingly active against King Charles during his trial, so much so that he struck the guards because they took off their hats as the king left Westminster Hall, and jeered at Colonel Huncks on his refusal to sign the order to the executioner. After the Restoration he, together with other of the regicides, was executed. Here we have an account of Mr. Barnes's last sight of him :—"About this time Mr. Barnes, being in Furnivall's Inn with another gentleman, a great cavalier, they heard a noise in the streets, and word was brought how Colonel Daniel Axtel was going to his execution.

The gentleman had formerly had some quarrel with Axtel, and upon this news sais, in a rapture of joy, 'I'll go see that rogue hung,' and forthwith went to Tyburn. The execution was soon over, and the man returns to the company at Furnivall's Inn with his eyes melting in tears, his countenance ruffled, a strange disturbance in his face, and crys out, 'What a man has the world lost! He made a prayer that caused my hair to stand on end! Oh, what will become of me? The man is gone to heaven! Axtel is certainly gone to heaven!'"

Alderman Barnes was at the height of his fortune; the town was designing him for the mayoralty in 1659; but "Monk was now in motion, and clouds stood over our alderman's head." As a leader amongst the Nonconformists, "if Monk and his bishops came in, Alderman Barnes must go out." The restoration of Charles II. took place; the Church of England again reigned triumphant, and Alderman Barnes did "go out." "The king's coming in gave so dismal a prospect that England was not like to be a climate for such men as this to live in. He was now taken several stories down in the world, called in his debts, shut up his shop, and gave over trade." He seriously meditated emigration to Surinam, but did not go.

The Act of Uniformity was passed in April 1662, and the 4th of August, "black Bartholomew's Day," saw all the clergy who would not subscribe to the Book of Common Prayer ejected from their livings. Persecution raged fiercely all over England, and even extended to parts beyond sea, where English merchants had their factories and companies. In Newcastle the Nonconformists were in hard case. Mr. William Durant was ejected from the lectureship of All Saints', Mr. Samuel Hammond from the vicarage, together with others for "conscience sake." "Prisons for the freeborn subjects of England began to fill apace, and Mr. Barnes, without any known reason for it, was conveyed to the castle of Tynemouth, and charged upon suspicion with a design against the Government. But he made it appear he was at his country house in Yorkshire at the time mentioned in his writ of commitment." It was about this time that he removed to the Close, and the neighbourhood of his house served him in good stead during his troubles. "Such a number of citations, excommunications, and writs of capias were issued out of the Bishop's Court against him there, for some years he durst not look out, but was confined a prisoner in his own house. The writs for apprehending him were limited to the county of Newcastle, and when he had occasion to ride journeys his horse was carried over the water for him into the county of Durham, and he took boat after it at his own water stairs, where they attended his coming. An hundred pounds was bid to one that would bring him out dead or alive; every one was suspected who was known to visit him. . . . None in the north of England was ever hunted with more unwearied pursuit; his blood was greedily sought. . . .

"In the many occasions he had to be abroad, if we lookt at his family at home, we might have found his house like a place that had suffered military execution. The furniture of the kitchen and other movables were many months hid in the hay on which he kept his horses. Not a soul durst be seen; his family fled, and when the serjeants or others knocked at the door to inquire for him, the servants, when at home, ran down the back stairs and hid themselves for fear of being haled before the magistrates to come in evidence against their master. His little son, a boy of eleven or twelve years of age, when all the rest were skulking, was obliged to go to the gate and be satisfied who it was that knockt, and what they wanted, before he durst open it."

Good comes out of evil, and these times of persecution called forth many fine traits which, but for them, might have remained hidden. Fortitude and steadfastness, sympathy and love one towards another, amongst the oppressed Dissenters—and amongst the opposite party cases of generous charity and broad-minded friendship towards their persecuted neighbours—were numerous. Nonconformists who fled from the town to escape arrest found ready welcome at the houses of their fellow-religionists in the country. "Sir William Middleton's house at Belsay was a shelter to some; others living a little way out of town in places of retirement and privacy gave hospitable entertainment to many fugitives; and two widows, Ann Jeffreson and Barbara Cay, freely ventured their mault lofts to be places of assembly for preaching and praying when they had opportunity." All this, be it remembered, at great risk to themselves.

Then amongst the churchmen there were many who secretly or openly clung to their old friends who differed from them in religion. "There was Mr. Peareth, a merchant and zealous conformist, who a long time, without Mr. Barnes his knowing of it, paid twelve pence a-week for him, being the penalty then required by law for every Sunday that a man came not to his Parish Church." Then at night would come stealing along to the dark house in the Close, Vicar March, "to make him respectful visits," throwing the blame of these rigorous proceedings upon the misfortunes of the time. Yet his sermons, we are told, were "invectives against Dissenters," and he "clamoured against such magistrates as showed them any marks of sivility or good-will." The vicar in his youth was an Anabaptist and a ward of Mr. Barnes, but being sent to the university, after the Dissenters were crushed, he had imbibed High Church principles, "and blemisht himself with a virulent animosity against Nonconformists, yet always had a great honour for Mr. Barnes."

Here is a private letter written to "our author by an honest alderman as long since as the year 1677, one of the new aldermen that were put in place after King Charles his restoration." It is interesting as a picture of the times given by one of the church party. We wish we had more of this "honest alderman's" terse,

vigorous English to place before our readers. The letter runs as follows :—

"I believe you are well content you have no share among us in our feastings and jollity. We are like a drunken man who feels not his wounds and weakness, high in our loyalty, low in our faith. You need not wonder we damn you fannatticks, for it is come to pass a man is not thought to speak modishly without wishing his own damnation. We all pretend love to our king, and we curse, swear, and drink for him ; you can expect no justice, much less favour from us. The tendency of things in the government of the town may be discerned by any that is not blinded by prophaness. The perquisites of places are more minded than the duties of them. *Once an alderman and never poor afterwards* is grown a proverb. Bakers shall furnish the market with half that size of bread required by law, and be connived at if they be customers to an alderman who is a corn merchant. If there be a vacant spot of ground that belongs to the town, an house without leese, without leave, without rent, is presently built upon it. Our artificers learn to drink instead of learning their trades. This will fill the town with dunces and blockheads, who, because we can employ none but freemen, will impose their own price, and botch our work, and we must submit to scoundrel rascalls and give double money for what is neither well done nor half done. You bid me turn to Isa. iii. v., and I shall there find these words—'The people shall be oppressed every one by another, and every one by his neighbour ; the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable ;' our case exactly. Apprentices grow gentlemen, and get such liberty before their time be out, that they quickly break when they come to be their own masters, and then, to keep up their pride, some place in the king's army, some office in the revenue, or a stewardship under some man of great estate, must be had, and attorneys and alehouses are like to be the only standing trades. Our bench, which now shines with knights, will be shortly filled with what I will not name ; and our charter, which was granted for the good of the town, will become a barr to keep every good thing out of it."

The persecution of the Dissenters culminated in 1684, when Judge Jeffries sat at Newcastle assizes. We are told how he would sit "drinking to filthy excess till two or three o'clock in the morning, going to bed as drunk as a beast, and rising again with the symptoms of one who had drunk a cup too much. This being the way to please him, a certain gentleman who had somewhat the name of a moderate churchman (no moderation was allowed in those days), to keep himself out of the way of his lordship's vengeance invited him to a plentiful entertainment of wine at his house, with which he was so taken, that he gained his guest's wondrous good opinion. 'They tell me,' said he, 'such a man is a Whigg, but I find it no such thing : he is an honest drunken fellow.' When the court was sat. instead of the gravity of the tribunal, the judge with

his railleries and his jests then acted the part of a harlequin. (*Jack Pudding, erased.*) In his hand he held out a paper, telling the court in a menacing manner he had there got a black list of damned fannattiques, and was resolved to scour them. In that black list some had given him up Mr. Barnes his name as a very dangerous and obnoxious man. Jeffries in private inquired what part of the town he lived in. They told him his house stood in the Close. Jeffries having already had an odd representation of him, cryes out, 'I even thought so, some close or field for that rebell to train and muster his men in.' There had lately been a meeting or conventicle broken up at Mr. Barnes's, a fine was levied upon the house, several was bound and taken over to the assizes, but Mr. Barnes, through the marvellous Providence of the Almighty, escapt. Jeffries was huge witty upon all the prisoners, but it fretted him sadly he could not catch this Barnes."

At the same assizes the list of members of what we should call a Young Men's Christian Association fell into the hands of Jeffries. His lordship, as was his manner, began to breathe out threatenings against the Dissenters, and as some of the elders of them had escaped him, he said "he would take the cubs, and that would make the old foxes appear." He had the whole society arrested, and would, "against all law, reason, and conscience," have tried and convicted them, too, of high treason, for a packed jury, "fit for his lordship's turn, was got ready by the sheriff. But, happily, the time limited in his commission for his stay was elapsed, and the prisoners were remanded. Ambrose Barnes, when he heard of this, not daring to be seen publicly, went privately to the sheriff, who was a partner with him in some lead mines, and with many high words vehemently upbraided him with the villany of such a pannell." Not content with that, at his own expense he undertook a journey to London to solicit from the king in council the release of the prisoners. We are told how "he did with most profound submission, but with Roman gallantry, remonstrate that the Lord Chief Justice neither consulted the honour of the crown nor of him who wore it by straining the laws to the destruction of His Majesty's well-affected subjects, and that these young men, who met with a design to pray for the Government, could not in reason be suspected of a design against it." His remonstrance did not succeed; however, he escaped punishment for his boldness, and this was much. As the council broke up, Jeffries passed close by him, "without finding it in his power to do him the least harm."

The young men lay in prison for upwards of a year till the assizes of 1685, when they were admitted to bail. At the next assizes, 1686, they were called upon and set at liberty with the reprimand, "Go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto you," adding that the king's coming to the throne had saved all their lives. For "the rod of the wicked was taken off the backs of the righteous," as the *Memoirs* put it. "King Charles II. having trifled between Atheist,

Papist, and Protestant, was suddenly arrested by death, which trifleth with none."

Toleration to Dissenters was granted by James II., and they opened their meeting-houses for public worship. "Men were at a loss to see how suddenly the world was changed—the cap, the mace, and the sword one day carried to the church, another day to the mass-house, another day to the dissenting meeting-house." Ambrose Barnes became an alderman once more.

His attitude during the unconstitutional attempts of the king to get the municipal power of Newcastle into his own hands is not clearly shown; though his name was afterwards given to King William as one who deserved to be singled out to be made an example for the breach of the town charter. The *Memoirs* say—"Mr. Barnes began to have no very small share in the king's favour. No business at home could pass but our author must be advised with about it, the king writing down to Newcastle with his own hand to get him chosen into the next Parliament he was presently intending to call. Some thought the king had found Mr. Barnes his weak side; Mr. Barnes was sure he had found King James his blind side. How convenient soever the Court thought him for their purpose, they quickly found there was no removing him beyond his own length." He was accused of half-heartedness by both parties. He was accused of being a Jesuit; but "they who maligned him for his friendship with Papists," says his biographer, "knew well enough he was infinitely distant from their interest. It was a pleasure to him to see the Egyptians contribute to Israel's escape out of Egypt." It is well known that King James's extreme toleration was exercised for the purpose of producing a conflict between the Church and the Protestant Dissenters with a view to the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic Church over both. There is every reason to suppose that our alderman's biographer has suppressed some of the facts relating to this part of his life—facts which might have shown that he inclined rather too far towards the very anti-Puritan doctrine of doing evil, or, at least, of dallying with evil, that good might come. However he may have felt and acted, "whilst he thus moved in his lower sphere, the superior orbs took fire, King James went off, and left the world wondering at the accession of King William III." "Our author," it appears, was now in imminent danger of suffering for his alleged complicity in King James's wrongful acts before referred to. "A heavy fine was intended to be imposed upon him by way of atonement for the rest who *had acted with him*. . . . But King William, soon after his coming over, walking in his garden at Kensington with a person of one of the learned professions whom he had taken into his favour, sais to him, 'You know the north-country; can you tell me anything of one Barnes, who lives there?' 'I know him very well,' replys the gentleman, 'and it please your majesty, as honest a man as is in your three kingdoms.' 'Say you so,' sais the king, in a great surprise. 'I have his name given up to me as

being a very ill man ;' and immediately drew out his pocket-book and expunged his name."

"Thus was the blow put by, and Ambrose Barnes now took his last recess from public business and settled down in quiet retirement for the rest of his life. His worldly affairs were not now so prosperous as formerly. He had suffered heavy losses at various times in shipping, collieries, and lead mines. In his old age the breaking of his son-in-law, Mr. Airey, left him involved in so many debts and bonds for him to answer as swept away about all he had in the world." His good wife, too, was dead, and his family not much of a comfort to him—for they did not agree well amongst themselves. Joseph, the barrister, fell into a contempt and dislike of Thomas, the minister. His favourite daughter, Mrs. Hutchinson, did not agree very well with her husband's relations. We have seen how her husband disagreed with her father in the old meeting-house dispute. "His second daughter, Mrs. Airey, worn out with grief and sorrow under the worldly calamities a faithless, ill husband brought upon her and her children, developed a naturally sharp temper, and had not that tenderness for her father that was due to such a father." Towards her sister, Mary Hutchinson, she behaved very ill-naturedly, and managed also to poison her brother Joseph's ear against her. The old man's youngest daughter, Sarah, was of weak intellect, so that "she proved a rod to exercise her relations rather than a staff to help them."

Ambrose Barnes seems to have accepted all his crosses in a very resigned spirit, and to have extracted all the quiet comfort possible from such a life. He lived through the short reign of William and Mary, and almost through that of Queen Anne, and, as we have seen, experienced during his life the trials and changes of, perhaps, the most eventful times in English history. We are told he "accepted all the changes of his time as sent from God. The Protectorate he took as lawful, for God had altered the government ; and he took the oath at the Restoration." His religious views seem to have been broad for the times. He was no persecutor of those who belonged to other denominations. "The Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Independent he thought might associate together so far as to hear the Word of God one with another. He attached himself to the Presbyterian body under the ministry of Mr. Cuthbert Sydenham, lecturer of St. Nicholas' Church, but the relation our author had out of judgment contracted to this particular congregation did not in the least contract his affections or narrow his spirit towards the mystical body of Christ." This Cuthbert Sydenham "became lecturer of St. Nicholas' Church without any orders unless those of Presbytery, where, by his confident and constant preaching, he obtained more respect from the brethren than any grave and venerable minister in this or any corporation could do." At this time, it must be remembered, the churches and cathedrals of England were occupied by the Nonconformist ministers. We have before noticed his belonging

to the congregation of Mr. William Durant, and after the death of that minister, how he and a remnant of the congregation sat under Dr. Gilpin in the new meeting-house.

There is an interesting letter given in the Rev. A. B. Grosart's reprint of Dr. Gilpin's *Dæmonologia Sacra*, from the pastor of the old meeting-house to a friend in London. It is dated 13th December 1698. In it he laments the death of his assistant, Mr. Pell, an active Dissenter and "eminent Oriental scholar," and the existence of a small party "who have formed a design, and are now encouraged upon this small occasion to open it. This party were the few remnants of Mr. Durant's congregation, who have kept communion with ours in all ordinances, without making any exceptions, about fifteen years. But when old Mr. Barnes (their politic engineer) brought home his son Thomas from London, they presently showed their intentions to choose him for their pastor." He then describes how this remnant who have joined his congregation, having chosen a pastor of their own, wanted to claim the chapel also. He goes on, "That their design is to worm us out of our meeting-house, and to break our congregation, is evident to all. They now openly claim the meeting-house for their pastor's use when he pleaseth, and pretend old Mr. Hutchinson, upon whose ground the house is built, promised them so much when they contributed towards the charge of the building. But Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, his son, denies any said promise, and stands firmly to us, though Mr. Barnes, his father-in-law, surprised him with solicitations. But we offer to repay them all the money they contributed towards the building."

Dr. Gilpin and Mr. Barnes had before this been very good friends, which makes the quarrel all the more sad. The alderman had performed many good offices for the doctor in the persecuting times, and their eldest sons were sent to the Inns of Court together.

A quotation from Mr. Longstaffe's preface will throw light upon the relative position of the different Dissenting bodies of Newcastle at that time. He says—"I find almost insuperable difficulties in determining the relative position of the Presbyterians and Independents in Newcastle and the north of England generally, and the minute leaning of men only known to us as suffering Dissenters in the general. It seems to me that this is what we should expect. We read in a book of 1654 of 'Presbyterians and Independents preaching in the same place, fasting and praying together in harmony, expressing nothing but kindness to each other, in their meetings ready to help each other.' And we must remember that a parish had only one man, Presbyterian or Independent, in the place of an ejected Episcopalian. We do not hear of any numerous ministry besides the incumbents; so that after the ejection, when we meet with an ejected minister and his persecuted flock, it by no means follows that they would have been all of the same mind as to church government had circumstances allowed of competition

for emoluments, or of any very regular church government at all."

In Carlyle's *Letters of Oliver Cromwell* there is one to the mayor of Newcastle, dated 18th December 1656, which is interesting as bearing upon the relative states of religious parties in the town. Carlyle remarks—"Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or the municipal authorities there, as we may perceive, are rather of the Independent judgment, and have a little dread of some encouragement his highness has been giving to certain of the Presbyterian sect in those parts. This letter ought to be sufficient reassurance." The Lord Protector assures them "of the fellowship commonly known by the name of Independents, whether of one way or another," that he will stand by them to maintaining of all their just privileges to the utmost ; but he enjoins them as to the other party, "to walk in all peaceableness and gentleness, inoffensiveness, truth and love towards them, as becomes the servants and churches of Christ."

Though Cromwell was thus tolerant of the Presbyterians, it must not be forgotten that they were his enemies ; they regarded him as an usurper, and after his death they mainly contributed to the restoration of Charles. Between the Episcopalians and the *Puritans*, their lot (the Presbyterians) had been hard. In the times of Charles I. the oppression of the Government drove them into union with the Independents. These latter, as we know, during the Commonwealth held the reins of power. Cromwell was the mainstay of the Independents. After his death the Presbyterians were in the majority in his son Richard's Parliament, and supported the Restoration. They were promised safe possession of their livings and churches ; but the Episcopalians, as soon as they were settled in power, persecuted them as much as they did the Puritan Independents. The Presbyterian Church in England gradually decayed ; its chapels fell into the hands of the Independents and Unitarians, and for many years it seemed dead or dying ; but it has since recovered its ground, especially in the north of England. Where Scottish immigrants are most numerous, it is, of course, strongest.

Of the habits of life of Ambrose Barnes many interesting details are given ; many trivial anecdotes of him throw great light upon the manners of the age, but these we have no space to insert. We may, however, note as interesting, how old Sir Francis Ratclif, before he became Earl of Derwentwater, would in his absence call him his "honest Whig," and gave a signal proof of his opinion of his honesty when, fearing to be called in question about the Popish Plot, he settled upon him his whole estate in trust.

"In person he was tall of stature and well-made, not fat, but well-furnished, his complexion fresh and sanguine, and he went very straight in body to the last. . . . His course of life, to say the truth, was a course of abstinence, austerity, and mortification. Nine o'clock at night was his bed-time, unless more than ordinary business kept him up, and four o'clock in the morning in summer,

and five in winter, were his constant hours of rising. His housekeeping was managed with a decent plenty, tempered with frugality." His presence always served as a check upon unseemly mirth, and jolly fellows, when he came in, would grow sober. One of his daughters one day asking one of those jovial blades of the bottle why he still put on such grave airs when he was with her father—"Oh, child," replied he, "thy father is a grave don." With all his austerity he allowed himself some indulgences. "He was a great smoker of tobacco—that weed so much condemned and commended. He thought, with Dr. Preston, it composed his thoughts and helped him to sleep. Sometimes he would play at tables, sometimes he would be upon the bowling-green, but his leisure time was commonly spent in reading, writing, or innocent mirth; himself often telling stories, or reciting the wise or witty sayings of others, or such things as had occurred to his observation."

In the original MS. three of the worthy alderman's compositions are given in full—viz., "His Breviate of the Four Monarchies; His Enquiry into the Natural Grounds and Reason of Religion; and His Censures upon the Times and Age he lived in." The editor has wisely refrained from printing them *in extenso* in the published book, but he has given several extracts. They comprise notes upon a variety of topics, garnished, in the manner of the times, with illustrations from Holy Writ. As they do not contribute anything not already noticed, relating to the history of Newcastle, we pass them by.

Ambrose Barnes died in 1710 (23rd March), in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in All Saints' churchyard, near his old friend, Alderman William Hutchinson.

CHAPTER VI.

TYNE BRIDGE.

CLOSE alongside of Stephenson's High Level Bridge is Sir William Armstrong's Swing Bridge, the ponderous roadway of which turns upon its centre pivot as smoothly and easily as a door on "well-oiled hinges," and opens a clear way for vessels to pass up and down, where once the Tyne Bridge blocked their further progress.

This is the fourth bridge which has spanned the river at this point. The first was the Roman bridge of A.D. 120; the second, the medieval of 1250; the third, the modern one of 1775. The present bridge was finished in 1876.

The Roman bridge had a level roadway of timbers resting upon stone pillars, and was built by the Emperor Elius Hadrian—hence

its name, Pons Elii. For upwards of eleven hundred years we hear of no rebuilding of the bridge, though during that time the roadway must have been many times renewed, and the stonework repaired, if not altogether replaced by new material.

We read of a serious affray on Tyne Bridge in the reign of Henry II. It will be remembered how Ranulf de Granville, in 1173, set out from Newcastle to Alnwick and captured William the Lion of Scotland, whose invading force was in camp near the latter town ; and how the captive was sent off to Richmond, and afterwards to Rouen. He was ultimately ransomed by his subjects for £4000, and was sent from York, under an escort of English soldiers, to Scotland. The people of Newcastle, on hearing of the liberation of the king who had committed such havoc in the north of England, waylaid the escort on Tyne Bridge, and attempted to seize his majesty. In the conflict which ensued many were slain on both sides, but the royal troops managed to carry their charge safely to the border. Matthew Paris relates, that in 1248 Tyne Bridge, being built of timber, was destroyed by the great fire which in that year burned down the whole of Newcastle. Immediately after this a new bridge of stone was commenced. It was built by the town of Newcastle and the Bishop of Durham, and many interesting accounts are given in local histories of the means taken to gather money for the purpose, both of building it and providing for its maintenance. The church, probably by the wish of the king, was very active in the work, and indulgences were granted in consideration of contributions of money or labour. The Bishop of Durham, who was responsible for one-third of the erection, was, of course, prominently active ; but we find the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Carlisle, Waterford, and Rochester, offering indulgences and pardons to such as would become benefactors of this national work, and the Bishop of Caithness collected alms throughout his diocese towards the same end. Many donations of land, money, and building material are chronicled ; and Bourne says, "For the collection of those alms and receiving them, there was one constituted custos, or guardian of the bridge, which was also sometimes the master of the chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr."

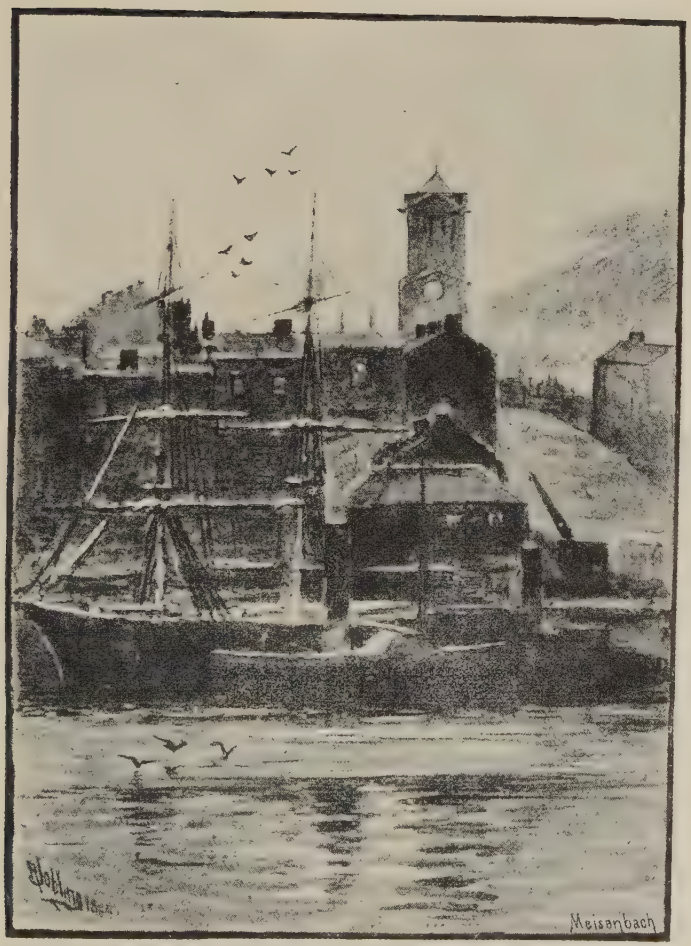
We first hear of this chapel on Tyne Bridge in 1248, the year of the great fire before mentioned. It was dedicated to Thomas-a-Becket, assassinated in 1170. After the execution of Sir William Wallace by Edward I., his right arm was placed on the gateway of Tyne Bridge—that strong right arm which had achieved so much for Scotland.

In 1339 part of the bridge was carried away by the flood, and one hundred and twenty persons drowned, presumably dwellers in the houses which stood on either side of its footway. There are many accounts of repairs and further donations, and by an inquisition taken in 1370 the bridge was reported to be in so ruinous a condition as to require above £1000 to repair it. In the disputes between Newcastle and the bishopric which we have mentioned as

occurring so frequently concerning the river, the bridge was a prominent bone of contention. Again and again the Bishop of Durham petitioned and complained of the encroachments of the Newcastle burghers upon his part of it.

In 1336 the true men of the bishop's borough of Gateshead set forth, "That the town of Newcastle has built on Tyne Bridge to its very southern extremity, robbing the bishop of his free soil and inheritance, and worst and most grievous of all, when William de Ullesam fell from the bridge into the water of Tyne, and there drowned, immediately came one Richard Micklemak with Thomas Parry, found the dead body within the water mark of the bishopric, and dragged the corpse to Newcastle before they returned it for Christian burial to the churchyard of Blessed St. Mary of Gateshead." The mayor and commonalty of Newcastle also built in the reign of Henry V. a tower on the bishop's part of the bridge, and carried away into their town two landmarks, called St. Cuthbert's Stones, which marked the ancient boundaries of the two liberties. Cardinal Langley, at that time Bishop of Durham, obtained a judgment against them. On appealing to Parliament the tower was given into his hands, not without a struggle, for the burghers disputed the justice of the verdict and refused to quit. It required the united power of the sheriffs of Westmoreland and Durham, and all the chivalry of the Prince Bishop, to dislodge them. In 1429 we find that famous Newcastle worthy, Roger Thornton, leaving by will a hundred marks for the reparation of Tyne Bridge, and a legacy of six marks annually to the priest who resided in the hermitage which stood upon it, for which the said priest was ordered to sing for the soul of his benefactor. Part of the fines exacted by the Trades' Guilds of the town, from members who offended against their bye-laws, were sometimes given towards the repairs of the bridge. In 1477 the fullers and dyers ordered half of such fines to go for this purpose, and the books of other companies record similar regulations.

Perhaps the bravest sight the old Tyne Bridge ever witnessed—certainly the bravest of which we have circumstantial record—was the entry of the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., into Newcastle, on her way to Scotland to espouse King James IV. The whole of her progress from London to Edinburgh is described in an account preserved in Leland's Collection, and written by John Young, Somerset Herald, who attended the princess on her journey. It tells how, attended by a splendid train of nobles, amongst whom, conspicuous by the splendour of his dress and appointments, was the Earl of Northumberland, she approached the town, and was met on the bridge by the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen on foot, and by a procession of the members of the various religious houses. The mayor having received the royal guest, mounted his horse, and led the way over the bridge, the houses of which, like the rest of the houses in the route of the procession, were hung with tapestry, and had their windows alive with spectators. The housetops, too, had



St. Mary's, Gateshead.

their occupants, and the ships in the river were full of people eager to see. Upon the gateway tower at the north end of the bridge was a band of children clad in white, who, as the princess approached, commenced "syngyng mellodiously hympnes and playing on instruments of many sortes." The dress of the Earl of Northumberland and of his retinue will give some idea of the gorgeous nature of the pageant which crossed the bridge. He was mounted on a "fayr courser," with footcloth of crimson velvet bordered with gold. His "jackette was betten of gold, well wrought in goldsmith work and brodery, and his cloke was of purple borded of cloth of gold." His "armes" were very rich, and his stirrups gilt, as were his spurs. His gown was of crimson, trimmed on the collar and sleeves with great borders of precious stones. His boots were of black velvet, and "in many places he made gambads plaisant for to see." There followed him two footmen in same colours as himself, and a troop of horsemen in gold jackets. Then there was his master of the horse in livery of velvet, and in his company many noble knights clad in velvet, and with their horses' trappings hung with little bells. His officer-of-arms, named Northumberland Herald, in his livery of velvet, and bearing the earl's coat of arms, was also in the train. There were many other nobles and great ecclesiastical dignitaries attended in like manner; and so the princess passed on and entered Newcastle, where she lodged at the Austin Friars in the Manors, as we have elsewhere related.

In the reign of Edward VI. the whole town of Gateshead, and the moiety of the water of Tyne and of the bridge which belonged to the bishopric, were annexed by Act of Parliament to Newcastle, on petition of the latter town that the Gateshead people often committed outrages in Newcastle, and then got over the water into the town of Gateshead unpunished, and that the bridge went to decay very much through their neglect. The act was annulled by Queen Mary, as will be remembered, and the Bishop of Durham regained his rights.

We have a curious story connected with the bridge in the time of Elizabeth. Alderman Anderson, a wealthy merchant of Newcastle, and the builder of the Newe House, was in the year 1559 standing on Tyne Bridge talking to a friend, and leaning over the parapet. While so doing, his signet ring which he was handling fell into the river. Some time afterwards his servant bought a salmon in the market, and on opening it the ring was found inside. Brand gives an engraving of the ring in his *History*. It was lent to him by a descendant of the alderman's. McKenzie says "it is still in the possession of the Anderson family." The same writer adds, "See a similar tale in Littlebury's *Herodotus*, vol. i., p. 272. Fuller in his *Worthies* notices this event, and refers to *Vox Pisces*, published in 1627." In one of the chap books which pedlars used to hawk about the country-side, called *The Fish and the Ring*, a similar tale is told, the truth of which, says the book, is corroborated by an inscription on a tombstone in Stepney Churchyard, London. The

tombstone in question is inscribed to the memory of "Dame Rebecca Berry, the wife of Thomas Elton of Stratford-at-Bow, Gent., who departed this life April 26th, 1692, aged 52." The epitaph is above the average of tombstone verse, and we think is worth transcribing :—

"Come, Ladies, you that would appear
Like Angels fair, come, dress you here,
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humole grace your own
Which once adorned as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dressed whose humble life
Was free from pride, and free from strife
Free from all envious brawls and jars
Of Human Life ; the Civil wars,
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind ;
Her very looks, her gait, her mien,
Disclosed the gentle soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as mother, virgin, wife,
Still the same, humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years,
The same in low and high estate,
Ne'er vext with this, ne'er moved with that.
Go, ladies, now, and if you be
As fair, as Great, as Good as she,
Go learn of her Humility."

On the upper part of the stone are carved the figures of a fish and of a ring. They are not referred to elsewhere on the stone.

We are told that when James I., on succeeding to the throne of England, passed through Newcastle, he admired the bridge very much, but he did not pass over it, having a superstitious dread of crossing any bridge lest it might fall while he was upon it, though this is contradicted in the contemporary account of his progress, which informs us that upon the bridge he knighted one of the Newcastle citizens who had been his host during his visit to the town. A little time afterwards, in 1616, we read of "Our Lady's Chapell" on Tyne Bridge. In 1636 a gateway tower called the Magazine Gate was built upon the bridge. Bourne tells us that "the bridge had once twelve bold arches, but three were turned into cellaring at the building of the keys." The Magazine Gate was built on the Newcastle end of the curtailed bridge. There was probably an older gateway in connection with the town wall at the northern end of the bridge before it was altered. This latter would be the "Gate at the Bridge ende," mentioned by Leland (*Tempus* Henry VIII).

Sir William Brereton of Cheshire, who visited the town in the year 1653, writes—"Over the river there is erected, except London Bridge over the Thames, and the bridge at Berwick-on-Tweed, one

of the fairest bridges I have met with in England, consisting of eight arches."

Up to the time of the Great Revolution the Bishops of Durham repaired the third part of the bridge, but in 1647 and 1651 two sales were made of the late bishop's property in the bridge, by authority of the Ordinance for abolishing Episcopacy and settling the churches' possessions upon trustees for the benefit of the nation. In 1648 the first mention occurs in the common council books of Newcastle of the well known Blue Stone which marked the boundary of the town southwards up to our times.

The Puritans of 1651 seem to have been determined to efface everything connected with royalty and episcopacy from public buildings, and amongst them from Newcastle Bridge. A statue of King James I., and the arms of King Charles his son, which were displayed on the Magazine Gate Tower, were taken down by order of Parliament, and the common council of Newcastle caused the arms of the Commonwealth to be put up instead. According to the books of the council the following mottoes were "ordered to be engraven on the same," "the same being Englished as follows"—

"Principatus ac libertas res dissociabiles. Anno Domini, 1651. Vera libertas nullius jus imminuit. Ea demum libertas est quœ suum cuique tuetur. That is: Princedom and liberty, things unsociable. True liberty takes away no man's right, or hinders no man's right. That, indeed (or at last), is true liberty that defends every man's right or partie." Upon the restoration of Charles II. the arms of the Commonwealth and the mottoes were taken down and replaced by the royal arms, while a statue of the restored king in Roman costume was placed where that of his grandfather had formerly stood. Underneath was the motto, "Adventus regis solamen gregis"—(The coming of the king is the comfort of the people). So did the aspect of the bridge mark the changes of the times. This same statue of King Charles is now in the Exchange on the Sandhill, and it is certainly no flattering presentment of the face and figure of the merry monarch.

"Our Lady's Chapel," which has been mentioned, was probably in the "stronge warde and towere" which stood about the middle of the bridge, as Leland tells us; for when this "towere" was pulled down in 1771 a stone coffin with a skeleton in it was found amongst the ruins. In the time of the Commonwealth the "towere" was used as a prison; and we read of one Harry Wallis, a master shipwright of Newcastle, being confined here for having in his cups abused Alderman Barnes. There was a quantity of malt, strange to say, stored in the prison chamber, and the repentant shipwright, perceiving it, took the shovel and threw it out of window into the Tyne, singing—

"O base mault,
Thou didst the fault,
And into Tyne thou shalt."

For which overthrowing of the enemy which had stolen away his

brains he doubtless also repented, when the day of reckoning came.

Bourne tells us that the tower was used in his time (1733) for "the safe keeping of lewd and disorderly persons till they are examined by the mayor and brought to due punishment, except the crime be of a very gross nature, and are then removed to Newgate, and there continued till the assizes." In 1735 we find the entry in the books of St. Nicholas' Church—"Serjt. Watson, for carrying the woman to the tower of the bridge that stoal the church books, 15d."

The last repairs to old Tyne Bridge were made in the year 1770, when Richard Trevor, Bishop of Durham, repaired with stone that part where there had anciently been a drawbridge. "This arch," says McKenzie, "had been made of large beams of timber overlaid with thick planks, upon which a pavement had been made. Everything being prepared beforehand, the work was commenced on a Sunday morning in July and finished on the Thursday following."

Only one more summer was the ancient bridge to see after this. It would present a curious and crowded appearance, with its three towers, one on each end and one in the middle, and with its closely-built wooden houses and shops between them. The approach to Newcastle from Gateshead would form a singularly fine picture. The quaint and picturesque timber houses of the bridge, the shops with their swinging signs, and the narrow passage-way crowded with waggons and passengers; the Gateway Towers, and the Castle and Half-Moon Battery on the hill, with the crowd of houses beneath, and overlooking all, the steeple of St. Nicholas. The shops were of all kinds: there are mentioned shoemakers, mercers, milliners, hardwaremen, cheesemongers; and the following is a copy of a label pasted inside a book purchased of a well-known bookseller on Tyne Bridge:—

"Robert Akenhead, at the Bible and Crown, upon the Bridge, Newcastle, Sells Bible and Common Prayers, and all other sorts of Books, Paper Books, Letter Cases, Paper Hangings for Rooms of the newest fashion, Cards, Wax, Wafers, Slates, Pens, Pencils, Japan Ink, Japan Ink Powder, Cake Ink, Bottles of the Spirits of Scurvy, Grass, Stroughton's great Cordial Elixer, Bottles of Tinctura Cœlestis, all sorts of Mathematical Instruments, Reading Glasses, Spectacles of all sorts, etc.

"*Pictures, Song Books, and ballads for Chapmen, where money may be had for any parcel of old books.*"

Another famous bookseller was Martin Bryson, whose house and shop were destroyed by the fire of 1750, mentioned before. His friend, Allan Ramsay, the poet, addressed his letters thus—

"To Mr. Bryson, on Tyne Brigg,
An upright, downright, honest Whig."

One of Bryson's apprentices, William Charnley, is well known as a Newcastle bookseller, and his business descended to his equally

well-known son, Emmerson Charnley, whose shop in the Bigg Market is famous in the bibliographic annals of the town.

In June 1771 the Magazine Gate was taken down to improve the entrance into Newcastle, and the statue of Charles II. was removed from over its archway to a niche made on purpose in front of the Exchange on the Sandhill. In the autumn of the same year came the great flood which destroyed old Tyne Bridge.

On Saturday night of the 16th of November the dwellers on the bridge retired to rest, lulled to sleep by the accustomed roar of the water rushing through the arches beneath them. There had been heavy rains in the west country, and during the night the roar of the water grew louder and louder. About two o'clock in the morning the river suddenly rose to a great height and overflowed its banks, flooding all the lower parts of the town, and driving the half naked inhabitants from their dwellings.

The old bridge rocked and swayed as the tremendous body of water bore down upon it. The people in the houses were awakened by the noise of the flood and the shaking of the bridge, the darkness of night adding to their horror and alarm. A Mr. Fiddas, who lived on the north side of the bridge left his house between three and four o'clock, and with his wife, two children, and maid servant made his way to Gateshead. The maid there recollected that she had left a bundle behind, and begged her master to accompany her while she returned for it. "This request he after some reluctance complied with, and his wife stood watching them return, but in a moment after their separation the arch beneath them gave way, when they vanished from her view, and she never saw them more." While this was going on, Mr Peter Weatherley, a shoemaker, was awakened by the noise of the water, and opening his window, looked out and saw Mr. Fiddas and his family making for Gateshead. He shut the window, and was about going off to bed again, when he heard the fall of the arch just mentioned, which immediately adjoined his house on the north side. He roused his wife and family, and got them out of the house. As they made their way towards Gateshead the stone pavement broke away beneath their feet as they proceeded, and fell into the water below. They had not gone far when they found their further advance stopped, for the two arches at the southern end of the bridge had also fallen. The chasm thus formed was still spanned by the wooden beams which stretched from the pier on which they stood to the Gateshead abutment, and which still carried the shops of the east side of the roadway. The shops still standing on this insecure foundation prevented the fugitives from making their way across the beams.

The night was extremely cold; they were only half-clad, and "their station was upon a surface about six feet square, all other parts of the arch which supported them appeared terribly rent, and threatened each moment to bury them in the flood."

When morning dawned their situation was discovered by the

people on both sides of the water, but no boat could venture near them, and no means of escape seemed possible. They would almost certainly have perished, had it not been for a Gateshead bricklayer named George Woodward, who conceived a plan for their rescue, and, single-handed, carried it out. The row of shops was still standing on the wooden beams, but their condition was most critical and uncertain ; at any moment they might have been expected to fall, and Woodward's courage and humanity deserve the highest praise. He commenced by breaking a hole through the end of the shop nearest Gateshead, and entering it by this means, he broke through into the next, and so on until he reached the place where the Weatherlys were imprisoned. He brought them all safely through by the way he had come, and just in time, for the children were nearly exhausted by the cold to which they had been exposed from four until ten. The flood was at its greatest height about seven o'clock in the morning, when it was upwards of twelve feet above high-water mark in spring-tides. Nine houses fell into the river during that dreadful night, and six lives were lost—viz., Mr. Fiddas and his maid ; Ann Tinkler, who kept a milliner's shop on the bridge ; Christopher Byerley, hardwareman, and his son, together with an apprentice to Mr. James, cheesemonger.

Quantities of merchandise lying on the quay were carried away , ship's boats and keels were torn from their moorings and stranded on each side of the river down to Shields, or borne out to sea ; three sloops and a brig were left high and dry on Newcastle Quay ; boats plied on the Sandhill and other lower parts of the town ; and the destruction of property, not only in Newcastle, but in the whole valley of the Tyne, was enormous.

The only bridge over the river which was not destroyed was that at Corbridge, built in 1674 on the old Roman foundation.

Cattle and sheep were drowned, collieries were flooded, houses were carried away, and many human lives were lost. A woman with a child in her arms was found drowned in Jarrow Slake ; and a vessel picked up, off Shields harbour, a wooden cradle in which was found a young child alive and well. The house of Mr. Patten, mercer, of Tyne Bridge, was found floating eight miles down the river at Jarrow. It was quite intact, and when stopped and examined, a dog and a cat, both alive, were found in it.

The next day four other houses fell from the bridge, and by the 29th of November the whole range of buildings, from the Blue Stone southwards, had given way. It would appear from this that the Durham part of the bridge had not been so well constructed as that of Newcastle.

It was resolved to build an entirely new bridge, and early in 1772 men were set to work to demolish the old one. In the course of their labour they came upon many interesting relics of old times. The stones of the piers had been so firmly cemented that they were obliged to use mall and hammer in separating them, and between

two of them "they found a parchment with old characters upon it, very fresh, but on being exposed to the air the characters on the parchment mouldered away." Coins and medals of Hadrian, Trajan, and other Roman emperors were found amongst the ruins of the old foundations of Pons Elii, on which the medieval bridge had been built. A stone, with the arms of Nathaniel Crewe, Bishop of Durham, upon it, which was built into the south front of the tower at the Gateshead end of the bridge, and another, with the Newcastle arms, from the tower upon the bridge, were preserved by Alderman Hugh Hornby, and built into his garden wall in Pilgrim Street.

A temporary bridge was commenced in June and finished in October. John Stevenson, carpenter, father of David Stevenson, the architect of All Saints' Church, was the contractor.

While the bridge was building, a large ferry-boat was established for carrying vehicles and passengers across the river. It plied between the Swirle, in Sandgate, and the south shore. There is an interesting little book, called *The Travels of the Imagination; a True Journey from Newcastle to London*, by the Rev. James Murray, minister of High Bridge Meeting-House, which gives an interesting peep at the Tyne ferry of 1772. The author, a worthy descendant of the Covenanters, was a notable man in his day, and a voluminous writer. He wrote a *History of the Churches of England and Scotland*, a *History of the American War*, and many other works, amongst which may be named his *Sermons to Asses*, and *Sermons to Lords Spiritual*. His opinions, which were not at all favourable to the state-supported Church of England and its functionaries, and which were very freely expressed, frequently got him into trouble. At the very time that he was making the journey from Newcastle to London of which his book treats, he seems to have been in some danger of arrest. He had shortly before preached a sermon from the text, "He that hath not a sword, let him sell his garment and buy one;" and the Newcastle magistrates professed themselves as seriously alarmed, and seem to have complained to the Government. The energetic Presbyterian set off for London at once, and had an interview with Lord Mansfield, the result of which was satisfactory, though his escape must have been narrow indeed, as his lordship remarked, on his taking leave, "You have just come away with your skin between your teeth." To return to the ferry-boat, Mr. Murray says it took a year to cross the river, and speaks thus of the ferryman—"In crossing the river down from Newcastle to London there is one inconveniency; you wait the pleasure of a little arbitrary *bashaw*, who will not move one foot beyond the rules of his own authority, or mitigate the sentences passed upon those who are condemned to travel in a stage-coach within a ferry-boat." We may here remark that one of the congregation of the High Bridge Meeting-House was Robert Morrison, afterwards the great Chinese missionary and linguist. His Majesty's judges of assize, on visiting Newcastle in August of this year, crossed the Tyne in the mayor's barge.

On 22nd July 1773 the first piles of the new bridge were driven on the site of the old one, and in October 1774 the foundation stone of the Bishop of Durham's part (the three southernmost arches) was laid. 25th April 1775 the first stone of the Newcastle part was laid by Sir Matthew White Ridley, baronet, and on 30th April 1781 the bridge was finished and opened for traffic. It consisted of nine arches, and was 300 feet long from north to south ; the arches were round, and the piers buttressed. On the roadway was an angular recess at every pier.

In 1810 the bridge was widened from 21 feet 6 inches to 33 feet 6 inches by building the additional width to the arches on each side upon the buttresses, thus making the roadway all along as wide as it had been before only at the points where the angular recesses occurred.

The beauty of the bridge was this much destroyed, the parapet now running straight along instead of jutting out at each pier, with the picturesque effect which may still be seen in Berwick and other old bridges. The Blue Stone was again placed where the liberties of Newcastle and Durham joined. It was a blue flagstone, which formed part of and extended right across the footpath on the east side of the bridge.

We have before mentioned the old chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr and the hospital adjoining, which stood on the Newcastle end of the Tyne Bridge. There are no records of its foundation, but it must have been after the assassination of Thomas à Beckett, which occurred in 1170. It is not mentioned in history until 1248 as we have before said ; it had many benefactors, and was endowed with houses and lands in many parts of Newcastle. Amongst other property, the Earl of Northumberland's Inn in the Close, and Sandyford Flatt, and the Windmill, near Jesmond, paid a rent-charge to it. Roger Thornton left it three acres of land and three meadows at Whickham, and also lead for repairs to its roof. In 1611 it was annexed to the Magdalene Hospital at the Barras Bridge, and the mastership united in one person. In the eighteenth century it was several times repaired and altered to improve the approach to the bridge ; and after some repairs in 1732 we find the mayor reopening it as a chapel-of-ease to St. Nicholas' Church. It is mentioned that it seated three hundred persons, which will give some idea of its size. When the new St. Thomas's Chapel at the Barras Bridge was built in 1830, it was pulled down, though some portions of it still remain beneath the buildings at the bridge end.

The amount of traffic on Tyne Bridge before the introduction of railways was very great, for it was the only means of communication between Newcastle and the south ; but the age of railways came, and with it the High Level, and Tyne Bridge soon knew no more the stage-coaches and waggons which were wont to be constantly passing and repassing over its pavement. The trade of the district, too, at length became so extended that it was found desirable to open the higher reaches of the river for ship navigation.

The low arches of the bridge prevented all large vessels from passing it ; the dredging of the river had made its foundations insecure, and it was at length determined to remove it, and replace it by a swing bridge. In 1866 the necessary arrangements were made between the Tyne Commissioners, the corporation of Newcastle, and the Lords of the Admiralty : a temporary bridge was erected, and the demolition of the old one commenced.

The present Swing Bridge was commenced 23rd September, 1868, and opened for traffic 25th June, 1876. The piers and abutments are of stone and concrete, on foundations of cast iron cylinders filled with cement, which are sunk down to the solid rock, forty-five feet below low water mark. Between the piers are four openings corresponding with those of the High Level Bridge. The superstruction is of wrought iron, and was made by Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. It supports a carriage-way twenty-four feet wide, and two side-walks, each eight feet wide. The swinging part, which weighs fourteen hundred and fifty tons, and spans the two middle openings, turns on the centre pier. The total cost of the bridge was £233,000. It is an interesting fact to note that the first vessel to pass through the newly completed bridge was the Italian transport, *Europa*, to take on board a hundred-ton gun made for the Italian government at Elswick, while the first to pass the earliest of the bridges constructed at this point would be one of the vessels hailing from the same country, which formed part of the fleet of Hadrian, Emperor of Rome, the builder of Pons Elii.

CHAPTER VII.

SANDHILL.

THE Sandhill holds a notable place in the annals of Newcastle. It was once, we may say, the very heart of the town, for here were the seats of government and of justice, and besides it was the market-place for "fish, herbs, cloth, leather, and other merchandise, very convenient for merchant adventurers, merchants of coals, and all those who have their living by shipping." Here on Midsummer and St. Peters' eves were lighted the bonfires which were kept up by the Company of Cooks, and here, amongst other places, were performed the miracle plays of the craftsmen ; hither the people flocked to hear the publication of royal and municipal proclamations, or to join in the public rejoicings and festivities of the town. It was, too, in olden times, the first part of Newcastle with which the traveller from the south made acquaintance. The expectations which had been aroused by the beautiful view the town presented as he approached it were not disappointed when, after crossing Tyne Bridge, he entered the open triangular space of the Sandhill, and

looked up at "the shops and stately houses for merchants" which surrounded it, and at its chapel, its town hall, and its Maison de Dieu. Like many another stranger since, he might be astonished to find that the Sandhill was not a hill at all, but quite the reverse—a low lying level space by the waterside.

In our description of the walls we have striven to describe the state of this place when in Rufus's time, and long afterwards, it was part of the sandy beach of the Tyne, and the Lort Burn flowed to the river through its midst. A pleasant spot it must have been, with the green banks of the castle hill rising above it and the broad, clear river rippling over its strand. The good people of the town came here on summer evenings and on holidays to disport themselves, pretty much as we see them doing now at Tynemouth and other neighbouring water places. There was no venturing outside the walls of towns for pleasure in those days, but on the Sandhill the children might play and bathe, and the people might amuse themselves in safety, with the grim castle above watching over them. As a matter of course the Sandhill, being a place of public resort, was invaded by an army of pedlars and open-air merchants, who doubtless drove a thriving trade amongst the happy crowd. Mountebanks, and jugglers, and all manner of people who work hardest while the rest of the world is amusing itself, would be here in force.

The roadway from the bridge end ran along the north side of the Sandhill, and winding round the foot of the castle hill, took its way up the Side, and at an early period houses were built along the north of this roadway, and on the steep side of the hill behind. The building, in the reign of Edward III., of that part of the town wall which ran along the riverside, would seriously interfere with the pleasant recreation place, though the market seems to have been continued, for there is still preserved in the Tower of London a proclamation (Richard II., 1393), "commanding all merchandise to be removed from Sandhill, a certain common place in Newcastle, where were wont to assemble the people for their recreation." This clearance was probably made with a view to preparing the Sandhill for building purposes, for in 1412 the Maison de Dieu was built by Roger Thornton, on the death of his wife; and about the same time the Exchange, or Town Hall, was built, and presented to the town by the same liberal patron of Newcastle. It would be necessary, in order to make room for these buildings, to pull down part of the town wall.

As will be remembered, the Chapel and Hospital of St. Thomas the Martyr already stood at the bridge end, on the west end of the Sandhill. At the east end of the chapel an opening was left down to one of the many water-gates which pierced the town wall all along the riverside. East of this opening Roger Thornton's new buildings commenced, and extended along the south side of the Sandhill, just where the present Guildhall and Exchange now stand.

The Maison Dieu was easternmost of the buildings. It was one of the hospitals, or almshouses, so numerous throughout Christendom during the Middle Ages. It was founded and endowed to relieve the poor and harbour the sick, and was dedicated to St. Catherine. It is described as "Thornton's Hospital" in Newcastle, for a warden, being a priest, nine poor men, and four poor women, to be provided with meat and clothing, "and to pray daily for the mayor and commonalty of the town, and for the founder and his family."

We are told Roger Thornton, during his lifetime, allowed the corporation the use of the hall and kitchen of the hospital. This would probably be on occasions of public entertainments in the town hall; and Bourne says that "its hall was in ancient times given to the town for a young couple when they were married, to make their wedding-dinner in, and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends, for at that time houses were not large."

The Maison Dieu was, in the reign of Charles I., 1629, conveyed to the mayor and burgesses of Newcastle by Sir Richard Lumley, a descendant of Roger Thornton through his daughter. It is then described as "all that building of stone covered with lead, standing near to the water of Tyne, and to the east part of the Town's Chamber of the said town of Newcastle, being about sixteen yards in length, and anciently part of the Hospital of St. Catherine the Virgin, commonly called Thornton's Hospital." About this time the Merchants' Court was built over the Maison Dieu.

We have before mentioned the Water Gate. It appears that the ancient name of the part of Sandhill near here was the "Windowes," and Brand quotes Dr. Ellison's MS. thus, "A.D. 1576, the new key at Windowes builded." The origin of this name has been a subject of much dispute. By some it is supposed to have arisen from the fact that the east window of St. Thomas's Chapel looked out upon this part. Perhaps it may have got its name from Vindow, in the Baltic, with which Newcastle traded largely. As we now have a Hamburg Wharf, the London Wharf, etc., this may have been the place of loading for Vindow. One of Ambrose Barnes's foreign correspondents, writing in 1661, says, "Your ship the *Concord* is arrived with nine bales of cloth, specified in the invoice; fifteen chalder of grindstones and coals have been laid up in the Duke of Courland's Spiker. The duke will shortly be at VVindow, and agree for the rest with Mr. Fell, your agent."

The town hall stood between the Water Gate and the Maison Dieu. Leland, the antiquary, who visited Newcastle in the reign of Henry VIII., calls it "a square haul place for the towne." In the Guildhall, says Gray, "is held three guilds every year by the mayor and burgesses to offer up their grievances. The Mayor's and Sheriffs' Courts, the Admiralty or River Court, and the Court of Pyepowder were also held in it, and the clarke of the chamber and the chamberlains sat by the town hutch to receive the revenue of the town for coal ballast, salt, grindstones, etc."

For nearly two hundred and fifty years Roger Thornton's "square haul place" served the town, and during that time it saw many changes take place around it. It saw the Lort Burn arched over, and the Sandhill assume the form it now bears. It witnessed the erection, decay, and rebuilding of neighbouring houses, and in its latter days saw the building of the quaint old mansions with their wealth of windows, some of which still exist along the north and east sides of the Sandhill. There were other houses it saw, with projecting balconies overhanging the footpaths, which have long since been removed. Its walls echoed the cheers which followed the proclamation of many an English victory, from Agincourt to the Texel; they trembled at the sound of Leslie's and Callendar's artillery during the famous siege of 1644, when the town was taken by the Scots; and they heard the mingled cries of grief and exultation which have arisen after the sanguinary battles of the days when England was divided against herself—from the Wars of the Roses to the Great Rebellion, from St. Alban's to Worcester fight. They saw the extinction of the English monarchy and the foundation of the Commonwealth; but were not fated to behold the Restoration, for in 1655 the town hall was pulled down, and three years later a new building was erected on its site. This new building, the Guildhall, was built by Mr. Robert Trollop, architect, of York—the same who is buried in Gateshead churchyard, and is said to have had a monument erected over him with the oft-quoted inscription—

> "Here lies Robert Trollop,
> Who made yon Stones Roll up;
> But God took his soul up,
> And his body fills this hole up."

The Guildhall was a very handsome building, and was entered from the Sandhill by two flights of steps leading up to the great doorway, above which, in a niche, was placed the statue of Charles II. taken from the Magazine Gate on the bridge. Along its south side ran a balcony overlooking the river, and, on the same side, there was another entrance. It was at this latter entrance that the mayor received the judges, when, at the assizes after the destruction of Tyne Bridge by the great flood of 1772, they crossed the river in the town state barge. The building had a steeple with a chime of bells, and on each of the bells was cast the name of one of the aldermen. The bell which had Alderman Barnes's name on it was afterwards removed to St. Anne's Church, but we hear of it afterwards in the *Newcastle Journal* of 18th June 1768, where it is mentioned thus:—"There is now in Mr. Hillcoat's, ironmonger, the old bell belonging to St. Anne's Chapel, in this town, with the following inscription, 'Mr. Ambrose Barnes, Mr. George Thursby, sheriffs, 1658." The interior of the Guildhall was pretty much as it remains at present, except that the windows and doorway on the south have been built up. The new building was used for the same purpose as the old one. Here were held the municipal and assize

courts of session, and here were the offices of the corporation. The old Maison Dieu was suffered to remain, and the entrance to the Merchants' Court above it was from the piazza of the Guildhall.

When William III. ascended the throne, the Sandhill is mentioned by the local historians as the scene of a popular demonstration against the deposed king, James II. Bourne relates how, in November 1688, the equestrian statue of the latter monarch, which had been erected on the Sandhill through the exertions of his majesty's *own* mayor, Sir William Creagh, and Sheriff Samuel Gill, was pulled down by the mob ; or how, to put it in his own words, "a few soldiers, as drunk with loyalty as with liquor, assisted by the busy, hot-headed geniuses of Sandgate, being provided with ropes for the purpose, pulled it down, dragged it from thence to the key, and threw it into the river." This statue, which was of bronze, was the size of the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, and was the work of William Lawson, and approved of by Sir Christopher Wren. It cost £1700, and perhaps was never placed upon its pedestal at all, but most probably was lying on the quay, or upon its sledge on the Sandhill, when the mob tumbled it into the water. The sledge for its conveyance is charged in the town accounts, "ye 4th week September 1688, 20s. ;" so if erected on its pedestal at all, it must have stood only about two months ; but as we have said, the probability is that it was still upon the sledge, for it could not have been easily taken down and carried to the river by any mob, however determined. It was afterwards cast into church bells. All Saints' got the whole of the horse except a leg, which went towards the casting of a bell for St. Andrew's. In 1742, Joseph Barber, the bookseller, of Humble's Buildings, Sandhill, and Amen Corner, published a print of the statue, "done from a drawing in the possession of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart." Two years earlier, the first copperplate engraving produced in Newcastle was sent out by the same publisher, being entitled, "A curious draft of the famous managed horse called the 'Marbled Persian,' made a present of to the Chevalier de St. George's eldest son by the Duke of Ormond, now in exile, engraved by the best hand in England."

On 10th October 1727, the coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline was proclaimed on the Sandhill, and "the day was ushered in with ringing of bells ; the magistrates in their scarlet gowns, accompanied by the common council, clergy, and gentry, went from the Guildhall to church, with music playing and cannons firing, and from thence proceeded to the mayor's house, where a splendid entertainment was prepared for them ; and after dinner they repaired to the Market Place, where a fountain was erected, which ran wine, where the mayor, common council, clergy, and gentry drank the health of the king and queen and royal issue, with many other loyal healths, in presence of many spectators ; thence they went to the Guildhall, where the healths were repeated with the like ceremony as above, and the conduit running wine all the time for the people, whilst a great bonfire erected in the Market

Place was burning, the cannons firing at each health. They afterwards returned to the mayor's house, where there was a ball for all the ladies, and the evening was concluded with rejoicings, bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and all other demonstrations of joy."

In the year 1740 the Sandhill was the scene of a tumultuous assembly, when the Guildhall was attacked by the mob and seriously damaged, many of the public documents stored within being destroyed. The ostensible cause of the riot was the great dearness and scarcity of corn. Brand tells us that the militia was called out, but being imprudently disbanded by the magistrates, the mob gained possession of the Sandhill, and broke into the Guildhall as stated above. Amongst the damage which they did, they destroyed many of the pictures and plundered the town hutch of £1200; but the arrival of Captain Soule with three companies of Howard's Regiment from Morpeth, by a forced march, prevented the probable firing and sacking of the town. Alderman Hornsby in his MS. notes to Brand says—"What Mr. Brand calls the militia were a number of volunteers who assisted for the preservation of the peace of the town. They consisted of some middle-aged gentlemen of different professions, but for the most of young men, several of whom were merchants' apprentices, and on account of their wearing white stockings were called, and are still remembered, by the name of the 'White Stocking Regiment,' and the late Mr. Riddell was their captain, and, as it was supposed, lest he should gain great popularity, Mr. Cuthbert Fenwick, the then mayor, ordered them to forbear assembling."

The Sandhill was a favourite place of John Wesley's when preaching in Newcastle. It was when preaching from the steps of the Guildhall that he was saved from the clutches of some of "the hot-headed geniuses of Sandgate" by Mrs. Bailes the fishwife, who, throwing one of her brawny arms around his waist, held up her other in defiance of the mob, and cried out, "Now, touch the little man if you dare!"

Another curious sight was to be seen on the Sandhill in the spring of 1783. A pair of crows removed from some trees which stood near the "Javel Group," and commenced building their nest on the weathercock of the Guildhall, sorely impeded in their efforts by some of their kindred, ambitious of occupying the same position. When the nest was partly built, and while the builders were abroad in search of materials, it would be frequently pulled to pieces by the enemy, until at length the persecuted pair took turns in going away, one of them always remaining as sentry over the work. Thus they succeeded in building their nest, which was so constructed as to turn with the vane, and in it they hatched a brood every year up to 1788, one account says to 1793. This latter account is doubtful, as the west end of the Guildhall was damaged by fire in 1791, when probably, on account of its damaged condition, the Water Gate adjoining was pulled down. The nest is shown in the painting of the Sandhill by Waters, which we noticed as

hanging in the old castle. This picture was presented to the Society of Antiquarians by Robert Ingham, Esq., M.P., who says it was given to his father by Mr. Waters's son's widow. He says—"The figures are portraits. The very tall gentleman on the left is Mr. Peacock or Pedcock; the old gentleman in the centre, whom the porter is addressing, cap in hand, was the father of Ralph Atkinson, Lord Eldon's cousin; the gentleman in red slippers at the entrance of his house was Mr. Wallace, the partner of Mr. Surtees, Lady Eldon's father; the man with the cloak on his arm approaching Mr. Wallace was Grieve the watchmaker; and I am told that the gentleman in drab, interposed between the squabbling fish-women, was Mr. Snow Clayton." Mr. Ingham tells us that Waters was only an "amateur," but we wish there had been more amateurs of the same kind to have preserved to us as faithfully as he has done some more memorials of the old town. There is no humbug about honest Ralph Waters; he has painted us a picture of the Sandhill on a summer morning one hundred years ago, and lets us see exactly what he saw. It is half-past seven by the town hall clock, and the town hall clock says so plainly, and cannot be understood to mean anything else. The rosy hues of morning still tint the flushing clouds which float over the Tyne valley; the town hall looms dark and sombre, as it always does at this time of day; the shadow it throws on the Sandhill is dewy and cool, and is the kind of shadow which the sun only throws at early morning. There are some men over there on the right-hand who are settling a dispute in the old English fashion with their fists, and Waters has painted them just as he saw them, with their rough, hard old "mugs," in the old English fashion, and not at all after the Italian, or after any other fashion whatever. There are merchants, there are fish-women, there are carts and horses; and he tells us exactly what they all were like, and how the people were dressed, so that we cannot possibly make any mistake about them, or take them for anything else except just what they are. There are other merchants going to drink purl at the tavern over the way, and we know what the strong-headed old fellows are about as well as if we had been there to see them ourselves. Altogether the picture is invaluable as giving us a vivid glimpse of the old-time aspect of the Sandhill, and of the habits and customs of its frequenters.

In 1796 the steeple and vane of the Guildhall were removed, and the north front was rebuilt, and assumed almost the appearance of to-day. The projecting front entrance with the steps leading up was taken away, and the statue of Charles II. was taken down and removed into the Exchange, where it is still to be seen. The south side was new fronted, and assumed its present aspect.

In 1812 the public market was removed from the Sandhill to the new market at the top of Dean Street. And now we go to another of the historic scenes which are famous in the annals of the place. 19th July 1821 was the coronation of George IV. at Westminster,

and in honour of the occasion great rejoicings took place in Newcastle—in which, of course, the Sandhill played a predominant part. The rejoicings nearly ended in something very different. They began with a boat race on the Tyne from Walker Quay to the bridge, the result of which was disputed, but which was afterwards rowed over on the 1st August, and won by the *Laurel Leaf* of Stella. The vast crowds which had witnessed the race after its unsatisfactory termination made their way into the town. The corporation had spared no expense to arouse in the townsmen some show of loyal feeling, and on the Sandhill a pant ran wine. The scene of scramble and struggle for the purple stream has been painted by R. P. Parker, and is now in possession of the corporation. Other pants in the town ran ale, and an ox was roasted whole at the foot of the old flesh market and another in the centre of the Spital. The roasted oxen were cut in pieces on the platforms and thrown amongst the surrounding crowd, and this mode of distribution being naturally resented by the people, they began to throw the pieces of meat and bones back at the distributors. Public feeling at the time ran very strongly against the newly-crowned king and against the Government generally, and the anger of the crowd did not need any very powerful incentive to cause it to break forth into open riot. The platforms were pulled to pieces, as were the furnaces on which the oxen had been roasted; the remains of the animals were drawn by the chains which had been attached to them for roasting to the Sandhill, where, by this time, an immense crowd was congregated. There was every likelihood of a serious riot, had not the strong attractions of a horse race on the Moor drawn many thousands out of the town during the afternoon. The coronation rejoicings became the subject of many songs, every one of them breathing an antagonistic spirit towards the Government, both imperial and municipal. Here is part of one called "The Newcastle Swineherds' Proclamation":—

"O yes! ye swinish multitude,
To our Newcastle stys repair;
Behold a fat ox barbicu'd,
So go and cram your gorges there.

"While guzzling down your wishy-wash,
Squeak loud with make-believe affection,
And in the puddle kick and splash,
Nor show one sign of disaffection.

'Then all ye lordly herds laugh loud,
And shake your portly paunches fine;
Show to your dames the rabble crowd,
And having prayed, retire to dine."

Up to 1823 the old Maison Dieu was allowed to stand, though only used as a warehouse, with the hall of the Merchant Adventurers on its upper floor, but in that year it was pulled down. Underneath it were found the remains of the foundation of the town

wall, and on the vacant site was erected the well-known fish market, with its half-circle of tall stone columns, which cleared the Sandhill of the lumber of the fish stalls, and which was opened by a *grand procession* of fish-wives, attended by a band of music.

In 1825 over the fish market was built a new hall for the Merchants' Company. The ancient wainscoting and carved wood chimney-piece of the old hall were used in fitting up the new one, and are still there to be seen. So the Sandhill remained until a few years ago, when the fish market was removed to the end of the Close, and the building it had been carried on in was converted into a mercantile Exchange as at present. Since then many of the old houses on the east side have given place to others, now finished or in course of erection.

The chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr, which stood at the bridge-end, was for long a prominent feature of the Sandhill. At the end of the eighteenth century we find accounts of it as above, like so many of the old places of Newcastle, in the way of increasing traffic. In 1770 it was altered to widen the approach to the bridge, as the steeple was removed. In 1782, still not being quite convenient, its corner was rounded off, and in 1830 it was pulled down altogether.

Many other of the old Sandhill buildings and institutions are gone. The house of Thomas Bonner, the mayor of the town in 1648, we are told stood opposite the Water Gate. It was to this house he was coming after having been elected at the Spital, "the sergeants carrying torches lighted in their hands, when one Edward Marshall threw a long stick at the said lighted torches and struck divers of them out, and it being dark, stones, etc., were flung." This was on the 2nd October. On the nineteenth, Oliver Cromwell, on his return from his first expedition into Scotland, was here entertained by the mayor. Tradition says that the town waits stood on the bridge and played while the General was at dinner.

It would make a pleasant picture to figure the musicians in their blue cloaks and beavers, industriously making sweet music to charm the heart of the stern Parliamentary general, some of them now and again glancing upwards to see if perchance they could catch a glimpse of his famous "copper nose," and others more interested in the expected sight of his silver coin, while the people gathered in crowds around, ready to burst forth into cheers in honour of the great man or their worthy mayor. The house was afterward known as Katy's Coffee House, of which we read under date 7th January 1767—"Catherine Jefferson, spinster, died; kept Katy's Coffee House on the Sandhill for upwards of fifty years." It is probably also the Nelly's Coffee House where the "friends of liberty" opened a subscription in 1770 for the support of Mr. Wilkes as the defender of the liberty of the subject. It is mentioned by McKenzie as having been called Bellas's Coffee House, and as containing in his time the office of Mr. Nathaniel Clayton.

Besides the Coffee House, we miss from the Sandhill the Old Fleece Inn, Custom House Entry, and the Globe, both famous houses in their day. We miss too the White Hart, and Star, where the London carriers used to put up in the days when there were fairs, lasting eight days, twice a-year on the Sandhill, and when it was crowded with stalls—which extended half-way up the Side—leaving only a narrow passage-way for the coaches and stage-waggons; when every Thursday the west-country carts came here laden with bacon, cheeses, and eggs, and the carriers' carts stood as they now stand in the Bigg Market.

We miss too the roaring tumult of the old election days, when the hustings were set up on the Sandhill, when a contested election was like a pitched battle, and such deeds were done as would make our hair stand on end in these days of vote by ballot, purity of election, and corrupt practices bills. A free and independent elector was of some account then.

But in spite of time and its changes we still have many relics of the past to gaze upon as we pass along the Sandhill. First and foremost, there is the Guildhall, altered outwardly as we have described. On the ground floor is the Exchange and News Room, and on the upper floor are the Court Room, or Guildhall, the Merchants' Court, the Mayor's Chamber, also some other rooms now used as offices by Messrs. Clayton & Gibson, solicitors. The Guildhall is a spacious apartment, with the usual fittings of a court of justice at its west end. The grotesque masks carved in wood and attached to the beams overhead are very curious, and there is a strange arrangement of little arched openings through the northern wall, high up near the roof, which allows people passing along a corridor outside to look down into the hall. At the east end are large doors opening into the Merchants' Court, a large square room, with panelled oak wainscoting reaching almost to the ceiling, and terminating in a very finely-carved cornice. In some of the upper panels are shields bearing the arms of the various Governors of the Merchants' Company. There is an immense carved oak chimney-piece, which takes up the greater portion of the eastern side of the room, and reaches as high as the top of the wainscoting. Above its mantelshelf are two carved panels, one representing the Judgment of Solomon, and the other the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. There is a curious carved oak chair, and some benches and other furniture, in the same wood. The Mayor's Chamber has some quaint, but very much varnish-darkened paintings of local buildings.

We have also left to us the old mansion of the Davidson's, nearly opposite the Water Gate, with its handsome frontage of many-paned casements, divided from one another by fluted pilasters with carved capitals; its ground floor now converted into a shop, but its upper stories as they were when it was built. On its first floor (the offices of Messrs. Bilton, Williams, & Co.) is a room lined with panelled oak, and having a handsome carved oak

mantelpiece bearing the arms of the Davisons and the Coxes. The former are on the right-hand side of the fire-place, and underneath are the initials T. D. (Thomas Davison); the latter on the left, and beneath are the initials A. C. (Anne Cox). The date 1637 is also carved on the mantelpiece. The house was afterwards occupied by Aubone Surtees, Esq., banker, the father of Elizabeth Surtees, the wife of Lord Eldon. It was from this very house that the famous elopement took place which is such an event in Newcastle history. It was on the night of the 18th of November 1772 that young Scott, aided by an old school-fellow named Wilkinson, apprentice to Mr. Clayton in the shop immediately below Mr. Surtees' house, carried off the banker's daughter. The casement with a blue pane in it, in the window of the room adjoining the oak-wainscoted chamber mentioned above, is said to have been the one through which she crept and sprang into her lover's arms. The marriage took place on the following day at Blackshiels, nine miles from Edinburgh.

There is another old house adjoining the mansion of the Davisons and Surtees on the east, but it is not so ornate in design. It still retains the old red "pan tiles" with which all the houses of Newcastle used to be roofed. Next is a modern house, and then another old one which tradition says was the residence of the Earls of Derwentwater, though another tradition says that the next house was the abode of the unfortunate family. This latter house is on the east side of the narrow opening leading up to the Bee Hive public-house, and called the Bee Hive Yard. Outwardly there is not much to look at, but the interior of the house contains some splendid specimens of old carved work. On the first floor is a small apartment lined with panelled black oak wainscoting, and having an exceedingly fine old chimney-piece of the same wood. The over mantel is a very fine piece of Elizabethan work in low relief, but the lower part is hidden and spoiled by a modern grate and marble chimney-piece. On the floor above is a fine room with a beautiful ornamented panelled plaster ceiling. A partition now divides the room into two portions, and in the most westerly there is one of the finest old chimney-pieces in Newcastle. It is of black oak. On each side of the fire-place are two carved pillars, and above is an elaborate mass of carved work in bold relief. In the centre the royal arms appear with the motto, "Beati Pacifici," under them. On the right there is a panel with a carving of David in the act of cutting off the head of Goliath, and on the left another representing Samson slaying the Philistines, the ass's jawbone uplifted in his hand. Figures personifying the four elements appear, two on either side, and there is a handsomely carved cornice over all. The stairs of the old house have been altered. The entrance used to be from the Bee Hive Yard, but is now from the Sandhill. There would probably at one time be some richly carved balasters and other work, but of this no trace now remains.

At the top of the Bee Hive Yard, about forty feet back from the frontage of the Sandhill houses, is a very old building, now used as a warehouse. It has doors and windows with obtuse pointed arched openings, and most probably is the survivor of another row of houses which stood in line with it, and formed the northern boundary of the Sandhill, long before the present houses were built in front. On the east side of the Sandhill only one of the old houses now remains, and very quaint it looks with its upper stories projecting far over the pavement, and its large casements extending in three lines along the entire front. It is occupied by Messrs. W. B. Proctor & Co., hemp manufacturers, but will soon be removed to give place to a more modern building, like the old house which stood on the site of Guildhall Chambers, and the not so ancient one which stood where Messrs. Lambton & Co.'s handsome building now adorns the Sandhill.

On week-days we now see the Sandhill full of carts and horses, standing for hire, and at assize times we may see an unusual stir about the Guildhall; but Sunday is its busiest day. In the morning it will be seen crowded to excess with people listening to the orators who are speaking from the elevation of some empty waggons which usually stand here. There are political speeches, temperance speeches, and religious speeches, each class of orators having its own portion of the day set apart by a common understanding. Much might be said of the eccentricities, of the oddities, and of the undeniable merits of some of the speakers, but we must leave them and hurry on to the Quayside.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUAYSIDE.

WE have now reached the head-quarters of Riverside Newcastle, the Quayside, where the bulk of the mercantile business of the northern metropolis is transacted, the traditional seat of her commerce, and the heart of the great northern coal-field. It daily presents a scene of activity, not to be wondered at when we consider the amount of trade which is here carried on with every part of the world. It is to the rest of Newcastle what the City is to London—a place thronged by day with buyers and sellers of every kind of merchandise, its thousand offices alive in full swing of business—in the evening a comparatively deserted place. It is like the City, too, in that it is, to an uninitiated outsider, a place where money is made in some vague, mysterious way. When the occupation of some suburban magnate is called in question, the answer, "He is

on the Quay," is equivalent to the Londoners' "He is something in the City," and one that is considered equally sufficient and final.

Of the first building of Newcastle Quay we have no account. Most probably in very early times, when, as we know, vessels sailed up the Lort and Pandon Burns into the heart of the town, there were wharves and jetties along the riverside, and as trade increased and the merchants left the upper parts of the town and came to the Sandhill and waterside, the quay would be commenced with. When the town wall along the river side was built the quay would probably be rebuilt and extended, to carry it and its gates above high-water mark. We have before quoted the Ellison MS., which tells how, in 1576, "the new key at Windowes was builded." This was probably some addition to and widening of the quay near the bridge end. In 1600, a survey of the town shows a quay or wharf outside the walls, extending from Sandhill to Sandgate, and a pier or mole at the high end of the Close, stretching halfway across the river. We read in Bourne how in the reign of James I. (1616) the water gates along the Quayside "were ordered to be locked up every night, except one or two to stand open for the masters and seamen to go to and fro to their ships. This was done to prevent servants casting ashes and other rubbish into the river, and those two gates were watched all night long." The same historian tells us that the wall here made "in some manner two streets, the inside and outside of the key," and that there was a walk along the top of the wall. East of the Quayside was Sandgate shore and the north shore, but of these we shall speak further on. At present we will only deal with the Quayside proper, running from the bridge to Sandgate.

After the battle of Culloden had crushed the hopes of the Stuarts and settled the public mind, and when the Hanoverian dynasty had been firmly seated on the throne, internal peace seemed to be assured, and the old wall along the Quayside, which had long been grumbled at as an obstacle to trade, and only tolerated as necessary to the defence of the town, was openly condemned as useless and in the way. Shortly after the accession of George III. it was pulled down (1763), and the Quayside was thus made much wider and more convenient. The removal of Sand Gate in 1798 further opened the way for extension. Sandgate Shore and Sandgate Keyside were replaced by the new quay in course of time. More recent improvements have swept away the quaint old houses of the north shore, and Newcastle Quay, rebuilt and extended in 1870, now reaches from the bridge end to the Ouseburn mouth, an unbroken line of solid masonry. There are many larger quays, and many of more imposing appearance, but owing to the unstable nature of the ground on which it stands, and the effect of the constant dredging which the river bed requires, there are few which in their construction have called forth so much engineering skill and perseverance, and we believe none which have been proportionately to their size so costly. Now that we have glanced

at its general history, we will describe the present aspect of the western portion called "The Quayside," touching as we go upon its many interesting sights and the memories they recall.

Descending by the flight of stone steps from the bridge end we find ourselves beside the Water Gate. On this quiet retired part of the quay once stood the high crane, a famous landmark in old-fashioned days. Alongside here the ships used to lie—as, indeed, they did all along the Quayside in the days before the docks were built down stream—six or seven deep, beginning with the "Bridge Tier," the "Five Pound Berth," and so on, each tier having its own distinctive name. There are no such forests of masts to be seen now as used to be seen then from here, and yet the trade of the river is most tremendously increased. As we have said, it was perhaps here where the ships of Ambrose Barnes, trading to Vindow, used to lie and load. Nowadays it is the Aberdeen boat which moors opposite the Guildhall, on which occasions the quay becomes covered with a heaped-up mass of merchandise; steam cranes puff and snort; stevedores' labourers work like slaves, unshipping and shipping cargo; carts and horses come and go in long trains, till at last the quay is clear again, the blue peter is hoisted, the *Countess of Aberdeen* cuts loose her moorings, and steams off again on her way to the Granite City. Here too the little, useful, and ever busy steam wherries take in their cargoes, and every tide make their voyages down stream to the ships in the docks or in the tide-way. Here, not so long ago, the "Five man boats," with their load of freshly caught north sea fish, made fast alongside, while on the quay stood crowds of bare-headed, bare-armed, kilted-skirted, white-aproned women, with round shallow baskets and twisted "weazes" in their hands, ready to crowd on board as soon as a plank was laid ashore. But now the few fish boats which escape the attractions of Shields and venture thus far up stream are towed to the new Fish Market above bridge, in the Close. In the north-west corner of this part of the quay is a sight worth the attention of the curious local antiquary. Here stood the ancient chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr, and in Hancock's iron warehouse may still be seen some of its masonry, and also two of the land arches of old Tyne Bridge. These arches extend underneath the roadway of the bridge approach, and it is said that the more northern of the two once communicated with the cellars of the Charles XII. Inn, which stood at the end of the Close, facing the roadway of the bridge. Now the archway is built up with a brick-work partition—it is said because the labourers in the warehouse here, long ago, were wont to slip through into the cellar and regale themselves with the contents of the casks stored there. The end of the other arch is built up flush with stone.

Passing the Guildhall we reach Sandhill corner, immortalised in a well known Northumbrian pipe tune. On this portion of the quay is held on Sundays a sort of fair. It is occupied by stalls with gaily covered awnings, mostly owned by Italian vendors of

ice cream. The thirsty ones from the crowded Sandhill flock hither for their cold refreshment, which they diversify with ginger beer, lemonade, nuts, oranges, and mussels. The quack doctor and the temperance and religious orators have also their places here. During the week the Quayside carts stand beside the wooden sentry-box-like offices of their owners, from Sandhill corner for some distance down the quay, ready for hire. Some of them we see engaged in leading corn from the ships. The brawny porter-pokemen, bending under the sacks of grain, are seen steadily walking the springing planks laid from the deck to the quay edge, and depositing their loads upon the weighing machines, which stand ready at hand, or carrying the weighed sacks to the carts. Meanwhile the sailors swiftly whip the corn from the hold in bushel measures, slung to the rope by the side handles. In the season, we may see the French apple ships here, and the water alongside them rich with the too mellow over-ripe fruit which has been thrown overboard. Small boys may be seen—prone on their stomachs—craning over the edge of the quay, and with harpoons, ingeniously manufactured, generally out of steel pronged forks, dabbing at the floating treasures ; sometimes, after many efforts, impaling one, then cautiously striving to land it, and not always with success. Rare sport they seem to find it, and equal to all the excitement of landing a big trout or well-played salmon.

From Sandhill corner, a little way downwards, a few of the old houses still stand on the Quayside. There is one close to the corner, one of the real old-fashioned sort, with projecting upper floors supported on its wooden door-posts—most picturesque and quaint, and giving one some idea of the old Quayside before the fire played such havoc with it. Then there is the arched passage leading to the "Old Custom House"—now a public-house—once the Custom House of the port. There is mention in 1281 of a "cockettum" or custom house in Newcastle, and most probably this is the place where it stood. It is interesting to know that in those days some of the duties levied by the king's bailiffs were six and eightpence on three hundred woollen skins, six and eightpence on a sack of wool, and thirteen and fourpence on a last of leather. It was not until 1766 that the Custom House was removed to the present building further down the quay.

Up to the time of the great fire of 1854, the space between the Quayside and the Butcher Bank was covered by a dense mass of houses, said to have been the most closely built piece of land in the kingdom. From the quay to the Butcher Bank ran a number of narrow chares, giving access to the buildings. These chares seem at different times to have gone by different names, generally being called after the owners of property in them, and the names changing with the owners. In Corbridge's plan of the town, copied in Bourne's *History*, seven of those chares are shown. Their names, beginning next Sandhill corner, are given as the Dark Chare, Grundon Chare, Blew Anker Chare, Pepper Corn

Chare, Palester Chare, Colvin's Chare, and Hornsby's Chare. Of these only the second named now remains, the rest being destroyed by the fire. Grindon Chare, as it is now called, is an extremely narrow opening, not wide enough for two to pass. It runs through behind the west side of Lombard Street, and we believe it is because the owner of some old property in it refuses to sell that it has been allowed to remain. Certainly it has a very curious appearance, being merely a break between the walls of the property on either side, a narrow slit in the high mass of contiguous masonry, through which the curious stranger may walk without finding any apparent reason for its existence, for there are no entrances in it to the houses except one near the north-west end, and it has been for years bolted and barred up. In Grindon Chare stood the chapel of St. John of Jerusalem, belonging to the great religious order of St. John, founded during the crusades to succour and protect pilgrims at Jerusalem. The order came to England in the year 1100, so poor and needy that it was said the Knights of St. John had but one house amongst them ; and in the year 1250 it possessed nineteen thousand manors in various parts of England—Fenham, near Newcastle, being one. There was anciently in the town hutch in the Guildhall a writing endorsed "The agreement made betwixt the Prior of St. John and the towne of Newcastle touching a water gate." Before the building of Lombard Street the buttressed west wall, and the entrance to the chapel with its grotesquely carved heads, were to be seen in Grindon Chare, near the Quayside end and on the east side. The crypt was long used as a warehouse, and human bones have been found beneath it. In 1829, while pulling down an old house, a fine Gothic window was found on the east side of the old chapel. Not a trace of the building now remains.

The dense mass of houses above mentioned, with the chares intersecting it, were destroyed by what has been truly called, "the most terrible and appalling catastrophe which ever occurred in the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead"—the great fire and explosion of 1854. About one o'clock in tbe morning of 6th October, a worsted manufactory near the riverside in Gateshead was discovered to be on fire, and the flames soon extended to an adjoining warehouse, which contained immense stores of iron, lead, manganese, nitrate of soda, brimstone, guano, alum, arsenic, copperas, naphtha, and salt. The brimstone and other chemicals, melted by the heat, commenced to pour in many-coloured fiery streams from the doors of the various flats of the building, and formed a spectacle of terrible beauty. The neighbourhood of the fire was filled by a densely packed crowd, the ships and boats on the river were alive with curious spectators, who climbed the rigging the better to see the dazzling sight, and Newcastle Quay was crowded with people unapprehensive of danger, as the river ran between the fire and them. Things were in this state when, about ten minutes past three in the

morning, a slight report, like a rifle, came from the burning building, occasioning no uneasiness, however, amongst the crowd ; but three minutes afterwards a tremendous explosion burst forth, rocking the two towns to their foundations, and sending into the air great masses of brickwork, stones, blazing timber, and chemicals. The crash of breaking glass, and the noise of falling walls and roofs succeeded ; the ships in the river were nearly blown out of the water, and their masts and yards were broken or set on fire. Far up in the town, sleepers were awakened by the rocking of the houses, and the shattering of the window glass, while for miles around the country was startled by the noise of the explosion. The crowds around the burning warehouse, and on Newcastle Quay and the neighbouring streets, were mown down as by the discharge of artillery ; the flying fragments falling thick among them, killing and maiming as they fell. To increase the horror, a sudden darkness fell on those parts which were out of the scope of the illumination caused by the fire, for the gas lamps for half-a-mile around were blown out. "An awful calm succeeded for a few seconds, and then, as most of the sufferers regained their consciousness, an appalling wail of distress arose in all directions, but many were far removed from all earthly suffering, and their voices were never heard again." At the Gateshead side many houses were wrecked by the explosion, and the inhabitants buried in the ruins ; and the fire spread to the buildings adjacent. Flames, too, ignited by the flying fiery missiles from over the water, now burst out amongst the crowded chares of Newcastle, and before six o'clock the fire had spread along the Quayside for a space of one hundred and twenty yards, and as far back along the chares as Butcher Bank ; while further back still, on the hill-side near All Saints' Church, another fire was burning. When the explosion took place all the fire engines except one had been disabled, and almost all the firemen killed or wounded, so that the fire had free scope, and when the sun rose there was such a scene as had never been witnessed on the Tyne. The dead and wounded were being carried off in scores, and the half naked inmates of the burning houses crowded the streets, lamenting their ruined homes, and lost relatives, and friends.

It was not until the day following that the flames were got under, and the disinterment of the bodies from the ruins was commenced. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the horrible details. The story is told, and the names of the sufferers given, in Fordyce's *Historical Register*, to which we are indebted for the particulars of the account we have given. Altogether, it is known that fifty-three persons were killed, and about eight hundred families rendered houseless and destitute. A public subscription for the benefit of the latter was opened throughout the kingdom, by which £11,000 was realised. The massive block of stone commercial buildings known as Exchange Buildings, and the new streets adjoining, stand on the ground which the fire cleared of the group of old

houses and chares between the Quay and Butcher Bank. Across the water, on the bankside, under the church, a vacant space with scarred fragments of brick walls protruding from the earth, and the quay wall which has been built beneath, are the memorials of the Great Fire.

Proceeding on our way along the Quay, after passing the end of King Street, over the further end of which towers the spire of All Saints' Church, we come to Plummer Chare, which leads up to the top of Dog Bank, and is very little wider than Grindon Chare itself. The next opening is Fenwick Entry, which derived its name from Alderman Fenwick, who resided at its upper end when the quayside chares contained the houses of many opulent merchants connected principally with the coal trade. It also runs up to Dog Bank, which it reaches opposite the opening into Church Walk. Bourne says it was on this account anciently called "Kirk Chare," but there is in it an ancient stone building which perhaps may have had something to do with this appellation. It is nearly at the top on the right-hand side going up, and is now used as a cooper's shop. It extends eastward to the Broad Garth, in which is its most interesting portion. This old building has had a brick house built over it some time about the middle or latter end of last century, and we find no account of it in any of the histories of the town, though it must have been in its time an important building, and perhaps an ecclesiastical one, to judge from the appearance of the part of it which looks upon Broad Garth.

This latter chare is the last which runs up to Dog Bank, and like nearly all the others, is now devoted to warehouses and offices. There was once an opening called the Dark Chare between Fenwick's Entry and the Broad Garth. It must have been very narrow even for a chare; its name seems to imply that it was a covered way, and it only extended as far as the wide part of Fenwick's Entry goes—that is, to the foot of the hill behind.

Peacock Chare used to stand somewhere about the site of the Custom House, perhaps where the opening on the west side of that building now is. The Peacock Inn in it is mentioned in the time of Charles I. as the place where the Dutch captain, who was to help the king's escape, stayed while the arrangements for the flight were being made.

Next to the Custom House on the east side is Trinity Chare, a narrow, flagged, and cleanly-kept passage, which leads, as its name implies, to the Trinity House and the dwellings of its brethren, an ancient and most interesting group of buildings. There is mention in 1283 of "a house of the religious S. Trinitatis, builded within the towne of New Castell," of which William Wakefild, late master of "a house a Barwike, Ordinis S. Trinitas, destroyed by Anthony Beke, Bishop of Durham," was first master. In 1492 this site (whether it was the house just mentioned or not is uncertain), then called Dalton Place, was purchased by the guild or fraternity of the Blessed Trinity of Newcastle, of Ralph Hebborn of Hebborn.

There was a condition attached to the transaction that, if required, the said fraternity were to pay to the said Ralph Hebborn, or his heirs, for ever, a red rose annually at Midsummer. There was some adjoining property belonging to the same family which was purchased from the son and namesake of Ralph Hebborn, and added to the original Trinity House, the acknowledgment stipulated in this case being a pottle of wine yearly for ever on the vigil of the apostles SS. Peter and Paul, if demanded. These curious acknowledgments we find still being paid to the representatives of the Hebborns in 1650.

In the year 1505 we read of a hall, chapel, and lodgings for the brethren being built. Henry VIII. granted the fraternity a new charter "out of love to the Trinity and to encourage the art of navigation," and licensed the brethren to build and embattle two towers, one at the entrance to the haven of Tyne and the other on a hill adjoining. Here they were to keep lights burning every night, and every foreign ship arriving paid them a due of fourpence, every English one twopence. Both Elizabeth and James I. granted charters to the Trinity House, and confirmed its privileges, which were great, as will be seen when we mention, amongst others, that they had the sole appointment of pilots for the Tyne and its creeks and members—which creeks and members included some now important rivers, for the jurisdiction extended to Blyth, Sunderland, Hartlepool, Whitby, and Staiths. Besides, it was empowered to collect various dues from ships within this wide jurisdiction. Of course it had it duties as well as its privileges, and was bound to supply and keep lights, buoys, and other guides for mariners, but the dues were largely in excess of the requirements for public duty, and the Trinity House became wealthy.

In 1634 the chapel was fitted up and beautified, and some years later the Trinity House was plundered by the Scots. In the chapel the Solemn League and Covenant was entered into by some of the English co-religionists of the Scotch Presbyterians in 1645; and shortly after we come, in the books of the house, upon an entry which places before our mind's eye a scene which has all the elements of poetical retribution. The entry, dated 23rd September 1650, is as follows:—"Paid to two men that watched the prisoners and the garde, that they did no harme the first night that the Scotts prisoners came to the Trinity House, 2s." These were the prisoners taken at the battle of Dunbar, and some of them had probably assisted at the plundering of the place of their captivity only a few years before.

The powers and jurisdiction of the Trinity House are now much restricted. The pilotage powers were taken away by the Tyne Pilotage Order Confirmation Act of 1864, and vested in the Tyne Pilotage Commissioners appointed by the Tyne Commission, the Board of Trade, and the shipowners and licensed pilots of the river. The precincts of the old place are quiet and peaceful, and a great contrast to the noise and bustle of the Quay. The cosy

houses of the brethren and the widows of deceased brethren are pictures of cleanliness and comfort. The outside of the house itself, with its trefoil arched and mullioned windows, is kept clean and bright by a liberal use of paint. The very walls are painted, and in that respect fully keeps up the character of the place as a refuge for ancient mariners, for who ever saw a retired nautical man who was not fond of painting his house, outside and in, wherever paint would stick? Entering the house, the officer, who goes by the ancient name of "Summoner," shows us first the entrance hall, with its curious display of models of ships, constructed some of them out of the bones left from their food by the French prisoners during the wars. Aloft hangs a so-called "flying-fish," being a charred beam of wood which was blown by the great explosion from Gateshead to the Trinity House. Harpoons and various curiosities hang on the wall. A pair of folding doors admits us to the chapel—a small apartment with carved old black oaken pews and pulpit, and with its ceiling made exactly like the under side of the deck of one of the old "wooden walls of old England." Some of the other rooms are roofed in the same manner. The great hall erected in 1721 is a noble apartment, with oaken panelling and a carved oak chimney-piece, and hung with pictures, one of which by Parker and George Balmer represents the battle of Trafalgar. In another room we notice a good view of Shields Harbour by Carmichael, and many other pictures. The whole place is neat and clean to a degree, and an air of old world quietude reigns throughout. Leaving it, we go out of the precincts of the Trinity House by the main entrance, which is in the Broad Chare. Over it, a little to the right, hangs a rust-eaten old anchor which was placed there in 1770. It is said by some to have belonged to a wreck which was weighed up in the Tyne, and was said to have been one of the Spanish Armada; others contend that it belonged to the craft of Blackbeard, the pirate of the Spanish main.

Between Trinity Chare and Broad Chare two small passages run up from the Quay, to the south side of the Trinity House. One of these is called Newcastle Chare; the other leads to the well-known old inn, the "Three Indian Kings." The present building is comparatively modern, and stands on the site of an older one. The name of this inn is curious. Probably it was called after the *four* North American Indian Chiefs, popularly styled kings at the time, who came to England to pay their respects to Queen Anne, and the number of the potentates has become by some means altered, perhaps, by the mistake of some new landlord when getting the sign fresh painted.

Of the rest of the Quayside chares we have already spoken in our account of Pandon, for the Quay from Broad Chare to Sandgate was anciently part of the royal town, which extended to the water's edge. We may, however, remark of Spicer Lane, it gives perhaps the best idea of what an old chare was like. It still retains the old stone protecting "stobs" against the bases of the houses

all along, and in it still linger quite a number of swinging signs, now almost obsolete in the other parts of the town.

There is one thing which will strike a stranger in visiting Newcastle Quayside as being very odd, and that is the total absence of coal. Newcastle is proverbially famous for coal; it is her principal article of commerce, and yet here upon the Quayside there is not a scrap of coal to be seen. The Quayside is, nevertheless, as we have said, the heart of the Northern Coal-field, and here are carried on the negotiations which end in the coal from the Newcastle collieries being shipped at the various staiths on the river to all parts of the world. The offices of the coal-fitters will be found largely predominating in numbers over any others on the Quayside—some in the little dark dingy places in the old-fashioned houses, some in the almost palatial buildings of more modern times.

The fitters are the middle-men between the colliery owners and the shippers of coal, and they are the modern representatives of the hoastmen of old Newcastle. The Society or Guild of Hoastmen has existed in the town from time immemorial. Their duties in olden times are shown in an Act of Parliament (5 Henry IV. cap. 9), by which it is ordained that "in every citie, town, and port of the sea in England, where the said merchants, aliens or strangers, shall be repairing, sufficient hoostes shall be assigned to the same merchants (aliens) by the maior, sheriffs, or bailiffs of the said cities, etc., . . . and that the said merchants, aliens and strangers, shall dwell in none other place but with their said hoostes so to be assigned, and that the same hoostes shall take for their travail in the manner as was accustomed in old time."

In the earliest entries of the books of the society, the strangers are called "oastes," and the seal of the company bears a representation of a dignified gentleman in a long robe (the hoastman) cordially grasping the hand of a mariner who approaches, hat in hand, and addressing him in kindly words, "Welcome, mine oaste." Why the stranger and guest was termed the "oaste" is not clear. It would seem from the Act we have quoted that the office of hoastman included the selling and buying on commission of general merchandise for his "oaste," and was not limited, as it afterwards became in Newcastle, to dealings in coal alone. It would also appear that the hoastmen were not always content to act merely as middlemen on commission, for an Act of Henry VIII. prohibits them from buying of their hosts. We find their status clearly defined in the great charter which Queen Elizabeth granted to Newcastle in the year 1600. By it they are incorporated anew as a society, with the title of "governor, stewards, and brethren of the fraternity of hostmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne;" the governor and stewards to be elected annually. Forty-eight persons are named as members of the company. Their duties are defined: they are to see to the better loading and disposal of pit coals and stones upon the Tyne, and they are to have the sole control of the shipment of these

commodities. Power is given them to load and unload anywhere on the Tyne, between Newcastle and Spar Hawk, but as near Newcastle as they can. They are to see that the royal duties on coal are paid, including the duty of one shilling per chaldron upon all coal sold out of the port for use in England. At a court held in the same year it was ordered "that no hostman should, by any means, try and take away to himself any master, owner, or purser of a ship who might be the oaste of some other—not to speak or send to him, nor inquire of him anything."

The fat monopoly enjoyed by the hoastmen made many of the other free burgesses of the town desirous of joining their company, but they were determined to keep the good thing they had got to themselves, and would admit none. In 1603 the burgesses petitioned the new king (James I.) on this grievance, and the matter was referred to the Lord President of the Council at York, who made a decree, in consequence of which a large number of burgesses belonging other trades guilds were admitted free hosts.

Ralph Gardiner, in his charge against the corporation of Newcastle, complains "that they will not suffer any of the coal owners in any of the two counties to sell their own coals, but the owners must either sell their coals to the free hoastmen at what price they please, and then all ships must give them their own price, or get none, which makes coals so dear." In his petition he prays that the above state of things may be done away with ; but nothing came of it, as we already know.

The hoastmen were obliged to live within the town walls, though there appears to have been an exception to this rule, for in the reign of Charles II. (1662) there is an order of the company—"That head fitters, inhabitants of Sandgate, might take in oasts in their own houses between six o'clock at night and six in the morning, and not elsewhere without the walls of the town."

We find the curious name, "Running fitters," applied to the assistants or clerks of the hoastmen, whose duties led them to travel between the office on the Quay and the gears or staiths to see to the loading of the ships, and this term we find used down to very recent times. They were a respectable trustworthy class of men, but their occupation, or at least their name, is now no more.

The old-fashioned, well-built, comfortable houses still to be seen, here and there, about the Quayside and its neighbourhood, were, many of them, the dwellings of the fitters of a past generation. To walk past them of an evening suggests thoughts of the quiet style of living of our forefathers—homely, plain, and comfortable, like their dwellings. Glancing up at the dark windows, we think of the period when, at this time of night, they would be lit up by the quiet radiance of the candles, scarcely strong enough to outshine the flickering firelight on the drawn blinds. We think of the cosy comfort within, when the family was quietly gathered round the fireside, with the head fitter himself smoking his pipe in his armchair, and telling the boys of what he remembers of the old town

of Newcastle when *he* was young, and how changed he finds it now, and what he remembers *his* father saying about it—all of which things the boys will think of years afterwards, as they stand, perhaps where we do now, and look up at the old walls within which their happiest days were passed.

The fitters have long ago deserted the Quayside and its chares. Now they no longer are compelled to receive their "oastes" except at their places of business and during business hours. When their day's work is done they make their way homeward to the pleasant suburbs of the town, or by road or rail to the country or sea side, leaving the Quayside a deserted waste of empty offices.

As we walk along the pavement, which gives out strange echoes as we pass the gaping, ghostly chares, we see the lights on the bridges twinkling out against the dark sky, and through between the masts and cordage of the clustered ships—the glowing lights reflected in long waving lines upon the black, heaving, swirling waters of the river—we see the square tower of St. Mary's Church and the dark mysterious mass of shadow down below it, in which here and there a feeble speck of light serves to make the darkness visible—we see ruddy fires glowing in the iron-works further down, and ever and anon bursting forth into white, blinding heat, which seems to scorch and blister the surface of the stream on which it glares—we see the moving forms of men amidst the fire, and across the river comes to our ear a confused reverberating hum as of giant iron bees at work amongst huge flowers wrought out of resounding brass, now rising and now falling on the wind—we see loitering figures closer at hand gliding slowly amongst the heaps of indistinguishable merchandise piled up on the quay; and walking on, and musing as we walk, our thoughts go back into the past, and we find our feet keeping pace with a shadowy form which has suddenly appeared, and is walking and musing here too. And the form is familiar to us, and stranger still, the thoughts which pass through its mind are familiar to us, for is it not the form of Daniel de Foe, who has crossed over from his lodgings in Gateshead, where he has lain hidden all day, to breathe the fresh air of heaven on the quiet Quay, and are not his thoughts of a distant sunny island, and of a solitary mariner who is there building for himself a house, and living a life, the story of which house-building and which life is to delight the heart of countless thousands of English boys as yet unborn? And as we walk and muse, the shadow fades away, and soon appears another in its place. From the smoky cabin of his ship, which lies there alongside the Quay, comes Tobias Smollett; and as he walks by us we know that he is thinking of Strap the barber he met this morning in the little shop in Pilgrim Street, and of many a hero who shall yet delight the world. And as we still walk and muse, another shade appears and takes his place—an awkward figure it is true has this our new companion, but from the eyes beam out the tokens of a generous, noble, child-like, merry heart, free from all taint of worldliness or guile—and looking in the

face and noting this, we recognise the form of Oliver Goldsmith. And of what dreams he to-night, and by what chance do we meet him here upon the silent Quay? There may be some faint ideas even now flitting through his busy mind of that masterpiece of English fiction which ten years hence shall see the world, and which shall tell of the joys and sorrows, the trials and the triumphs of that gentle single-hearted country vicar, who so truly followed in his Master's footsteps. But uppermost in his thoughts just now is the prison-house of Newgate, from which he has just emerged to-day. And as his shade dissolves from view we leave the Quay behind, and take our way home, where opening our *Life of Goldsmith* we turn up the letter to his uncle, in which he says—"Some time after the receipt of your last I embarked for Bordeaux on board a Scotch ship called the *St. Andrew*, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and as another inducement I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door burst open, enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the king's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then."

CHAPTER IX.

SANDGATE AND THE NORTH SHORE.

"As I came through Sandgate
I heard a lassie sing—
'Weel may the keel row
That ma laddie's in.'"

WHEN the town wall, with the gate called Sandgate in it, was built, the river banks to the east of it long stood in their natural state. A sandy beach, a green level haugh, and high sloping banks rising behind and covered with trees and bushes, were the main features of the scene. At what time the suburb of Sandgate was built upon this spot we have no certain knowledge, but it was the first to spring up outside the walls, and deeds of property situate in it exist of date as early as 1485. Shipowners, shipmasters, sailors, keelmen, and

waterside people generally were its founders, and gradually it extended until the high banks were studded with houses, and upon the level haugh a street was formed running eastwards from the gate, and called after it Sandgate; while another street parallel to the first, and called the Low Way, was built nearer the riverside. Narrow chares ran from the Low Way down to the beach called Sandgate Shore, and up on the opposite side to the main street. Others again ran up between the houses on the hillside to the high ground above, along the brow of which now runs the new road to Shields made in 1776. But in the old times of which we are speaking all the traffic between Newcastle and Shields was through Sandgate. By the time that Gray wrote his *Chorographia* in 1649 it was a large and populous place, and still chiefly occupied by people "that are employed about ships and keels."

During the Parliamentary wars it will be remembered that the suburb of Sandgate was fired by the defenders of the town lest it might afford cover to the Scotch besiegers. At the same time a fort was built outside the gate, near the riverside. Alderman Leonard Carr (mentioned before in our account of the Nag's Head) was very active in constructing this fort, and it was named after him "Carr's Battery." After the Restoration it fell into decay, but its ruined walls long remained, and it came in time to be used as a place of deposit for the town's rubbish, and was known as "Sandgate Midden." Between the midden and the town wall a sloping bank, ten yards broad, called the Dog Bank, led down to Sandgate Shore. Close by was a noteworthy building, called "The Folly." It was originally erected by a Mr. Cuthbert Dykes and others about 1693 as a water-works for supplying the town with water, but after a great deal of litigation the scheme fell through. In 1736 Mr. Dykes applied to the magistrates to have the original grant substantiated, and on being refused used some bad language in the court, for which he was fined twenty marks. A farce called the "Folly" was written on the subject. The building was afterwards used as a grain warehouse.

In 1798 the Sandgate and part of the adjoining wall were pulled down, and thus the approach to the Quayside was widened and improved, and Sandgate suburb became part of the town proper; but it still preserved its old characteristics, and the community inhabiting it seem to have considered themselves as belonging to a semi-independent town of their own, and to have gloried in their Sandgate extraction. It is, however, as the great stronghold of the keelmen that Sandgate is famous.

Keels and keelmen are peculiar to the Tyne—were peculiar to the Tyne we should rather say, for the keel and the old fashioned keelman are both nearly extinct. The keels were the boats employed in carrying coal from the spouts and staiths to the ships and wharves. Of course they were also used as lighters for other merchandise, but the coal trade employed the great bulk of them. They were finely built craft, and were the lineal descendants of

their namesakes, the *chiules* of the ancient Scandinavian rovers, in which, nearly five hundred years before Columbus saw America, the adventurous Norsemen crossed the Atlantic and visited Labrador, Newfoundland, and New England—in which, in later times, they sailed to harass Ireland and Scotland, and in which, after the retirement of the Romans, they came to England and took possession of the country. The keel, like the *chiule*, was "caulker" built; like it, was stem and stern alike; like it, was of extremely light draught; like it, was modelled on fine sailing lines, and like it, had one mast and a lug sail. The rudder of the *chiule* was fixed on her starboard quarter, and it is because the rudder or "steerboard" was there fixed in those old ships that the term "starboard" side came into use. The rudder of the early keel was perhaps fixed in the same place until the "swape" or long oar took its place. Pennant says, speaking of keels—"These boats are strong, clumsy, and oval, and carry twenty tons apiece; they are navigated with a square sail, but generally by two very large oars, on the one side plied by a man and a boy, the other at the stern by a single man, serving both as an oar and rudder." This description is true, with the exception of the appellation "clumsy;" a seaman would have called them "handy" instead, for they were wonderfully fine sailers, and a beautiful sight it was to see a fleet of keels manned by the Tyne keelmen—the finest sailors and handlers of craft in England—beating up river against a head wind.

It is probable that the keel has sailed the waters of the Tyne ever since the Saxon invasion. We find the word "keel" mentioned in a lease granted by the Bishop of Hatfield in 1356, of five coal mines at Whickham. The lessees are bound not to draw from each mine more than one keel per day, as was the custom in times past. In 1366 we have an interesting entry in the Pipe Roll (40th Edward III.), which refers to large purchases of coal made at Winlaton by the sheriff of Northumberland, by order of the king, for works at Windsor Castle. We find that 576 chaldrons of sea-coals were bought at Winlaton, the price of the chaldron, 17d. Thirty-three keels and one boat are employed, with five men in each keel and four in the boat. Each keel held twenty chaldrons and the boat sixteen, and they were employed in carrying the coal from Winlaton to the port of Newcastle. About the same time we find the king appointing three burgesses of Newcastle to measure all coal shipped at the port—"as we are made to understand that numbers of men of the town aforesaid cause sea-coals from mines of coals there to be led in their boats called 'keels,' and placed in the ships without measurement nor paying custom according to measurement, but by the gross, whereby great prejudice arises to us in many ways." Similar tricks in the reign of Henry V. we have mentioned elsewhere.

We find the servants who wrought in the barges of the priors of Tinmouth (coal-owners at Eltswyck and elsewhere since 1330) being called by the name of "kelers" in 1378; but the earliest

mention of the "craft of keelmen" occurs in 1539, and they were an independent society up to 1649, when they appear as dependent on the company of hoastmen. The earliest books of the Hoastmen's Company are dated 1600, and in them we find many notes concerning keelmen and keels. The keelmen were engaged annually by the hoastmen, and on the "binding day" each party entered into an agreement the one to serve and the other to employ. In 1602 there were twenty-eight hoastmen who were to vend by the year 9080 *tens* of coal (190,680 tons), and find eighty-five keels. In 1704 there were 400 keels and 1500 keelmen on the Tyne.

In 1700 there is an interesting notice of a society consisting of twenty Sandgate keelmen, formed for the purpose of "preventing tippling on the Lord's Day, and keeping Sandgate free of inmates." It was in the following year that the keelmen built the hospital on the hill behind Sandgate, at their own charge, which is a standing monument to the thrift and independence of their body. We shall speak of it further on.

During the wars at the end of last century, when the press-gangs were busy in all the sea-ports, Sandgate was a frequent scene of their raids. The Tyne keelmen were exempt from empressment, on account of the national importance of the coal trade. In 1782 we find five hundred and eighty-four of them taking out protections. The local songs of the period embalm the feeling of uncertainty and alarm which prevailed amongst the waterside population. Thus we have "Captain Bover," wherein the wife asks her "winsome man" where he has been, and meets with the reply—

> "Aa've been ti' the norrard,
> Cruising back and forrard,
> Aa've been ti' the norrard,
> Cruising sair and lang;
> But daurna come ashore,
> For Bover and his gang."

Again we have—

> "Here's the tender comin'
> Pressing all the men;
> Oh, dear! hinnie,
> What shall we de then:
> Here's the tender comin,
> Off at Shields Bar,
> Here's the tender comin',
> Full of men-o'-war."

And no vain fears were they which are here expressed, as we may judge when we read how in one night in 1793, no less than two hundred and fifty sailors, mechanics, and men of every description were taken by a press-gang in Shields. In this connection we read of a Newcastle heroine worthy of mention. A young man named Bell, on a night in February 1813, was seized by the press-gang in the Close. He was lying at the rendezvous with his companions in misfortune, waiting to be sent off to the tender next morning,

when his sister arrived and asked for a parting interview, which was granted. She managed to change clothes with her brother, and he walked off and left her in the rendezvous. On the trick being discovered, the girl was released by order of the magistrates, and, as she deserved, became the heroine of the day.

The Tyne keelmen were staunch protectionists, and always revolted against the slightest innovation which might tend to their disadvantage. The staiths which projected into the deep water of the river, and so allowed ships to be loaded direct without the aid of keels, were their standing grievance. We find them going to meet King Charles I. on the river, while on his progress from Newcastle to Shields, to present a petition against the staiths. In the books of Gateshead Parish Church we find an entry in the year 1671—"Paide for powder and match when the keellmen mutineyed, 2s.," which mutiny was probably on account of staiths. They mutinied again in 1708, and again in 1794, when they did much damage to the staiths; but in the great strike of 1822 they exceeded all their previous efforts to get rid of the obnoxious disturbers of their peace. During this strike the keelmen were hunted down by the authorities, assisted by a strong body of special constables, and when caught were clapped into prison. The sailors of the port made common cause with the men on strike, and on one occasion a strong body of them came up from Shields in boats and took the crews from some of the vessels which were loading at the staiths. The mayor of Newcastle with a party of police and volunteers proceeded down the river in his barge and took thirty-one of the rioters into custody. While they were being put on board the cutter at Shields, a mob assembled on the sands and demanded their liberation, but dispersed on the Riot Act being read. Next day the prisoners were conveyed to the castle at Newcastle, and another great mob gathered near the Castle Garth, which was guarded by the volunteer cavalry, and a scene of great disorder took place. The mob, however, dispersed after the Riot Act had been read, and some of their ringleaders arrested. The sequel to the keelmen's strike was the cause of "Rex *versus* Russell and others, proprietors of Wallsend Colliery," tried in August 1824 at York. Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, was counsel for the keelmen, who, says Sykes, "were the real prosecutors," and Mr. Scarlett appeared for the defendants, who were indicted for an alleged nuisance in obstructing the navigation of the river Tyne by erecting staiths or spouts for conveying coals directly from the waggons to the ships. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty; but the cause was again tried at Carlisle in 1828, where the following verdict was returned—"We find that part of the navigable channel of the river Tyne opposite to Wallsend has been straightened, narrowed, lessened, and obstructed by the gears described in the indictment; but we find nevertheless that the trade of the town of Newcastle and the harbour of the Tyne has at the same time been greatly improved."

As time went on the keelmen found themselves more and more unable to fight against the improvements of modern times, and gradually saw their occupation slipping away. They were a hardy and athletic body of men, and their calling descended from father to son. Intermarriage in their own class was the general rule amongst them, so that they formed a community distinct and apart from the rest of the Newcastle people. Their dress was peculiar to themselves. We do not mean their working dress only—there would have been nothing very uncommon in that; but in their shore attire also they had a style of their own, and employed their own tailors. Their favourite costume was a short blue jacket, light slate-coloured trousers, and yellow waistcoat; they wore no braces, and the neat jacket came down to within an inch or two of the trousers, which hung upon the hips, allowing a margin of white shirt to be seen between the two. The trousers were what was called "slacks and tights;" that is, tight cut at the knee and belled out below, where they flapped over the high-low shoes, which were tied with wide ribbon in two bows and with the ends flying loose. Their hats were black silk with flat brims, and round them was tied a black ribbon also in two bows and with five or six inches of ends left streaming. A black or India silk neckerchief, twice round the neck and tied in a reef knot, completed their attire. Many of them wore swallow-tailed coats on occasion, and other fashions were not unknown amongst them, but the above was the favourite attire in the good old times when a keelman made plenty of money and was in the heyday of his prosperity. The women were thrifty and tidy, and their houses were models of comfort and cleanliness, for they took great pride in their furniture and belongings. Though thrifty, as we have said, they were not niggardly; on the contrary, the keelmen and their wives were fond of good cheer to a degree. Well-filled larders and warm and good clothing they liked, as well as good substantial furniture, and plenty of it.

The crew of a keel consisted of the skipper; his mate, sometimes called the "keel bully," but in no derogatory sense—rather in the old Saxon sense of the word, which is "beloved;" besides these there was the boy, usually called the "Pee-dee." In shallow water the keel was "set" or shoved along by means of long poles, called "puoys," as alluded to in "The Keel Row," where the hero, we are told, "sets and rows so tightly." There was no pulley then on the top of the mast by means of which to hoist the sail; but the rope ran through a notch which was kept well greased, and a keelman of the old school would have scorned the idea of a block or pulley, as being an innovation and a piece of laziness. The cabin of the keel was called the "huddock;" of the "swape" we have spoken before. The wives and daughters of the keelmen were, in old times, called "keel deeters," because they had the privilege of "dighting," or sweeping up, the keels, and taking away the sweepings for their pains.

It is a rare thing to find a real keel now upon the Tyne. Now

and then you may come upon one, old and worn, but their place has been taken by the wherries, so many of which are to be seen on the river. They are something like keels in general appearance, and are generally called keels, but they differ in many particulars. They are clinker built ; that is, the planks of their sides overlap each other, while those of the caulker built keels butted up against one another, and had the seams between caulked with oakum. The wherries, too, draw a great deal more water than the keels, and are built on very different lines ; they are also fore and aft rigged, and though it is true some of the keels were latterly so rigged, yet the lug sail is their proper and distinctive rig. And just as the old keel has vanished, so has also the old-fashioned keelman, with all his merits, his oddities, and his prejudices.

Sandgate, too, is altered, and nearly swept away. We will try and describe it as it was about fifty years ago, when it still presented nearly all its old features. It was then the most crowded part of the town, and is fitly termed by McKenzie "the Wapping of Newcastle."

To commence at the west end, the Milk Market was in those days what its name implies, and large quantities of milk were sold in it. On Saturdays it was, as now, an old clothes fair, and the old battered remains of the town wall, on its western side, were used by the dealers for displaying their wares, and were spread over with patched garments and boots and shoes. Alongside the wall were erected the covered meat stalls, for a butcher market was held here every day. In harvest time the reapers stood, hook in hand, in the Milk Market, waiting to be hired. This was on Sundays, and continued until 1827, when the hiring was removed to the Westgate. Country people, with ruddy, sunburnt faces, jostled mariners and watermen, ruddier and more sunburnt still. Sandgate Pant, as now, offered its liquid treasure to the thirsty crowd, while there was no lack of stronger refreshment in the numerous taverns which abounded in the district. One of these, overlooking the Pant on the north—the corner house of Sandgate—was in great request. It had a balcony running along its front, and here the countrymen sat with their pipes and tankards, and enjoyed the scene below.

Eastwards from the Milk Market the main street ran away, presenting a picturesque vista of quaint old houses and hanging signs. On the south of the Milk Market there was then no broad quay, but the narrow Dog Bank ran down to Sandgate Shore ; and we might see a string of country carts standing beside the Folly, into which the country men were carrying the sacks of corn. Then nearer the river was Sandgate Midden, in all its glory, and here the carts of Tom Kell, the town scavenger, daily shot the sweepings of the streets, which on killing days were enriched by the blood and offal from the many neighbouring slaughter-houses. The contents of the midden were sold for manure, and were taken away in keels or farmers' carts. Sometimes a billy boy

could moor alongside and take a cargo of it for some Yorkshire port.

The Low Way ran eastward between the main street and the river—a narrow way it was, with openings still narrower than itself branching off right and left. The houses on the right of it, overlooking the river, had, some of them, balconies behind, and stairs leading down to the water. Very eligible and convenient residences were these for waterside people—the boatman might make fast his craft to his door-post, and the keelman could step from his keel into his own house. The famous Tyne Brewery, with its yards and wharf, occupied a great space of ground between the main street and the river, and the Low Way (here arched over) ran through it; then proceeding eastwards for a short distance open, led by another arched way through a block of buildings into the Swirle. The latter was a broad opening from the main street to the river, which owed its name to a little stream, one of the ancient boundaries of the town's liberties, which used to run into the Tyne here. At the time we are speaking of the river flowed up one side of this opening to near where the Low Way crossed. A little wooden bridge spanned it near the river's edge, and keels and boats used to lie moored above this bridge. Here sat the Sandgate lasses in their tubs amongst the shallow water near the edge, washing tripe, and singing the old Newcastle ditties, which are so quaint and beautiful, and so fast dying away. They could use their hands in another way too, could these Sandgate damsels, on occasion, as an event which occurred here during the keelmen's strike of 1802 will show. A party of keelmen, pursued by the constables, had taken refuge in Angus's mahogany yard at the foot of the Swirle, and a crowd of women, sympathising, of course, with the fugitives, had assembled. The constables entered the yard, and the keelmen, starting from their hiding-places, jumped into the river and swam round the Tyne Brewery Wharf. They landed on the other side of the wharf and got clear off. Not so their pursuers; they were assailed by the women, who pelted them with mud and stones, and almost tore them in pieces, so that they were glad enough to get away, even without their expected prisoners.

Further east from the Swirle there was another opening from Sandgate to the shore. It was called the Wide Open, and near the foot of it was Errington's shipyard, where Carmichael, the marine painter, a Sandgate man, served his time as a carpenter. Below it was the famous "Dandy Steeth," or "Dandy Gears," a wooden jetty with three spouts, one at the end and one at each side near the end, so that three keels could load at it at once. The coal was brought to it from the Shieldfield pit, down Elwick's Lonnin, St. Ann's Street, and Wide Open. St. Ann's Street was the continuation of the Sandgate main street east of the Swirle. It ran steeply up, as it still does, to the New Road.

Below the Wide Open the North Shore ran eastward. A row of quaint brick houses, with round gables and dormer windows, ran

along its north side, and behind these houses rose the high mound called the Ropery Banks, with a few cottages on its side half-way up, and Crawhall's ropery on the top. This mound was the first ballast heap erected outside the town's walls where, says Gray, "women upon their heads carried ballast which was taken forth of small ships which came empty for coales." The site was purchased of the lords of Byker, together with that of the ballast hills east of the Ouseburn. All the way along which we have come from the Quayside there were workshops of ships' smiths, block and mast makers, carvers, painters, ship chandlers, and other trades which live by shipping. On the North Shore there were several shipyards besides Farringdon's. There was Hopper's yard, Fulton's yard, Hopper's slipway, Wright's yard, and, adjoining the mouth of the Ouseburn, another yard of Hopper's.

From the North Shore a street with houses on both sides ran up the hill to the foot of Tyne Street. The site of this street is called in Corbridge's map "Coney Close." The houses on its south side stood on the edge of the bank which sloped down to the eastern end of the North Shore, and which bank was descended by flights of stone steps. The "Ship Inn," which stood facing the foot of Tyne Street, was known as a haunted house, until a skeleton was discovered in the little garden belonging to it, when, of course, the ghost was seen no more. East of this garden was the huge windlass used for drawing the ships up Hopper's slipway. It was worked by hand labour, and sometimes as many as fifty and even a hundred men could be seen tugging at it. Down below, near the mouth of the Ouseburn, the famous tunnel, constructed in 1842, which ran underground from Spital Tongues Colliery on the Leazes, emerged, and the coal waggons ran out of it on to the tunnel staith, which here projected into the river. This tunnel was justly considered a great undertaking at the time; it ran for two and a-half miles, made a total descent of 222 feet, and was a brick arch through solid clay all the way.

The view of that part of riverside Newcastle of which we are speaking, must have been one of great beauty as seen from the river about fifty years ago. The old-fashioned houses; the peeps of gardens here and there; the shipyards, with the clean wooden ships upon the stocks, so unlike our grimy iron shipyards of the present day; the staiths and jetties running out into the water; the picturesque craft of the period lying at their moorings; the banks behind clad with houses and gardens, and with St. Ann's spire crowning all; further away the town with its castle and churches—all these must have formed a charming picture.

Now nearly all is changed; the Folly and Sandgate midden, Tyne Brewery, and the Low Way have disappeared, and the new quay, built in 1840, has taken their place. The old houses of the north shore, the staiths, and the shipyards are also gone, and Newcastle Quay now extends in one unbroken line from the bridge to the Ouseburn.

The main street of Sandgate, though still remaining, has changed and is changing every day. The narrow alleys still run up from it to the New Road, but the houses on its south side have been pulled down, and only here and there are seen the old style of houses. In the Swirle, for instance, there is a fine example in the Half Moon public-house ; there are also some old buildings about the Milk Market. In the latter place, too, Sandgate Pant still stands, and the Saturdays' old clothes fair is still kept up. The inhabitants of Sandgate have changed no less than the place. Few and far between are the representatives of the old race ; their habitations are filled by a mixed colony, principally Irish, and all the old associations are broken up.

Walking eastward now, we see the place where the river ran up into the Swirle filled in and paved over. The old forge which stood beside it is gone, and we no more can look through its grated window and see the primitive tilt hammer come down with a thud on the red hot iron, and make the sparks fly out into the gloom around. We find the Wide Open still nominally in existence, but it is now represented by a narrow arched way through the huge new grain warehouse, which stands with strange iron covered ways projecting forward over the roadway to the water side, where there are complicated cranes and shoots connected with it for loading and unloading the ships. The old "Low Crane" is gone, but we see the massive eighty ton crane on its great pedestal of masonry lifting marine engines and boilers as large as dwelling-houses, and lowering them into the vessels which lie alongside, helpless and inert, waiting to receive these, which shall endow them with life and motion. The coal waggons no longer emerge from the Spital Tongues tunnel, but the Quayside railway, which has taken away a huge slice of the Ropery Banks, now burrows into the hill-side, and, we believe, runs in part through the old tunnel. Puffing and straining locomotives tear up the steep incline into the darkness, to reappear at the junction high up beside the Red Barns.

There are the old London Wharf, and the Hamburg and Rotterdam Wharfs—low-roofed wooden sheds, looking old and worn beside their more pretentious but most forbiddingly plain and square neighbours, the new wharves of the Danish traders. The "Eastland" trade, always an important one in Newcastle, as we have seen, is now more flourishing than ever. The fruit and vegetable trade especially is increasing. Brand mentions as an interesting fact that onions, cabbages, etc., were brought over in large quantities from Holland as late as 1750, as up to that time there were few vegetables produced in this neighbourhood ; so we may presume that, after the time he mentions, the foreign trade in these articles decayed, and the town was home-supplied. Now that the population has increased, the possibility of home supply is out of the question. It is an interesting sight to see the steamers arrive and discharge their cargoes on the quay. There are baskets of fruit and potatoes by the thousand ; there is hay and moss litter, cheese,

butter, and eggs, bacon, lard, and flour, besides many other food supplies. Then there is the live stock—pigs, loudly protesting, and sheep, quietly and gently being driven on shore ; while great droves of cattle are hustled and prodded, and beaten, and dragged, and hurried off to their various destinations. Most interesting of all is it to see the Scandinavian emigrants, who arrive every week on their way to that land of promise, America. It is a very touching sight to see whole families, from the old grandfather to the little infant at the breast, following their baggage along the quay. We had almost said a sad sight ; but the people are so sturdy and self-reliant, so evidently sober and industrious, and able to hold their own, leaving a country, moreover, where they have been ground down by taxation, and going to one where we feel certain they have the very qualities to succeed, that instead of saying a sad sight, we say a hopeful and a good sight.

Except for the wharves, the North Shore is now clear of buildings. At the foot of the Ropery Banks we can still see the ruins of the old houses which once ran along here, and which burrowed into the bankside behind in the manner of Robinson Crusoe's inner cave. A new bridge now crosses the Ouseburn a little above its mouth, and carries the new Walker road, but the old Glasshouse Bridge still stands below it. It is a very quaint and old-fashioned stone bridge, and the burn mouth was a picturesque place before the big wharves and new buildings were put up. The Glasshouse Bridge was formerly of wood. Gray says of it—"Over the Ewes Burn is a wood bridge, which goeth down to a place called the Glasshouses, where plain glass for windows are made which serveth most parts of the kingdom." It was rebuilt in stone in 1669 by Thomas Wrangham, "the famous and beloved shipbuilder of this town," as his monument in All Saints told us, "who built five-and-forty sail of ships, and died of a fever in the forty-second year of his life, May 26th, 1689. He was a man of a most generous temper, of a plain and unaffected conversation, and a sincere and hearty lover of his friends." The bridge was altered and made level and more convenient in 1727, but the old curve of the roadway may still be traced on the parapets.

We will now leave the waterside, and mount the high ground which overlooks it. We pass the Millers' Hill, half-cut away by modern improvements, and with its remaining portion supported by a great retaining wall of stone, and take our way up Tyne Street to the New Road. Bourne mentions Tyne Street as being inhabited by shipwrights and master-builders, and it still contains some of the old houses. At the top, on our left hand, is the Ouseburn Police Station, once the dwelling-house of Mr. Crawhall, the roper. If we pass round to it, we gain, from the top of the Ropery Banks, a fine birds'-eye view of the river, and the places we have just before passed by. Along the banks we see the Ropery, with its curious chimney, in form like a gigantic rope's-end turned into stone ; which chimney is well known amongst sailors all over the

Mouth of Ouseburn.

world, for it attracts their attention, and very naturally so, more than the most beautiful piece of architecture would, and is talked of as something wonderful when they are telling yarns of places and sights they have seen.

Returning to the New Road, we see St. Ann's Church standing close to us, in its graveyard over the stone wall, recessed in which, not many years ago, was St. Ann's Pant, which supplied the neighbourhood with water. The present church is built on the site of a very ancient chapel, which stood in what was called "Little St. Ann's Close." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, during a visitation of the plague, some of the sick were maintained in the chapel ; and in the time of Charles II. we read that "some of the inhabitants of Sandgate, in the chappelry of All Saints', do use obscurely to bury their dead in an ancient chapel yard (as they pretend) there. Persons excommunicate, as Christopher Milbourne, buried there." In 1682 the chapel was restored at the town's expense as a chapel of ease to All Saints', and a lecturer was appointed. The opening sermon was preached by the Vicar of Newcastle, the Rev. John March, a zealous decryer of the Nonconformists, and the same we have read of as stealing out at night to have a friendly chat with Ambrose Barnes when he was suffering prosecution. The vicar's discourse was published in a tract called *Th' Encœnia of St. Ann's Chapel in Sandgate.* The old chapel thus restored was pulled down in 1768, when the present one was built with the stones which had formed the town wall along the Quayside. The field of which the churchyard forms part, once known as "Little St. Ann's Close," is now called the Battlefield, but why is not known.

The part of the New Road past the foot of Elwick's Lane, on the right hand, is called Egypt, which name it received on account of the erection of temporary wooden granaries here in 1796, when so great had been the importation of grain into Newcastle that no warehouse room could be obtained for storing it. We read of the granaries being used in 1803 for barracks.

Brand tells us that the New Road, in his time, was inhabited by many "genteel" people. We see their houses now converted into tenements. Those standing back, with gardens in front of them, between the foot of Gibson Street and the baths (the Eastern Dispensary used to be in one of them) must have been very pleasant dwellings once, when behind them the pleasant gardens, orchards, and field stretched away to Stepney Lane. The Royal Jubilee School stands on the north side of the road, past the baths, and was erected to commemorate the jubilee of the accession of George III. On its front we read the words of that venerable and beloved English king—"May every poor child in the kingdom learn to read the Bible."

On the same side of the road as the school stands the Keelmen's Hospital. It is on an elevation above the road, and is one of the most beautiful examples of the old brick buildings of Newcastle.

It was built at the charge of the Newcastle keelmen in 1701, as an inscription under the clock tells us, and cost £2000, to raise which fourpence per tide was levied, which means some self-sacrifice on the part of the men, of whose provident forethought and self-reliance the building is a monument. It contains, besides an office and club room, sixty dwelling rooms, which are occupied by old keelmen's widows, who are supported by a fund connected with the hospital. There have been many disputes between the hoastmen and the keelmen concerning the management of hospital and fund—the former acting generally in a tyrannical manner, and being wishful of getting the full control into their own hands. In 1730 the keelmen formed themselves into a benefit society, and in 1788 an Act of Parliament was passed for the better regulation of this society, entitled "An Act for establishing a permanent fund for the relief and support of skippers and keelmen employed on the River Tyne, who by sickness or other accidental misfortune, or by old age, shall not be able to maintain themselves and families, and for the relief of the widows and children of such skippers and keelmen." Every six weeks the stewards and clerk meet to collect and distribute the funds of the society. At the general annual meeting, or "Head Meeting Day," the keelmen used to march through the town in procession, with bands of music, and afterwards dined together in state. The hospital has been partly rebuilt owing to the west end of it having been damaged during the recent construction of the new street which crosses Pandon, but it still remains as described by McKenzie, a building "done in the form of colleges and monasteries, having its low walk round in imitation of cloysters."

The bankside, west of the Keelman's Hospital and between it and Causey Bank, was once the site of a fort, the remains of which are mentioned by Brand. We are told that it was once a favourite lounging place for idle people, and was known as "Lousy Hill." This is probably the place on which John Wesley preached on Sunday afternoon, 30th May 1742, as recorded in his diary—"At five o'clock the hill on which I designed to speak was covered from the top to the bottom. I never saw so large a number of people together, either in Moorfields or at Kennington. . . . After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot out of pure love and kindness."

The Causey Bank, which once ran down to the Milk Market, is now cut across by the new street, as we have before described in our account of Pandon. Descending the stairs we soon find ourselves again in the Milk Market, whence we set out on our survey, now completed, of the old suburb of Sandgate.

CHAPTER X.

THE THREE SAINTS—SAINT LAWRENCE, SAINT PETER'S, AND SAINT ANTHONY'S.

THAT part of Riverside Newcastle which lies east of the Ouseburn—smoke-blackened and neglected as it is—presents a rare field to those who delight in the old-fashioned and the picturesque. To the casual visitor who crosses the Glasshouse Bridge the place, after the bustle and stir of the Quayside, appears to sleep a heavy and bedrugged sleep, disturbed now and then by uneasy dreams of work ; for whatever work goes on here is shut in by walls and palings, and gives no outer sign except it be in the shape of additions to the already dense enough cloud of smoke which hangs overhead. And all along the water side, what wealth of subject for the artist in the slimy old Quay walls and posts which bare, at low water, the sloping shore where the swell which spreads behind the track of some passing steamboat rolls upwards in brown and turbid waves—in the strangely-fashioned buildings of brick and of wood—the floating rafts of timber, which rise and fall in graceful undulation beneath the feet of adventurous boys who play amongst them—in the vessels which float or lie aground, with their masts at picturesque angles all along the shore—and in the many beautiful views of the distant town, with its castle and its churches showing out against the evening sky, and the dense mass of buildings below lying in purple haze. The student, too, of history will here find many an object which will help to bring back the past vividly before his mind's eye. There are also to be met with in this out-of-the-way region many nooks and corners, which with their inhabitants have as yet escaped the torrent of modern improvement, and which, as retaining the primitive character of a past day and generation, cannot but be interesting to all.

Immediately after crossing the Glasshouse Bridge we find ourselves amongst a crowd of old brick buildings, huddled together without regard to order. A narrow street, paved with cobble stones, turns down to the right and runs along parallel with the river. There is an old stone quay on our right on entering this street, called the Battery Quay. Here, during the siege of Newcastle, the Earl of Callendar erected a battery to defend the bridge of boats he had constructed across the Tyne from the South Shore to the Glasshouses. Rising above the houses on our left, a little further down the street, the low wide chimneys of glasshouses are still to be seen. For over two hundred years there have been glasshouses in this locality, and their history would form a volume, and a very interesting volume, in itself. We shall have more to say about them when we come to St. Lawrence.

Opposite the Glasshouses, but on the other side of the Low Way, stands the "Stone Cellars," an old public-house well known in Newcastle as the scene of so many inquests on bodies found in the Tyne. It is a house worth looking at, and we think worth while going into it, for it is a characteristic specimen of the old riverside tavern, which will probably soon disappear, for there is talk of a new quay and other improvements here. Part of it projects sideways into the street, and, seen against an evening sky, its old rounded brick gables, frayed at the edges where the mortar has fallen away, looks exactly like an old woman's head arrayed in one of the frilled nightcaps which were the characteristic family headgearing of riverside Newcastle a generation ago, and which are still occasionally to be seen. The doorway, reached by a few sanded and well-worn stone steps, is at the west end of this projecting part of the house. There is the bar, with its sanded floor, and behind it the usual high altar of Bacchus, ornamented with all manner of old-fashioned and curious-shaped bottles, jugs, and glasses, after the fashion of old public-houses. You may pass to the right, getting peeps as you go by of a kitchen with a huge fireplace, sanded floor, long-settles, spittoons, and other accessories, which would have delighted the heart of Mr. Boffin—of a dark staircase ascending to unknown regions above, and guarded by a portcullis sort of gate, made of jet-black oak—of a cell-like chamber, with a bench down each side, taking up what room is not occupied by the table; and at length reach the parlour—the perfect ideal of the paradise of a ship captain of the old school. There is sufficient of the parlour about it in the shape of carpeted floor, and wealth of furniture, and china ornaments and pictures, to let him know that he is ashore; while its low ceiling, which can easily be touched by the hand, and its long latticed window, like those we see in the state cabins of high-pooped East Indiamen, through which he sees the river rolling past, give it a familiar, cabin-like appearance, calculated to dispel any uncomfortable feeling of strangeness which might have been caused by a more sudden and complete change of his usual surroundings. Down a few steps in one corner you come to a door, and opening it, step out upon a wooden gallery overhanging the river. Altogether, there is something about the house which puts one in mind of that described in *Our Mutual Friend* as kept by Miss Abbey Potterson, and going by the name of the "Fellowship Porters." They are both old-fashioned waterside taverns, frequented by waterside characters. In the bar just now we passed Rogue Riderhood lounging against the counter over his pot of beer. They are both familiar with the coroner and his satellites. Leaning on the railing of the gallery, we see the little wooden dead-house—seldom without some silent occupant. On our right, the light which shines upon the long wooden gallery of the next house, with its tall flagstaff, comes from the window of the River Police Station, in which the inspector sits busy making entries in his books—like the Inspector

in *Our Mutual Friend.* Over there in the water, just beyond where the river police, in their blue jackets, row slowly along, bound on the night rounds, that other boat coming over towards us in the dark may be rowed by Gaffer Hexam himself—with another occupant for the little wooden house in tow. Over there in front of the police station—before the days of dredging—the sand-banks used to bore far out into the river at low tide, leaving only a narrow channel of water, barely sufficient for two keels to pass. Where now you see all these black factories belching forth smoke and flame, were then to be seen pleasing copses and green fields sloping down to the water's edge. The village of New Greenwich was a little higher up the water, and then again there were green fields and sandy shores until you came to Gateshead. But we must leave the "Stone Cellars" behind and proceed on our way.

We pass a row of dingy houses, and yards piled up with timber, and over the wall on our left see waste open spaces once blooming gardens, and smoke-blackened houses once occupied by wealthy shipbuilders, and so go on until we reach St Lawrence, where the road bends downward to the water side and the "Mushroom" boat landing, and then goes on towards St. Peter's. From the "Mushroom" landing there is a fine view to be had, with the Millers' Hall and St. Ann's Church piled up most picturesquely in the distance, and there is here a little shipbuilding yard something like the old ones that used to be seen on the North Shore, and in it only last year they actually built a wooden ship ; and a rare sight now on Tyneside is a wooden ship on the stocks surrounded by a carpet of clean white chips. There once stood here a coal staith, to which the coals were brought by a waggon-way from Byker Colliery, but of this no trace remains.

The great object of interest hereabouts is the ruined chapel of St. Lawrence. It stands a little way behind the houses which form the north side of the street, in a wilderness of a yard, amongst ruins of glasshouses, stables, and other buildings. The chancel is the most perfect part remaining ; you can still see the pointed east window, built up solid with brick-work, amidst which may be discerned fragments of the original stone mullions. There are other windows and doorways, some round arched, and one of the latter still retaining the iron crooks on which the door hung. Towards the west the walls grow lower and lower until only a few courses of stone are visible at last. Brick buildings have at one time been raised upon these old stone walls, and may have been used as dwelling-houses, lofts, or stables, but now they are partly unroofed and in great decay—indeed the modern parts are a great deal more ruinous than the ancient stone-work. The ground both inside and outside of the once sacred building has in the course of time risen much above its original level. It is now nearly as high on the inside as the sill of the west window, and outside, on the south, the roadway is about four feet higher even than that. Were it cleared away, and the superincumbent rubbish removed from the building,

many interesting parts of the old ruin doubtless would be brought to light.

The chapel of St. Lawrence is mentioned in 1549 as being granted by Edward VI. to the corporation of Newcastle, along with Little St. Ann's Close, a fishery on the river Tyne, and houses and lands at Byker, Heaton, and Killingworth. In the certificate of colleges and chantries in Northumberland and Durham (37 Henry VIII.) remaining in the augmentation office, is the following account :—"No. 14. The free chapel of Saynt Lawrence, in the Lordshippe of Bycar, within the parish of Saint Nicholas, in the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The said free chapel was founded by the ancesters of the late Erle of Northumberland toward the fynding of a priest to pray for their sowles, and also to herbour sicke persons, and wayfayring men in time of need, as it is reported." It then goes on to say that Leonarde Myers has his grant confirmed for his life of fifty-four shillings per annum, he being the last incumbent, 1553.

Brand visited this chapel 5th September 1782, and says—"I found it converted into a lumber-room to an adjoining glasshouse. I traced where the east window had been. It is now built up with brick except where there is an entrance to a loft. The western door, too, may be seen, with rubbish thrown around. It has filled up the south wall on the outside almost to the roof, so that it resembles a cellar. The neighbouring people talk of treasure as being buried in a vault somewhere near it, and with their usual superstition suppose it to be haunted by apparitions." McKenzie says—"It now remains nearly in the same state. The windows and the arched door in the west are still distinctly visible, and also the remains of a recess for holy water. It is used as a wareroom for bottles. On an eminence behind are the vestiges of a burial ground, one stone inscribed thus—Tizacke—who died 1689, aged 90 years."

The ruined glasshouses beside the old chapel are the remains of famous works founded here in the reign of James I. (1619) by Sir Robert Mansell, knight, vice-admiral of England. Glasses of the finer sorts were made at Crutched Friars, London, as early as 1557, and fine flint glass, vying with that of Venice, was made at Savoy House, in the Strand, somewhat about the same time. Sir Robert Mansell had a glasshouse in Broad Street, London, and it was the cheapness of coal on the Tyne which induced him to start the new works here at St. Lawrence. King James seems to have been astonished at the enterprise of the gallant admiral, for he said "that he wondered Robin Mansell, being a seaman, whereby he had got so much honour, should fall from water to tamper with fire, which were two contrary elements." However, he granted him a monopoly of the trade in England, and prohibited the importation of foreign glass. Many complaints were made of this monopoly. Sir Robert's glass was said by some of the grumblers to be hard and brittle; and in the evidence given before a

parliamentary committee concerning the quality of glass then made, a famous name occurs amongst the witnesses. Asked for his opinion on the point, "Inigo Jones, the surveyor, said, 'Not so good as in ancient times.'" In the end Parliament condemned the monopoly; but the king was Sir Robert Mansell's staunch friend, and granted him a new patent. King Charles I. by proclamation (1635) confirmed Sir Robert's right to the sole manufacture of glass. The proclamation sets forth—"That Sir Robert Mansell had by his industry and great expense perfected that manufacture with sea-coal or pit coal, whereby not only the woods and timbers of this kingdom are greatly preserved, but the making of all kinds of glass is established here, to the saving of much treasure at home, and the employment of great numbers of our people. . . . Our subjects are now furnished with glass at far more moderate prices than they were when it was brought from foreign parts." Sir Robert Mansell alone was permitted to import such glasses from Venice, Murano, and other parts of Italy as he should think fit for special uses and purposes.

The establishment of the glass trade on the Tyne was, in spite of the monopoly, an expensive, and, it may be, not a remunerative undertaking, for in a letter from Master Howell (steward to Sir Robert) to Dr. Francis Mansell of Oxford, he says—"Your honourable uncle, Sir Robert Mansell, hath melted vast sums of money in this glass business."

The principal workmen in the English glasshouses were Protestants, who came to England in the time of Queen Elizabeth to escape the religious persecution in their own country. The art or mystery of glass-making appears amongst these people to have been a sort of family secret, handed down from father to son, and confined as far as possible to a few families. The glassmakers on the Tyne were nearly all Henzells, Tysacks, and Tytorys. "The originators of these families," says Sidney Grazebrook, "were three noble Huguenots, natives of Loraine, named respectively De Hennezel, De Thietry, and De Thisac, all glassmakers, who, with their wives and families, settled in this country shortly after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. They came first, it is said, to London and Woolwich, but meeting with no encouragement, they removed, some to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and some to the neighbourhood of Stourbridge."

The members of the three families who came to the Tyne kept the trade in their own hands, to a great extent, for many generations. Brand says—"Indeed, they will admit none of any other name to work with them." He also informs us that in his time "the Titorys were extinct."

We have many records of the Huguenots in the parish registers of the district. There is in the chancel of St. Mary's Church of Gateshead a noble monumental stone in memory of Timothy Tyzack, merchant adventurer. It is a large blue stone on the floor of the chancel, and bears a coat-of-arms thus described by Surtees—

"Three acorns slipped, two billets in chief; impaling a fesse inter three lambs passant; no colours." "The crest, Henzell's fire-bolt and fire-ball," adds Mr. James Clephan, in an interesting article on the glass manufacture on the Tyne, in the *Archæologia Æliana*, vol. 8. The motto is, "Siegnuer je te prie gaude ma vie," and the inscription gives the date of his death as 6th February 1684, and that of his wife Elizabeth, 13th October 1659. We read in Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," second part, of Master Tisick, the deputy before whom the hostess of the Boar's Head was brought up; and it is strange, after reading this, to light upon this relative of Master Tizick's whose tombstone lies in St. Mary's Church, and find him mentioned as being appointed in 1674 as one of the four principal parishioners "to goe about with the parson and churchwardens throughout the whole parish, to make discovery of all such inmates or others that are, or may be, troublesome to the parish; and the same so found to present to the fower-and-twenty, to the end such persons may be proceeded against according to law." There are many tombstones bearing the names of Henzells and Tysicks, glassmakers, in the graveyard of the ruined old church of Wallsend. Peregrine, as a Christian name, occurs frequently amongst them; and we have Timothie, Abram, and Abagail Teswick, and David Tyterre. Henzell is here spelt Henzey. The old graveyard is in a shockingly neglected state. The remains of the old church stand in the midst of it, on the top of a hill, approached by a long flight of stairs, but only the porch remains.

One of the tombstones which McKenzie mentions as having seen at St. Lawrence was probably the gravestone of Abagail Tysacke, which now lies by the side of the carriage drive in the "Armstrong Park." The inscription on it is—"Abagail Tysacke, daughter of John and Sarah Tisacke, departed this life the 7th day of the 12 month, and in the 7th weack of her life, Anno 1679;" but it is now much defaced. The child, Abagail Tysacke, according to the registers of the Society of Friends, was buried in the graveyard of the first meeting-house of the Society, erected in the neighbourhood of Pipewellgate, Gateshead. How the stone came over the water does not appear, but Brand, the historian, saw it. He gives the inscription in the garden of Captain Lampton, near the middle glasshouse at St. Lawrence. For many years afterwards it lay with the inscribed side downwards, and served as the doorstep of a summer-house in the same garden until about the middle of the present century, when it was removed to Heaton Cottage grounds, now the Armstrong Park. A Mr. Joseph Sewell, managing partner of the Broad and Crown Glass Works of Sir Matthew White Ridley & Co., lived in this cottage, and doubtless the stone was removed here by his directions.

After the death of Sir Robert Mansell the glassworks at St. Lawrence passed into other hands, and were carried on until nearly the middle of the present century. Gray, in the *Chorographia*, says that the glasshouses over the bridge supplied most of the kingdom

with window glass. These were not the only glasshouses on the Tyne, for in the year 1772 there were as many as sixteen on the banks of the river. The huge cupolas of the St. Lawrence glass-works stand empty, and hastening to decay, beside the ruins of the old chapel, though the glass trade is still an important industry in other parts of the district.

We pass now along the narrow street until we reach St. Peter's—a smoke-blackened district of narrow streets, with here and there detached dwellings, which have evidently known better days. A dusty, scrubby place it is, and it is hard to imagine it as, little more than two score years ago, being a pretty little village, with a sloping shore covered with bushes to the water's edge, with trim gardens and orchards, and houses inhabited by well-to-do and even wealthy people. On making inquiry as to how it got its name, we find that Sir Peter's, not St. Peter's, is its proper appellation. Brand says—"Sir Peter's Key, a wharf or quay so called from having formerly been leased by the Corporation of Newcastle to Sir Peter Riddell, knight, is by an easy corruption commonly called 'St. Peter's Key.'" The lease mentioned is dated 20th March, 5 Car. I. At the eastern extremity of the village was, until a few years ago, the famous shipbuilding yard, once Mr. Rows, and afterwards Messrs. T. & W. Smith's, whence were launched so many famous vessels as we have before described, including the *Buchephalus*, the *Blenheim*, the *Marlborough*, East Indiamen, and the famous *Carlo Alberta* steamer. The site of the famous shipyard is now occupied by the equally famous engine works of Messrs. Hawthorn.

Passing these, we arrive at the village of Dent's Hole. Now it is a collection of straggling, and, for the most part, ruinous and empty cottages, built along the waterside, under the high and precipitous banks, along the top of which runs the Riverside Railway from Newcastle to Shields. Desolate and sad is now the aspect of the place; everything about it seems going to decay. The quay wall is broken and worn; groups of roofless houses stand forlorn amidst heaps of bricks and stone, which show where other houses once have been; broken-down palings, which once encircled gardens, old and battered wrecks of boats, lying high and very dry in the hot sun, and other forlorn objects are to be seen on all sides. The very banks, once covered with brambles and trees, are bare and dusty; vegetation, which so often in other places covers the ravages of time and neglect, seems here to have no life. The grass grows, as it were, unwillingly, and only in patches, upon the slopes above, for which the fumes from the chemical works over the water no doubt are answerable. And yet Dent's Hole was once one of the prettiest spots on Tyneside. Old people will tell you how these ruins were once happy homes, in which the same families had lived for generations back. They will tell you how the Dent's Hole people were a race separate and distinct from the St. Peter's or the St. Anthony's folk, and how they were proud of their village and of belonging to it, and would suffer no interference on

the part of their neighbours of the villages aforesaid. And how, when duty and patriotism called them, they have banded themselves together to repel the intrusion of their neighbours and enemies, or to carry the war into the enemies' camp; and how this jealous feud had gone on for generations. They will tell you, too, of the autumn evenings long ago, when they were young, how pleasant it was to walk amongst the green bushes on the banks, and see the houses down below half-hidden by the trees which overshadowed them, and watch the salmon-fishers on the shore hauling in their nets, or the Greenland whalers come sailing up the river and anchor in Dent's Hole. Or, climbing to the top of the bank, how they could look over amongst the cornfields and see the reapers busy there by the light of the harvest moon; or how they could look across the water, upon the hedged fields of Durham, and see the square tower of Heworth Church high up amongst the trees. Again, they will tell you how there were bright firesides then amongst the ruins yonder, and merry faces around them, when the winter came, and the whalers, their upper masts and spars taken down, and their hulls covered in all snug with tarpaulins, lay like so many Noah's Arks at anchor in the river. How they anchored in Dent's Hole is a mystery; for these same old people will tell you, at another time, that it is so deep that no soundings have been able to reach the bottom. In the *Newcastle Courant* of 1st November 1751, we read of a subscription being opened for carrying on a Greenland whale fishery from the Tyne; and the same paper of 7th July 1752 reports the *Swallow*, Captain Elliott, as having returned with four fish. In 1787 seven ships were fitted out, and brought back 2300 tons of oil. We also read of how, on 6th January 1836, the *Grenville Bay*, whaler, of Newcastle, arrived in the Tyne with three fish and 70 tons of oil, and how a great crowd assembled on the Low Lights sands, at Shields, to see her come in, and how they cheered the ship and her crew as they sailed by.

The trade is now altogether given over on the Tyne, and the whalers are seen no more at Dent's Hole; but the salmon fishery is still carried on there. At the east end of the village, if village it can now be called, is the house of Mr. Emmet, who owns the ancient fishery. On poles in front we see his nets hanging up to dry, and by the shore his boats lie afloat in the season, ready to be launched at the proper time of the tide for fishing. The time arrived—that is, when the tide is nearly at its lowest—you will see the veteran fisher come forth in his shirt sleeves, wearing a long hat, and with a long pipe in his mouth. A group of assistants will gather round him, and the boats will be pushed off into the stream, the nets, which are piled on the partly covered-in stern, paying themselves out as the boat progresses. One end of the net is left on shore, and the vigorous strokes of the old man soon brings back the boat (to which the other end is attached), after describing a half circle, to the shore. Then both ends of the net are drawn in, and slowly the bag approaches and is drawn on shore, and if we

are, or rather, if Mr. Emmet is lucky, we may see two or perhaps three or four silvery-sided fish struggling in the meshes. Other boats have meanwhile been pursuing the same tactics ; no time is lost, for the golden opportunity only lasts until a short time after the turn of the tide.

Before leaving this deserted village we may mention that it has produced its famous man in the person of John Sutherland, commonly called the "Bishop of Dent's Hole"—a local song writer, author of the "Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Dorothy Rowe" (commonly called Dolly Raw), a noted Newcastle fishwife, and many other songs. His brother, Peter Sutherland, is locally known as a poet.

From Dent's Hole, either by climbing the bank and going past the ruins of the houses called "Pity Me," or by walking along the shore if the tide is low, we may reach St. Anthony's, the present aspect of which place may be guessed from the fact that here are lead and alkali works and a pottery. It is famous in local annals as having been the residence of Dame Dorothy Lawson, whose family were, and still are, large landowners in the vicinity. She built a mansion here on the bank top overlooking the river about the year 1620, previous to which time she resided at Heaton, where her husband died. The house is described as a "seat most commodious for pleasure, and pleasant in all commodities—the rich and renowned river Tine ebbing and flowing in such proportionable distance from the house that neither the water is inconvenient to it, nor does it want the convenience of the water." She chose the situation for her new house — "First, because the place was holy, dedicated in Catholic times to S. Anthony, his picture being decently placed in a tree near the river Tine for the comfort of seamen ; secondly, for that it is more private than Heton, and free to frequent her chapell." Dame Lawson was a staunch Roman Catholic, and at that time all belonging to that religion were subject to great persecution. Strict watch was kept on all ships arriving at the sea-ports to prevent the bringing over from the continent Catholic priests, books, beads, and relics. The houses of known Catholics also were watched to see that they harboured no priests and held no Romish religious services. The house of Sir Robert Hodgson of Hebburn, not far from St. Anthony's, but on the opposite side of the river, was one of those so watched, and we read of a seizure of the forbidden books being made there. In Dame Lawson's private chapel mass was performed, if not regularly, as often as opportunity occurred, and the neighbouring Catholics came by stealth to her house to participate in the rites of their church. It would appear that she was a lady of such universal charity, and so well beloved and respected in the district, that these proceedings, though contrary to the very strict laws against Catholics then in force, were winked at by the Newcastle and county magistrates—at least we do not hear of any action being taken against her, and the account of her funeral

which we will shortly give tends to confirm this supposition. But though she escaped, we find that her *protégés* the priests were not allowed to do so. In 1625 we read of Mr. Henry Morse, *alias* Cuthbert Claxton, a Jesuit, and chaplain to Mrs. Lawson, being apprehended and imprisoned in Newcastle. Then we read of his successor, immediately on his appearance, being served in the same way. The good dame acted on the occasion with much bravery and self-devotion. She provided the two prisoners with all necessaries, and though Mr. Morse was well known to have been her chaplain, "nevertheless preferring his conveniency before her own safety, she adventured to visit him in the gaol, and suited the magistrates he might enjoy the liberty of the town for his health."

For seven years after this Dame Dorothy Lawson continued to live in her house at St. Anthony's, comforting and sustaining her co-religionists, and dispensing charity to all; but on the 2nd of April 1632, the day after Palm Sunday, she died. The description of her funeral is most interesting, and the conduct of the Newcastle magistrates shows that they must have held her in high honour, for, only shortly before her death, Bishop Neale of Durham had laid an information before the Privy Council complaining of the toleration shown to Catholics on the Tyne, in which proclamation she was mentioned by name along with Sir Robert Hodgson of Hebburn, and Anthony Berryes and John Davels of Jarrow. On the night of Dame Lawson's death, at about eleven o'clock, her private exequies were celebrated "where she died, with the presence of one hundred Catholics who spiritually depended on her." "The next day all the gentry thereabouts were invited, and a dinner was prepared for them; the poor were served with meat, and next day with money. Divers boats-full of people came in the afternoon from Newcastle, all plentifully entertained with a banquet, and when their civil requests were attended, we carried the corpse in the evening to Newcastle in her own boat, accompanied with at least twenty other boats and barges, and above twice as many horse, planting them on both sides of the shore, till their arrival at the city. They found the streets shining with tapers, as light as if it had been noon. The magistrates and aldermen, with the whole glory of the town, *which for state is second only to London*, attended at the landing place to wait on the coffin, which they received covered with a fine black velvet cloth, and a white satin cross, and carried it but to the church door, where, with a ceremony of such civility as astonished all (none out of love for her and fear of them daring to oppose it), they delivered it to the Catholics only, who with another priest (for I was not worthy of that honour) laid it with Catholic ceremonies in the grave. In the interim, a gentleman was appointed to conduct the ladies and magistrates to a sumptuous banquet in the first house in the town, where they were expected, enlarging themselves in discourses upon her praises till all was ended in the church. Then her son waited on them, and with more tears than courtship (unless

it be a point of courtship for ceremony at such a time to swim in tears) rendered many thanks for their noble civilities." The church was All Saints, at that time, of course, belonging to the Protestant Church of England.

Leaving St. Anthony's, we might follow the river to its mouth, and still describe its banks as part of Riverside Newcastle, for the Tyne is really one port (the port of Newcastle), though nominally divided into three. We will, however, content ourselves by here taking leave of our subject, and proudly looking back upon its history.

We find Newcastle and the Tyne from earliest times contributing to the two great elements of England's power—her commerce and her naval strength. We have spoken before of the trade of the Tyne. With regard to its share in naval matters we may recall the times of the third Edward, when none were more distinguished for gallant conduct and bravery at sea than the mariners of Newcastle. We find them in 1335 called out on a successful naval expedition against the town of Dundee. We find in 1341 the most skilful of their captains called by the king to confer with his council on affairs of the greatest importance to the navigation of the kingdom. Five years later we find Newcastle furnishing seventeen ships for the siege of Calais—more than any other port excepting Yarmouth—besides great supply of munitions and provisions. And all through the long centuries we find Newcastle and the Tyne still to the fore in matters maritime. During the great French war, when the powers of England's fleet shone out most gloriously, it was written of the Tyne collier fleet, that "it is of the greatest consequence as a nursery for brave and hardy seamen, who have always struck such terror into the hearts of all the enemies of Great Britain, that whenever a rupture happened with any foreign power, attacks upon this commerce and body of men were always studiously avoided." Defence alone did not in those days satisfy the warlike Tyneside mariners. Thus we read how two privateers, the *Heart of Oak* and the *Antigallican*, were fitted out in the Tyne in 1780 and 1781 for service against the French. The name of the latter and the spirit of the age are preserved in local song—

> "Our country calls us all to arms
> To keep us safe from French alarms;
> Then let us all her voice obey,
> To the *Antigallican* haste away."

And if in the days of old our town and river thus nobly bore their part in contributing to make England what she is—the mistress of the seas—no less important are they now, in these days of huge floating castles of iron, armed with guns beside which those of Nelson would look like children's toys. Upon the banks of the Tyne has been built many an ironclad vessel of war; and Newcastle, as the birthplace of the Armstrong gun, still holds a unique place and plays an important part in the upholding of the national superiority at sea, and consequently of the safety of the country.

PART V.

NEWCASTLE OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WEST SIDE.

"Let's get us from the walls."

—*Henry VI., Part I.*

AT the beginning of the present century, Newcastle without the walls (the walls, except the riverside portion, were still standing) comprised a very small portion of the town. There were a few houses outside Close Gate and Westgate, also a few in Gallowgate; Percy Street and Northumberland Street were built, but the space between them was open; Pleasant Row, and a few houses in Shieldfield, had lately been built; there were a few houses outside Pandon Gate; the Sandgate suburb, most important of the extra-mural districts, St. Ann's Row, and some scattered houses about the Ouseburn and the Glasshouses—these comprised the whole of Newcastle outside the walls in the year 1800. All the rest was fields, gardens, woods, and open country, where now are the crowded streets of Elswick, Westgate, St. Andrew's, Jesmond, and Byker, and where the lines of streets still press outwards as though they would never be content while a green field remains to be seen.

We will commence on the west, and, sweeping round the town and its outskirts, glance as we go at whatever may be of interest, without attempting detailed description of the labyrinth of bricks and mortar through which our journey must in great part lie. The riverside portion of the town outside the walls has already been

described, so that our first visit must be to the Forth—the district lying outside the south-west portion of the town walls.

Tradition says that in ancient times the Forth was covered by a dark and gloomy forest, sacred to the rites of the Druids. Whence its name came is not known, though many ingenious attempts have been made to account for it. We hear it first mentioned when Henry III. licensed the townsmen to dig for coals and stone in it, they paying one mark per annum for rent of "a certain field called Le Frythe." It was granted to the burgesses at a fee-farm rent by Edward III., in acknowledgment of good service performed; said good service being probably the feat mentioned before in our account of the walls, when three hundred valiant townsmen sallied out suddenly from Postern Gate, and surprising the besieging Scots outside, carried off the Earl of Murray.

We pass forward about two hundred and fifty years, and in 1649 find the corporation still paying the yearly fee-farm rent of £4 for its eleven acres. To what use it had been put by the townsmen we have evidence during the Protectorate, when, in 1657, part of the Forth, with a paddock adjoining, was leased for twenty-one years, with a clause that "all the liberties, privileges, and enjoyments formerly uesd there," including lawful recreation and drying clothes, were to be still permitted. About the same time a bowling green was established in the Forth, and a keeper's house built adjoining it, the funds being raised by public subscription. The corporation afterwards planted rows of trees round the green, with a gravel walk beneath, and enclosed the whole with a brick wall.

The old English game and the quiet shade of the lime trees seem to have sufficed in themselves for the enjoyment of the sober-minded Puritans of Newcastle, but in the reign of the Merry Monarch we find fresh attractions, more in keeping with the spirit of the age, added to the Forth. In 1682 the corporation made order to "make the Forth House suitable for entertainments, with a cellar convenient and a handsome room."

Bourne tells us it was "an ancient custom" (it will be remembered he wrote this about 1733) "for the mayor, sheriff, and aldermen of the town, accompanied by a great number of the burgesses, to go every year at the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide to the Forth, with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them," and there join in the festivities of the people. The Easter hopping, discontinued only of late years, was a continuation of this ancient spring-time festival.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the first encroachment was made upon the people's park, for such the Forth truly was. On 8th October 1752 the Newcastle Infirmary built in the Forth was opened to receive patients. It was built by public subscription, and still stands, now very much enlarged, and still supported by public subscriptions, a noble monument of the public charity of the north of England. It is to be regretted that more ground surrounding it has not been preserved clear of buildings, and noisy thoroughfares,

and markets. Its situation is central and convenient, but the noise and bustle of the neighbourhood detract from its advantages.

At the beginning of the present century the Forth district retained much of its old rural appearance. Outside the town wall, beside Hanover Square, a row of gardens and orchards stretched from the White Friars Tower to the Postern. Their memory is still perpetuated in the name of Orchard Street, built on their site. From the Postern a pleasant lane led to the bowling-green, separated by hedgerows from the green fields and gardens on either side. Forth Banks ran up from Skinner Burn mouth, past the potteries in Pottery Lane, and past the Infirmary, and the bowling-green stood at the top on the right hand side, with its rows of lime trees and its low brick wall still to the fore. The Forth House, now a tavern, had a balcony, says McKenzie, and a parapet wall, "from whence the spectators, calmly smoking their pipes and enjoying their glasses, beheld the sportsmen." This was before his time a little, for when he wrote (1827) "it was let out in tenements, and the trees had become much decayed, and the beauty of the green much defaced by the constant exercising of troops, but this" (says he) "is now stopped; the place is put in order and young trees planted. It is the most delightful and convenient promenade in the vicinity of the town." There was a lane lined with trees leading to the bowling green from Westgate Street, and Forth Gate was made in the town wall to allow of this communication. A piece of Forth Lane still exists, leading out of Westgate into Pink Lane.

After the making of Collingwood Street a gap was broken through the town wall in the Spital, and a new road made which ran between the Infirmary and the Forth bowling-green. This new road was called Neville Street, from the adjacent Westmorland House and Neville Tower of the Earls of Westmorland, and was opened with great state in 1835. Scotswood Road was an extension of it, following the site of the ancient footpath which led westward. South of this old footpath was the Maidens' Walk, a pleasant lane overlooking the river, and a favourite walk with the Newcastle people of the olden time.

We have mentioned the Easter Hopping as an ancient institution of the Forth. It was kept up until a few years ago, but gradually decayed as it was shifted about from one part of the Forth to another, to make room for more prosaic and matter-of-fact things. The shows and booths—conspicuous amongst them that of Billy Purvis, the immortal favourite of Newcastle people—used to stand beside Marlborough Crescent, but were removed when the sheep market was made there to the south side of Neville Street, whence they were ousted by the Central Railway Station. The wrestling, another Easter feature of the Forth, was close by. But they are both gone now, together with Forth House and its bowling-green, Parker's great Amphitheatre, built in 1789, and all the lime trees and grassy fields and gardens of the Forth.

The sheep and cattle markets were first held here in 1830. Before, and even long after that time, the Newcastle butchers bought their cattle at Morpeth market, held every Wednesday. They used to set off on the Tuesday afternoons from the Bigg Market in the coaches, and it was a great sight to see them set off, laughing and shouting, as the coach, drawn by its three spanking horses (unicorn), heeled over in turning up street. But Newcastle soon ran Morpeth out of the market altogether; and the cattle markets have gone on increasing in size and business until they think of removing them altogether from the town and locating them at Walker—not a very wise idea, considering how glad we are that we out-did Morpeth in this matter, and so increased the business of the whole town.

Now the huge mass of the Central Station looms in its grand Roman severity as we look from the Forth eastwards, and on the opposite side of the road Pugin's beautiful spire of St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral towers gracefully into the sky; and now, past the Infirmary and the New Cattle Market, runs Scotswood Road, past the Elswick Engine Works, with streets branching off it all the way to the densely-built district on the north, extending to the Leazes and the Nuns' Moor, and intersected by the great arteries of Westgate and Elswick Roads.

We take our way now to the foot of Westgate Hill, where the west gate stood, near the end of, and west of, Pink Lane. Brand mentions a small runner of water a few yards west of Westgate, which divided the counties of Northumberland and Newcastle. He says, "A gallows stood lately on the Northumberland side of the water, where a temporary one is occasionally erected for county executions." This runner would be the Skinner Burn, which rose near Pitt Lane (Spring Gardens), at the top of Bath Lane, and ran into the Tyne at the foot of Forth Banks.

At the beginning of the present century, as we have said, there were very few houses outside the gate, and they extended little more than two hundred yards on the left-hand side of the way, and not so far on the right. Amongst them was a famous tavern, the "Crown," noted for its cock-pit, where cock-fighting was carried on as long ago as the reign of Queen Anne, and perhaps long before.

Near the top of Westgate Hill, on the left, is Summerhill Grove, near where once stood, isolated amongst the fields, the country house of Mr. Joseph Barber, the bookseller, of Amen Corner, which was burnt down in 1773, it is supposed by incendiaries. From the top of the hill the west road runs straight forward, and Elswick Road, lately called Elswick Lane, takes off to the left.

The west turnpike, or the military road as it is called, goes by way of Denton, once the property of the Priors of Tynemouth and in modern times the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, the essayist, and so on by St. Oswald's to Carlisle. It was made by General Wade, and one Warburton was the surveyor. He was the author of the *Vallum Romanum*, nearly all the subject-matter

of which he appropriated without acknowledgment from Horsley. Dr. Hutton used this book as his handbook during his tour of the wall, and calls the author "the judicious Warburton." Warburton, as Dr. Bruce remarks, "*judiciously* chose the Roman wall as his line of operations, threw it down, scattering the *débris* right and left, thus ruining the work, which Picts and Scots, Goths and Vandals, time and storm had spared." He was Somerset Herald and an antiquary ! ! It was one of Warburton's brother engineers, an Irishman of course, who gets the credit of having written the famous and oft-quoted lines—

> "Had you seen but these roads before they were made,
> You'd have held up your hands and blessed General Wade."

Elswick Road leads along the brow of the hill overlooking the Tyne Valley to Benwell. A short distance along it we pass on the left Elswick Park, the property of the people of Newcastle, with the models of John Lough the sculptor lodged in the hall inside ; and further along we come to Elswick Cemetery, which stands on the site of the old "Measure Hills," a favourite playground of the Newcastle youth, when Elswick Lane was a pleasant rural lane with hedgerows famed for blackberries on either side.

Benwell, like Elswick, formerly belonged to the Priors of Tynemouth. The old Tower of Benwell was the summer residence of the Priors, it is said. The Shaftoes, a branch of the Bavington family, built their mansion adjoining the old Tower, and Mr. Shaftoe kept open the old chapel for service ; but Brand says that in his time the chapel had been destroyed. He also tells us that it was supplied by the curate of St. John's till it was pulled down. "There was," he adds, "a register book belonging to it ending A.D. 1742." At one time the estate was in possession of the notorious Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, and he allowed the mansion to fall into ruins, and pulled down the chapel. The ruins of the mansion were entirely removed by the next owner, Thomas Crawhall, Esq., who built the present castellated house known as Benwell Tower. Only a few grave-stones, bearing dates of about the time the chapel was closed, were left to remind us of the old associations of the place. Benwell Tower was bought by Mr. J. W. Pease, and was presented by him to the Bishop of Durham, to be used as a palace for the future Bishop of Newcastle, when the new See should be created.

We return now to the foot of Westgate Hill, and notice how few of the old houses of the suburb remain. There are two or three beside the Tyne Theatre, and some fine specimens inside the wall line at the end of Pink Lane ; we notice also the Westgate Police Station, built by the corporation in 1814 as a hospital for aged freemen and widows, to commemorate the Peace of Amiens, and called the Peace and Unity Hospital on that account. Close to the site of Westgate, Bath Lane runs along the outside of the west walls. In 1800 the public baths here "lately built by that late

eminent physician, Dr. Hall," were in full working order. "They consisted," we read, "of medicated vapour baths, hot, tepid, or of Buxton temperature; together with enclosed baths for ladies and gentlemen; also a large open or swimming bath, where young gentlemen acquire this necessary and useful art, free from the danger of those fatal accidents which too frequently happen in large rivers or deep ponds." The baths were closed through the failure of the water supply by the sinking of a pit shaft at Helmsley Main, but the building is still in existence on the left hand side of the lane, and now used as a warehouse.

Further up on the other side, between the lane and the town wall, was the Wardens' Close, most part of which is now occupied by the Fever Hospital (opened in 1804) and the Bowling-Green. The Wardens' Close, we are told by Gray, formerly contained the house and gardens of the warden of Tynemouth Priory, and when he wrote, the fish ponds and remains of house were still to be seen. The grounds of the Black Friars' monastery extended outside the walls here; it may have been from the warden of Black Friars and not of Tynemouth that the place was named. It will be remembered that one of the Scots' batteries was erected in the Wardens' Close during the siege of 1644. The lunatic asylum, which is to be seen, with its rows of small windows and red brick walls, behind the houses opposite Tyne Brewery, was built on the north part of Wardens' Close in 1767. It is now converted into warehouses. The huge pile of buildings on the left hand side near the top of Bath Lane is the Tyne Brewery, built by the company when they left the well-known old brewery of the same name near the Swirle. It has stood empty for some years, for the new place did not succeed as well as the old one; but is to be opened out again soon by another well-known old firm of north-country brewers. Part of the building is used as a Roman Catholic school.

North of the Wardens' Close there was in old times a little field, called, from its shape, the "Shoulder of Mutton Close," which extended to Gallowgate, the street which leads to the west from the top of Newgate Street. Bourne calls Gallowgate a pleasant place, having good houses situated in gardens and fields, and down to the beginning of the present century it remained so. Gallowgate Hopping was an institution in Newcastle, and the Spring Gardens the fashionable resort of the day when George III. was king.

Now-a-days Gallowgate is prosaic enough; a place of serious aspect, not in the least given to any display of unbecoming mirth. Entering it from Newgate Street you see a row of melancholy houses on either side of you. Up "Fleece Court" on the right you get a glimpse of rows of wet and dirty sheep-skins hanging on rails, in mid journey between the slaughter-house and the tan pit. Behind the houses on the opposite side of the street runs the town wall, which forms here the northern boundary of St. Andrew's Churchyard. You may see it by diving through the passages into

the back yards, its rugged coping rising above the roofs of the out-houses built against it. A little further up street you see it again behind a slate yard, and over it perceive the war and time-worn tower of St. Andrew's Church, propped up by huge unwieldly butresses of later date than itself, and these again propped up by others of still later construction.

Further up, and still on the left, we come to Gallowgate Pant, which stands in a rather picturesque angle of the street, and is overlooked by some old and quaint houses—old and quaint at least as compared with the houses we have so far seen in the street. From this point upwards Gallowgate is called Barrack Road, and the Castle Leazes lie on the right-hand side of it. Over a stone wall Spring Garden Terrace and Spring Garden Works, though now looking dingy and smoky enough, recall pleasant thoughts of the time when Spring Gardens was the Ranelagh of Newcastle. McKenzie says—"Here was a fair grass field, ornamented with trees, formerly used as a place of genteel resort, where the gay and fashionable were entertained in tents with music, singing, etc." Concerts were held every Thursday night during summer. Within sight of the old place is one of its modern representatives, the Leazes Park. In 1777 a reservoir was constructed at Spring Gardens for supplying part of the town with water, and is still to be seen (though not now used) on the south side of Pit Lane. In Pit Lane is also to be seen Gallowgate coal pit—the only one at work inside the town, and only recently opened, after lying idle for a quarter of a century.

After passing Barrack Square there are no more houses, and the Nuns' Moor commences on the left—a narrow strip of grass at first, but widening out as you proceed. Then on the right you pass the Barracks, which stand upon the south-west corner of the Castle Leazes, and after passing them the road has the Nuns' Moor on either side, and so goes on westward in the direction of Ponteland.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTLE LEAZES AND THE TOWN MOOR.

NOW for a time we leave the crowded streets and busy quays of Newcastle, and make acquaintance with another phase of the old town's varied attractions. Now we exchange the hard pavement for the springing turf, and the smoky atmosphere for the health-giving breezes of the common.

Fortunate among towns is Newcastle that she possesses, so near at hand, these open expanses of land which are known as the Town Moor and the Castle Leazes. Wedge-like in shape, the great green mass lies on the north and north-west, its point, the Leazes, piercing far towards the heart of the town, and its main portion spreading and widening out until it lies with one shoulder on Fenham and the other on South Gosforth.

The Leazes is a field in shape, roughly speaking, like a diamond. The houses of the town crowd up to its south-eastern and south-western sides; a long, narrow line of houses extending to Spital Tongues skirts it north-eastern side, and divides it from the Moor. Its other side, the north-western, is bounded by the Barracks and Bellegrove, which intervene between it and the Nuns' Moor. In the centre, or nearly so, is the new Leazes Park, with its lake, and trees, and bowling-greens—a beautiful spot, and yearly, as the trees increase in size, becoming more beautiful still. The trees which grow in various other parts of the Leazes, and the gardens of the adjacent houses, give it a park-like appearance altogether, as contrasted with the bare wildness of the Town Moor beyond.

It is said by some that the Leazes belonged to the people of Newcastle from time immemorial; but there is a more probable tradition which says that King John granted it to several burgesses to recompense them for the loss of property they sustained when he made the castle moat. Bourne says—"It formerly belonged to diverse persons, who were accustomed, from ancient time, to take the forecrop thereof yearly at or about Lammas Day; and after that, by an ancient custom, all the burgesses of the town were to put in their kine, and used the same for pasturing them till Lady Day in Lent yearly, and then to lay the same for meadow again till Lammas." It was bought from those "diverse persons" at various times by the corporation. In 1681 the latter body bought of the merchant adventurers', part consisting of ninety-four ridges, bequeathed to the company by Thomas Davidson; in 1701, part from Charles Clark, draper; part was also purchased of Alderman Barnes.

There is not much historic interest attached to the Leazes, but we read in Bourne that "the mill in the Castle Leazes, called the

Chimley Mill, upon the syke or rivulet called Bailiff Burn, and the other mill called the Little Mill, were valued by the Parliamentary Commissioners of 1649 at £27 and £10 per annum respectively." There are still mills at Chimney Mills, and the syke or rivulet called Bailiff Burn used to run down the lane in front of Framlington Place and down the side of Eldon Place, then underneath Barras Bridge into Pandon Dene, where it became Pandon Burn. There was a mill upon it above Barras Bridge, and the Mill Pond was where the foot of Eldon Place now is, but we shall speak more of this locality in a future chapter. Beside the Leazes Lane entrance to the Leazes was the source of another stream famous in the history of Newcastle. There is a pant there now where once at the Seven Head Well rose the Lort Burn. Bellegrove House, beside the Barracks, was built for a gentleman's residence, but was purchased by Dr. Hall and converted into a lunatic asylum, called St. Luke's. In 1795 Dr. Steavenson bought it and used it as a private asylum, which he called Bellegrove Retreat. Spital Tongues Colliery, it will be remembered, was where the famous tunnel was, which burrowed under the town and emerged on the North Shore; and with it we take our leave of the Leazes, and exchange its somewhat confined area for the free and open expanse of the Town Moor, where we may wander at will over the green turf, unrestrained by park regulations and prohibitory notice boards.

The main approach to the Moor from the town is by way of Barras Bridge, from which the North Road runs between the Brandling Park and the Bull Park, and so on up the eastern side of the Moor. In old times the North Road up the "Moor Edge" was represented by the "Cow Causey," a miserable, rutty track. It was in 1748 that the Corporation made the "Causey" into a turnpike road; at the same time the turnpike from Gallowgate to West Cowgate was also made. On glancing over the wide expanse after passing Bull Park Corner, the first object that strikes us is a line of broken earthen banks surmounted by the remains of a hawthorn hedge, which stands in the middle of the portion of the Moor here reserved for cricket and other amusements. Advancing to these banks we see that they surround a row of three sunken reservoirs, now dry or almost so, which reservoirs, now going to wreck, were formed in 1770 by a Mr. Lodge, who contracted to supply the town with water from them. He was given a lease of the ground for two hundred and twenty-seven years, and his contract bound him to provide a hundred fire plugs in the town, for which the corporation was to pay him £50 per annum.

Further up the Moor is the now disused race-course, whereon for many years was run Newcastle races, the occasion of the great saturnalia of the North of England. A slight glance at the history of horse-racing in Newcastle will be interesting to many. In olden times we read of race meetings being held in various parts of the county, and in 1632 of their occurrence on Killingworth Moor.

The Commonwealth times were not favourable to any such entertainments, and we find them then suppressed, to the annoyance of the cavaliers and lovers of sport generally. We have an interesting peep at Puritan England in 1657, when Daniel Collingwood, son of Sir Robert Collingwood of Brunton, was summoned before parliament as a delinquent, for having said in a public company that "there were none now in power but the rascality who envied that gentlemen should enjoy their amusements." After the Restoration races were again held at Killingworth, and in 1716 we find in the *Newcastle Courant* the earliest list of running horses for any race published in Newcastle as follows:—"Newcastle, May 28th. A List of the names of the owners of horses and their riders that are entered for the County Plate—viz., Edward Carr of Whitburn, in the county of Durham, Esq.; a bay mare called 'Silversnout,' James Garth, rider, in white. Fenwick Bowman, Gent., *alias* Bonner; a bay mare called 'Creeping Kate,' Fenwick Bowman, rider, in white. Sir Wm. Blackett; a chestnut horse called 'Bagpiper,' Jonathan Cooper, rider, in blue. Mr. Robert Todd; a bay gelding called 'Bouncer,' Jeremiah Forster, rider, in white." The High Sheriff of the county often gave a gift of plate to be run for—hence called as above, the County Plate. In 1721 Newcastle races were held at Whitsuntide, and were removed from Killingworth to the Town Moor—all except the County Plate, which was run for on the Tuesday at the former place. The races extended all through the week. On the same day that the County Plate was run for at Killingworth, the Gold Cup, value sixty guineas, given by Newcastle Corporation, was run for on the Town Moor. It is worthy of notice that the entries for the County Plate were made to the Clerk of the Peace for the county of Northumberland, and those for the Gold Cup to the Town Clerk of Newcastle. The petty race meetings held all over the country were put a stop to by the Act passed in 1740, which made it illegal to run for a plate of less than £50. Many of the smaller races at Newcastle meeting were discontinued, and the races lasted only three days, instead of a week as formerly. In 1749 there were no meetings. On account of disease amongst the cattle they were prohibited, together with fairs, cock-fights, and similar public gatherings. There was no race meeting proper the following year either, but a match for two hundred guineas was run between the Duke of Cleveland and Mr. Fenwick of Bywell, which was won by the latter. In 1751 the races were revived, and the time of holding them was altered to the week nearest Midsummer Day. Hitherto they had been held in Trinity Week, and so "fluctuated with the cycle of the movable feasts," which was found inconvenient. The first King's Plate of one hundred guineas was given in 1763, and was won by Mr. John Bowes' "Cato." The winner presented the one hundred guineas to the Corporation of Newcastle, to buy a silver cup. At this time the races occupied the first five days of the week, and sometimes the Saturday as well. We have before noticed the dances, revels, cock-fighting, and other

sports which were carried on in Newcastle during the old-time Race Weeks. The popular race on Thursday for the Gold Cup was not introduced until the last year of the eighteenth century.

In the year 1800 the Grand Stand was built (it is standing still) by public subscription, and the races became more popular than ever. The first Northumberland Plate, the "Pitmen's Derby" as it has been called, was run in 1833, and won by Mr. Ord's colt "Tomboy," ridden by "old Bob Johnson." Year after year Race Week saw the Town Moor crowded with thousands of people from all parts of the surrounding country. By the great majority the meeting was looked forward to with the greatest interest, not chiefly on account of the races—though north-country people as a rule are fond of the sport—but on account of the Moor being at such times a rendezvous where long parted friends could see each other, and exchange greetings. Members of families, and once fellow-villagers—separated during the rest of the year, and dwelling far apart—were sure of meeting one another at "the races." Here they enjoyed themselves and talked over the history of the past year. Then there were the shows to see, and the booths where the legitimate drama was performed, and not badly performed either, and when Billy Purvis, the pride of the north, astonished and delighted the natives. And so the races went on, year after year more popular, until at length the last meeting was held in 1881, and the race-course on the Moor was used no more. Since then the races have been run in Gosforth Park, but with the gate money and the extra distance their popular character is gone. They are race meetings pure and simple, prosaic and materialistic, and strictly devoted to business.

In place of horse races temperance meeetings are now held during race week on the Moor, and very popular they have been so far. The Moor is as crowded on a Race Wednesday as ever it was, and thousands troop then to look at or take part in the foot races, football matches, assaults-at-arms, bicycle matches, and other sports which are carried on.

There are other sights to be seen upon the Moor at times. Here take place the volunteer reviews, and here the gallant Northumberland Hussars hold their annual training. Here too the troops from the Barracks go through their manœuvres, and the boys of Newcastle play cricket and football. Here the pitmen of the district assemble to hold their favourite bowling matches, and here great open air meetings of trades unions and political associations are carried on. In the early mornings the sportsmen and naturalists of Newcastle may be seen upon the further-off stretches of the Moor, gun in hand, in pursuit of the birds which flock here in such variety. Here equestrians of both sexes are to be seen cantering over the turf; and last, but not least, here are to be seen the freemens' cows scattered over the wide surface, grazing quietly, or standing meditatively in the ponds, whisking away the flies with their tails. The sight of them recalls pleasantly an old custom of

Newcastle. It carries us back to the times of Charles II., when the four servants of Robert Hunter the nolt-herd were required every morning, from Lady Day to Michaelmas, between four and five o'clock, and from Michaelmas to Lady Day, between seven and eight, to enter the several gates of the town and blow their horns along the streets, as a signal for the owners of cows to bring them out to be driven to the Moor. In 1623 we read that the two nolt-herds were required to attend the gates to receive the cows every morning, and in the evening to bring them back. They were answerable for cows given into their charge, and, besides, were to take care of the bulls in Bull Park, to repair hedges, clear ditches and ponds, and manure and dress the ground. In return they received three-and-twopence per annum for every new cow, and two-and-sixpence for every old one, with free house and grazing for one gelding. The herds' house, called the Blue House, on the Moor-edge, is now occupied by the corporation toll collector.

The side of the Moor furthest from the town is the pleasantest. Walking westward from the Grand Stand, you see the fertile country stretching away past Kenton; and on reaching Cowhill, the most elevated portion of the Moor, where the great cattle fairs are held, you can see the Cheviots blue in the distance, and the Rothbury hills nearer at hand. Close by you see pleasant country lanes, farm-houses, and cornfields, and turning sharp around, you see Newcastle lying down below you under her cloud of smoke. You can scarce believe that it is the steeple of St. Nicholas you see sunk so low down, so associated is it with the idea of great height, were it not the inimitable form which forbids thoughts of a rival. From this point you can survey the whole surface of the Town Moor, and it is difficult to realise that this great bare tract, without a bush, was once a forest of oak trees. Yet tradition says that so it was, and that all the houses of medieval Newcastle, as well as hundreds of ships, were built of wood grown here. These strange-looking depressions in the earth all around here have been caused by the falling in of the roofs of the old pit workings underneath, and the sight of them carries us back far into the history of the Moor, for it is in connection with coal that we have the first authentic records of its being in possession of the burgesses of Newcastle.

Bourne says the Moor was given to the townsmen of Newcastle by Adam de Jesmond (Adam de Athol, whose tomb was in St. Andrew's Church), in the time of Henry III.; but there is uncertainty about this. A charter of Edward III. (1357) states, however, that the Moor had been held by the burgesses, of the crown, from time immemorial, under a fee-farm rent, and grants to them the privilege of digging here for coals, stones, and minerals; and coal mining was carried on more or less until very recent years. During the Great Rebellion there is mention of a coal mine here; and in 1825 the corporation granted a lease of Town Moor Colliery to C. J. Brandling for thirty-one years, but he was to break

the surface no more than it had been broken when he entered on his lease, for otherwise he would have infringed the rights of the freemen, who claimed the herbage of the Moor. It appears he did begin some fresh surface workings, but the freemen sent men to fill them up as fast as he dug them, and so he desisted.

The right of the Newcastle freemen to the eatage of the herbage had been allowed from time immemorial, but it had occasioned many disputes between them and the corporation, who, as representing the whole body of the townsmen, claimed a right to the common estate. Thus, in 1820, the stewards of the freemen began to enclose the Moor on the north turnpike with a stone wall, and the corporation sent men to pull it down as fast as it was built. The history of another of these disputes is interesting as giving an idea of the standing of the two parties.

On the eve of the new year, 1772, part of the Moor on the west side of the west road, from Gallowgate quarry to West Cowgate, comprising eighty-nine acres, was advertised, by order of the common council, to be let for purposes of cultivation and improvement. The result was a violent protest, and an action laid by the freemen against this invasion of their alleged rights. Serjeant Glyn, Recorder of London, was retained to appear for them at the August Assizes of 1773, and by his mediation it was agreed that the leasing of the Moor should be settled by an Act of Parliament, to be drawn up by representatives of both parties. The freemen hailed this concession on the part of the corporation as a victory, and the Company of Tailors, in the fullness of their hearts, ordered a number of gold rings to be made, in the signet of which, under a crystal, was a representation of Liberty stepping out of her temple, with a label proceeding out of her mouth, inscribed, "Town Moor saved, Aug. 10th, 1773." There were other mottoes inscribed on other parts of the ring, and one of the rings was presented to each of the delegates of the trades companies who were members of the committee appointed to draw up the proposed Bill. After much bickering, the Bill was at length framed and passed by Parliament in 1774. It confirmed and established "forever to resident freemen, and widows of deceased freemen of Newcastle, full right and benefit of the herbage of the Town Moor, for two milch cows, in the manner which has been used." The cows were to be the *bona fide* property of the freemen sending them for pasturage, and as such were to be sworn to. The Act directed that leases of parts of the Moor should be granted to the highest bidders, for purposes of cultivation. The parts so leased were not to exceed, taken altogether, one hundred acres, and they were to be selected by the stewards and wardens of the companies; but the leases were to be signed by the Mayor and common council, and were to run for seven years only. No part was to be let a second time until the whole of the remaining part of the Moor, Leazes, and Nun's Moor had been leased in separate intakes; but after each lease expired, the part was to be thrown open to the rest of the pasture land. Certain portions,

as the race-course, the Cowhill (where the fair was held), and the places where booths and tents were generally erected, were not to be leased at all. The corporation was to enjoy its rights as owner of the soil, and the freemen theirs as consumers of the herbage. So ended the dispute, only to crop up again from time to time, which is not to be wondered at, seeing the strange admixture of ownership. The people of Newcastle have free right of access to the Moor, and here another element of dispute steps in, for the freemen in our day have striven to deny them this right on occasion—notably in their attempt to stop the practice of bowling, as tending to hinder their property, the herbage—but without success, as it was ruled that they had only the right of depasturing the surface of the land, and that the herbage did not belong to them until the cows had cropped it. Annually, on Guild day, the Stewards of the Freemen elect a herbage committee to superintend the Moor and Leazes; and the rents of the intakes are distributed amongst the poor resident burgesses and widows of burgesses.

The north-west part of the Moor, through which the Ponteland Road runs, was anciently the Nuns' Moor, though now-a-days the name is generally only applied to that portion of it west of the road. It belonged to the nuns of St. Bartholomew, in Newgate Street, and after the dissolution, came into the possession of John Broxholme, Esq., of the Inner Temple, who conveyed it to Robert Brandling, Esq., by whose descendants it was sold in 1650 to the corporation of Newcastle. The Brandlings were a well-known Newcastle family. Brandling Place and the Brandling Park are called after them. Their possessions were vast, comprising North and South Gosforth, Seaton Burn, and, in later years, Benton. Their estates were sold in 1852. North Gosforth Park, with its mansion house, built by Charles Brandling in 1760, and designed by Payne, was sold to Mr. T. E. Smith, and is now the property of the Gosforth Park Company, and the scene of the modern Newcastle Races.

The dark mass of trees beyond the Nun's Moor is the park of Fenham Hall. It belonged to the Knights Templars, and was granted, together with the rest of their property, to the all-grasping Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem in 1324. It was annexed by the Crown at the dissolution of the monasteries, and afterwards came into the hands of the Riddells of Swinburne, and was sold by them to Mr. John Ord, attorney, of Newcastle. From its east front can be seen the course of the Tyne to Tynemouth.

The area of the Town Moor, Castle Leazes, and Nuns' Moor is about twelve hundred acres, and we may be thankful that the old Trades Guilds, however they got their right, have been instrumental in preserving to us this magnificent stretch of open ground. But for them the whole would now probably have been private property, or, at least, let for building sites by the corporation, as part of it near the Barras Bridge now is. For Bourne tells us that in olden times the Moor extended from the "thorn bush beside the Cross"

at Barras Bridge to Kenton. There is talk of the building of a College of Physical Science in the Bull Park ; but it is to be hoped that this enclosure will rather be thrown open to the rest of the Moor, and so the open common be brought further into the town, where it is most needed, and a new Bull Park made further out. A College of Physical Science is no doubt a valuable institution, but it will be just as valuable elsewhere as on the Moor. But even supposing the Moor were the only available site for it, the ground it would occupy, if thrown open and free, would do more good than even a College of Physical Science, for it would increase the physical health of the town. It is to be hoped that the people of Newcastle will feel the value of their splendid Town Moor too well to allow one foot of it to be built upon, or even improved into a park. The object of a public park near a town ought to be to bring the people closer to Nature. Art may be judiciously employed in laying out walks, and planting trees and shrubberies in them, if they are small, and an impression of greater size is sought to be attached to them, or if they are barren and void of natural objects altogether ; but the Moor is really large, and requires no artifice to make it appear so. In its herbage, its undulating surface, and its rushy bottoms, it contains a thousand natural features worthy of attention. Its wide, free expanse is its greatest charm, and the bracing air which sweeps unimpeded across it inspires more pleasure in the jaded and worn than could the sight of any number of winding walks, shrubberies, grottoes, flower-beds, and fountains, laid out in the trim formality of a park. Long may the Town Moor be preserved as it is—the true People's Park, where one may roam without fear or favour, or thought of official, which, even to the most innocent of intended offence, is a restraint—or continual admixture of our enjoyment with the not-for-a-moment-to-be-forgotten legend, "Please keep off the grass ;" a place, in fact, where one may go and in very truth feel how—

> "Nature on her naked breasts
> Delights to catch the gales of life."

And when Newcastle shall have grown out of our knowing in days beyond our time ; when she shall have extended round by Benton and Gosforth, and shall have increased and multiplied in all directions ; may the Town Moor still remain a breathing space within the town's capacious bosom—still free, still open, and still green.

CHAPTER III.

THE NORTH PART OF THE TOWN.

WE now purpose to examine that part of Newcastle which extends outwards from the site of the northern wall, which ran from Newgate to Carliol Tower. First, we will take Percy Street, and then Northumberland Street; afterwards, we will proceed from their junction, past Barras Bridge and along the North Road until we reach the Moor.

Percy Street, anciently called Sidgate, begins immediately outside of where Newgate stood, and is a continuation of Newgate Street. We have before spoken of the origin and early history of the "suburb of Newgate," as the old histories call it, and have seen how it "was ruinated in the times of civil war." It has, even now, an old-fashioned appearance, like the high-street of some country town, with its old cottages interspersed here and there amongst the quiet and dull-looking houses of more modern times, and with its Haymarket crowded on Tuesdays with laden fragrant-smelling carts, and crowds of countrymen. At its foot, beside the end of Albion Street, is a picturesque group of Tudor houses; and in one of the little cottages close by (No. 96) was born Dr. Charles Hutton, the famous mathematician, one of Newcastle's many celebrities. The dame school he attended at the corner of Gallowgate is now gone, but his schoolmistress is still famous for her ingenious method of getting her pupils over the difficulties of learning. Whenever they came to a hard word which puzzled them and the worthy dame herself, she would cry, "Skip it!—it's Latin," and pass on.

Leazes Lane leads up to the Leazes, and was once called "Myln Chare," as it led to the Chimney Mills, or perhaps some other nearer one of which we have no trace. Another name for it was "Blind Man's Loaning," which it got from a blind man who sat in it to beg. Further along, on the same side of the street, is the famous "Bruce's School," so well known to many generations of Newcastle scholars. It was founded by Mr. John Bruce, who died in 1834, and was succeeded by his son, Dr. Collingwood Bruce, the learned author of so many works on Roman antiquities, including his great work on *The Roman Wall;* author also of a handbook to Newcastle, into which we have often dipped while preparing the present work. The Doctor carried on the school until a few years ago, when he retired to enjoy that "learned leisure" which is another name for hard work at a congenial task. The playground of the school is on the site of an old burial-ground used by the richer classes of Protestant nonconformists, and in 1708 called in St. Andrew's Register "the Quig's buring place, near the Swirll in Sidgate." Some of the old gravestones are preserved, and built into the walls of the playground. On the opposite side of the street is

the New Jerusalem Temple, built by the Swedenborgians in 1823, but now used as an American meat store and meeting-place for the Salvation Army.

Percy Street widens out at Bruce's School, and the east side slopes quickly away towards the head of Northumberland Street. The triangular space thus formed was once a dirty, unseemly waste, full of puddles and pools of putrid water, but was in 1808 paved and turned into a parade, and inaugurated by the inspection of the Newcastle Volunteers. The Haymarket here was established in 1824, and is held on Tuesdays, when the high-piled carts of hay, and the groups of horses and buyers and sellers, form a fine picture, with the background of picturesque dormer-windowed old houses on the west side of the street. Here come the wild beast shows that visit Newcastle, together with the attendant exhibitions of wax-works, fat women, and living skeletons. At the Haymarket, Percy Street is joined by Northumberland Street, and the two united form the Barras Bridge.

Quiet, old, unpretentious Northumberland Street, which begins outside where Pilgrim Street gate stood, is formed of brick houses; few of them large, but mostly of the old-fashioned, plain, comfortable class which were built during last century. Bourne speaks of it as the most pleasant situation of any within or without the town, standing in the midst of gardens and shady fields, which made it a delicious place in summer-time. A few years ago it was more retired and quiet than now, but the rapid extension of the town beyond it, on the north, has caused it to become more thronged, and many of its houses have been altered into shops, and it is fast becoming a business street. On the left-hand side, going towards Barras Bridge, are the Orphan House Schools. The original Orphan House chapel and schools were founded by John Wesley in 1742. He lived here during the rebellion of 1745, when the town was put in posture of defence, and refused to move from here to the inside of the walls, though requested by his friends, as we have related elsewhere. The Wesleyans worshipped here until Brunswick Place Chapel was built in 1821, after which the whole was used by them as a school until 1857, when the old building was pulled down, and the present schools erected.

Brand tells us—"A fanatic of the name of Macdonald erected a building called the Tabernacle down an entry (Lisle Street) almost opposite the Orphan House; but meeting little or no encouragement, left the town and went to Manchester." In 1770 this tabernacle was open, and a Mr. Allan, a Baptist minister, preached a funeral sermon in it on the death of the wife of the Rev. Mr. Tuffs, M.A., from London. This Mr. Tuffs, in the same year, opened the old Custom House on the Quay as a place of worship. McKenzie says that in 1827 the Tabernacle was transformed into a dwelling-house.

Further up street, past the Orphan House, Prudhoe Street now leads through into Percy Street. It was built in 1822. Before that

time the Bowling-Green and a number of gardens and orchards filled the space between Northumberland and Percy Streets. When John Wesley was staying at his house down street, we read of the flower show of the Society of Florists and Botanists being held at Widow Green's, without Pilgrim Street gate, and how a tent was pitched for dinner in the bowling-green behind the house.

The large detached house nearly opposite the end of Prudhoe Street, once the residence of the late Sir John Fife, was built by Alderman Hedley. After the alderman's death it was often rented by the commanders of the troops which garrisoned the town, being convenient for them, as the troops paraded in Northumberland Street. In 1776-7, during the American War, it was occupied by Colonel Sir George Saville, in command of the West Yorkshire Militia. He was very popular in Newcastle, on account of his liberality and other good qualities, and it was in compliment to him that the new street then building on the east side of Northumberland Street was called Saville Row. Bath Road, immediately above his house, runs up to the old Cricket Ground, or rather where it used to be, for the Dame Allen Schools, lately erected, now stand there. Mrs. Eleanor Allan in 1705 founded a school for the education of forty boys and twenty girls, and endowed it with a farm in the parish of Wallsend. This farm, at the time of the endowment worth £62 per annum, is now worth £200; and the funds of the school for many years being in excess of its requirements, have accumulated greatly, and with them, by consent of the Charity Commissioners, the new schools in the Cricket Field have been erected. A little higher up Northumberland street is Vine Lane, leading to Pandon Dene. There was once a great inn in Newcastle called "The Vine," which may have given its name to this lane, but of this supposition we have no confirmation. Past the end of Vine Lane Northumberland Street ends, and Barras Bridge commences.

Barras Bridge, where the great North Road enters the town, is a broad and airy street. On one side is St. Thomas's Church, with its pleasant churchyard, and its tall trees, where but a few years ago the crows built; and on the other a row of old brick houses, comely and comfortable-looking in their old age. The first of these from the top of Percy Street, a round-gabled mansion, is called the "Crow Trees," and the crows used to build their nests, not so very long ago either, in the trees beside it, of which only one now remains. Behind these houses, and behind the end ones of Percy Street as well, there is a multitude of little gardens stretching from here to the Leazes, with fruit trees, and gooseberry and currant bushes, and little wooden summer-houses, where the owners enjoy themselves on summer evenings.

Looking at the level roadway of Barras Bridge, it is hard to believe that a deep dene once cut right across it at the foot of Eldon Place, and that over this dene the Barras Bridge—a bridge then in reality—crossed. Yet so it was. The Bailiff Burn we have

noticed as rising at Spital Tongues, and running down between the Moor and the Leazes and the site of Eldon Place, flowed in this dene (called here "Sandeford Dene"), and, running in front of the present Lovaine Row, became Pandon Burn, and joined the Tyne at Pandon. No later than 1819 the Barras Bridge was rebuilt, having been found too narrow and inconvenient for the traffic of the North Road, which had all to pass over it. But we must go back many centuries to get at the interesting points connected with the history of this part of the town.

We must go back to the times of the Crusaders, and to the days when pilgrims going from Pilgrim Street gate towards Our Lady's Chapel at Jesmond saw here, standing by the way, on one side the hospital of St. Mary, and on the other that of St. James. The one stood near where St. Thomas's Church now stands, and the other over the bridge, nearly on the spot occupied by the Hancock Museum; and close by the latter was the Barras water mill, belonging to the Black Friars of Newcastle, which stood above the bridge, and was turned by the little stream.

The hospital of St. Mary Magdalene was founded by King Henry I. for a master, brethren, and three sisters to receive lepers. The leprosy had been brought to England by the Crusaders, and lazar-houses were built in many parts of England—always, as in the present case, outside the walls of towns. The Crusaders and pilgrims who returned stricken with the dreadful disease, though cut off from the rest of society, and formally sentenced to a kind of civil death by a particular religious service, were looked upon somewhat in the light of martyrs and saints, and many of them were admitted into the Order of St. Lazarus, the patron saint of the Knights Hospitallers. Pious monks and nuns devoted their lives to the service of the lazar-houses, and contributions and endowments flowed in upon them from the wealthy. In course of time, all persons suffering from skin diseases became classed as lepers, and admitted to the hospitals; and multitudes of idle and filthy persons obtained a living by ranking themselves as so afflicted. No wonder it was that our hospital here became so full that part of the patients were lodged in huts outside. Being by the side of the pilgrims' way, it was happily situated for the purpose of collecting alms from the passing pilgrims, as was the custom amongst the poor lepers. Chaucer describes them as clad in mantles and beaver hats, and how they bore a cup for alms, and a wooden clapper with two or three clappers, which they rattled to solicit charity. There is mention in the year 1428 of "the waste messuage called Emilden Place, in the suburbs of Newcastle, near the Hospital of Blessed Mary Magdalene, without the Newe Yhate"; but we have no means of knowing where this was, and in 1429 Roger Thornton left in his will two pounds to the "lepres" of Newcastle.

After the eastern disease happily disappeared from England, the hospital was used for sick persons in time of plague. As the

report on the colleges and charities in Northumberland and Durham, made in the reign of Henry VIII., puts it, "Since that kind of sickness (the leprosy) is abated, the house is used for the comfort and help of the poor folks of the town that chanceth to fall sick in time of pestilence." It was afterwards dissolved by statute 31 Henry VIII., but never came in charge before the King's auditors, nor paid rent to his receivers. There were so many religious houses dissolved at this time, that some of them appear to have been overlooked, and so escaped the clutches of the King. This will explain how, two years later (1542), Edward Burrel, clerk, the master of the hospital, and "previsour of the chappell of St. James, and of the lazar-house neigh adjoyning the said hospital," and the brethren and sisters of St. Mary's, granted a lease of the lands belonging to it to Sir Robert Brandling, merchant, for eighty-five years. Amongst these lands so leased are mentioned "a place called Spitell Tongs, adjoining the Castle Fields;" also "the Loneing and Jesmond Fields." We hear of the hospital being granted away by Queen Elizabeth in 1582, and again of its re-establishment by James I. in 1611, when the chapel and hospital of St. Thomas on Tyne bridge were annexed to it by charter, because the ancient deeds of endowment of the two places had been lost, and "some persons were attempting to appropriate their several possessions to their own use." The charter decreed that the two establishments, united and incorporated, should have a master (to be at least an M.A.), and three poor, old, and unmarried burgesses of the town, who should be a body politic in law, have a common seal, power to sue and be sued, let leases, etc. The mayor and common council to have the presentation of the mastership. After the death of the first master under the new charter (who was Robert Jennison, A.M.), the master was to have a third part of the rents, and the rest was to be divided amongst the brethren, commonly called bedesmen.

In Bourne's time (1733) the hospital "had fourteen persons residing in it, each allowed a room, coals, and eight shillings a-month;" while there were fifteen other poor people receiving outdoor relief.

In 1816 the master successfully contested the right of the corporation, which had been for some time exercised, to grant leases, and the income of the hospital was thus much increased. McKenzie (in 1827) says: "Part of the hospital is still remaining behind the Bay Nag public-house, adjoining to which is the Magdalen or Maudlin Meadows. Near this is St. Mary Magdalene's Well. . . . The present master recovered and secured some property belonging to the hospital, which had been leased, the said leases having expired. This information he got from the archives of the hospital. Of these lands part were in front of Fenham Hall; also sixteen acres of land lying north of Benton Bridge, and including portion of Dead Men's Graves and Woody Bank, which were given by the representatives of the lessees in

lieu of sixteen ridges of land of which the boundaries were unknown." There were also "the Butchers' field, extending from the town wall, south of the Postern Gate, to the Forth; Blackett's field, between Forth Street and the wall; the land between the Forth and the Close; part of Westgate Street opposite St. John's Church, and other property." All of these most valuable possessions would have been lost to the hospital but for the vigilance of the master. Dead Men's Graves here mentioned extends from the Minories, at the end of Jesmond Road, to the small rivulet near the Cradle Well; Woody Bank from the eastern summit of Benton Bank to the bridge at its foot. The master built a house for himself, called St. Mary's Mount, on this latter property, which still stands at the end of the Armstrong Bridge over Ouseburn.

In 1830 the remains of the hospital were pulled down and the present St. Thomas's Church was erected. About the same time the "row of neat stone-pointed houses called St. Mary's Place, and extending from Northumberland Street to the east limits of the hospital grounds on the margin of Pandon Burn," was built. The Magdalene Field was enclosed to form the churchyard of the new church, and a new hospital was erected in the "Sick Man's Close."

We will now turn our attention to St. James's Chapel and Hospital at the other side of Barras Bridge from St. Mary's, of which hospital it was an appendage. The fortunes of the two houses were linked together, but there are many interesting details relating particularly to St. James's which throw a light on the past. Lepers were housed here as well as at St. Mary's, and the common burial-place of the two establishments is supposed to have been here. From this latter circumstance the name of the bridge over the ravine of Sandyford Dene is supposed to have originated. Some say the name "Barras Bridge" is derived from the word *Barracado*, and that a barracado, or outlying defence of the town, existed here, to guard the northern entrance; but Bourne gives the following reasons for supposing that the name of the bridge came from the neighbouring graveyard. He says—"The word Barrows (for so it should be spelled) signifies the same as tumuli, hillocks, and sometimes graves and sepulchres. And when it is considered that the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene was founded for the reception of leprous folk, it is easy to see that the Maudlin Barrows are the tombs or burial-places of those that died of the leprosy in that hospital, and since the burial place itself was nigh to the bridge, the bridge got then the name of the Barres Bridge. The barres mentioned in the account of Fickett Tower are the same thing—nothing else but the burial-place of the Franciscan Friars. The place of the Maudlin Barrows I take to be the Sick Man's Close; for, as after the abating of the leprosy, this hospital was obliged to take the poor of the town in during the time of the pestilence, so I question not but those that died were buried in the ancient burial-place, or barrows, of the hospital. And since we are

certain they were buried in the Sick Man's Close, we may be therefore almost certain that the Sick Man's Close was the barrows of the hospital."

In corroboration of Bourne's supposition, McKenzie tells of vast quantities of human bones being discovered in sinking two wells behind "Sick Man's House," or St. James's Place, as the modern house built on the site of the chapel was called; also in digging for foundations at the same place. The Sick Man's Close was eleven acres in extent, and tradition says that during the plague the stricken inhabitants of Newcastle were removed to tents pitched here, and so it got its name. The dead were buried at Dead Men's Graves before mentioned.

An interesting object in the history of St. James's is the cross which stood at the Barras Bridge north end, in front of the hospital. When and why it was erected we know not, but it is mentioned in an old MS., before quoted from, thus—"Fickett Tower shall have in warde from Whelpington Barne beside the great crosse standing within Maudlin Barres without the new yate." The "water-mill beside St. James's Kirk" is also mentioned. It will be remembered that formerly the Town Moor extended from the thorn bush beside the above-mentioned cross to Kenton; and in the Milbank MS. the cross is again mentioned in connection with a well-known Newcastle eccentric, or worthy, according to the way in which he may be judged. The MS. says—"At the end of the Barras Bridge, before the chapel, stood a stately cross, firm and compleat; and John Pigg, in the time of the Rebellion, took it down and called it idolatry, and thought to make his own use of it, but it was broke by some who hated it should be profaned." John Pigg was town surveyor, and he built the curious stone pillar covered with texts of scripture which stood at the Three-Mile Bridge, near Gosforth, by the side of the Morpeth road, known as "Pigg's Folly." We have the following account of him in the *Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes*:—"Some (of the Dissenters) did sadly blemish the party they suffered with. There was one John Pigg, well known to the King and the Duke of York, and for his giddy singularities noted, not only through the country, but almost through the kingdom. He usually wore an high-crowned hat, a strait coat, and would never ride, but walkt the pace of any horse hundreds of miles on foot, with a quarter-staff fenced with an iron fork at one end. He was sometimes land surveyor for the town. Mr. Barnes was neither able to please this man, nor yet to be quiet with his intoxicated whimsies. The King and Duke of York, to whome he was often trotting, made themselves sport with him, as looking upon him to be a brain-sick enthusiast, and he was no less. He would not only go to prison when he needed not, but conceitedly chused the vilest part of the prison for his apartment, where he continued a long while, when he might have had his liberty whenever he pleased. One day he sent for Mr. Barnes to tell him how miraculously God had testifyed against his keeper's ill-usage of him. It being a wet

harvest, the keeper had let him out into the backyard of the jail, where, sais he, 'I had no sooner begun to pray for fair weather, when the sun shined out very bright, but the wicked man, my keeper, calling me in sooner than I had a mind to, I was no sooner lockt in my lodge but it fell to rain again as fast as ever.' But as much of Heaven's favourite as this visionary fancyed himself, everybody knew him to be cursedly covetous, and the end he made answered the disgrace he had thrown upon sufferings for religion, this pig dying in his stye, in circumstances not unlike those who lay hands on themselves, or die crazy and distracted." In 1665 the Company of Bricklayers passed a resolution, "that noe brethren of the said Company shall be employed to work by or with John Pigg." And with this we take leave of the unfortunate gentleman.

We have mentioned the mill at the Barras Bridge. In St. Andrew's Register there is an entry under date "24th October 1652. Buried at St. Andrews', Robert Fenwick, a child which was drowned in the Bares myll dam, where he went to swim on the Saboth Day." The mill stood close to Barras Bridge, and was embosomed in lofty trees. Its millpond stood near the foot of the present Eldon Place, and mill and pond here continued to stand until 1835, when the dene was filled up, and mill and bridge both disappeared.

To return to the Chapel and Hospital of St. James's: they gradually fell into decay, and at the end of last century are thus described by Brand—"The west end of the chapel has been converted into a cow-house; in the east end is a dwelling-house, the fire-place of which stands on the site of the communion table. Old arches built up with brick are still observable, and the east window may be traced out from the stairs of an adjacent house." Shortly after, the cow-house was pulled down, and the whole building was so altered when a house was erected on the site, that scarcely a trace of the old chapel was left. This house was "Sick Man's House," or St. James's Place, and when it was pulled down, quite recently, to make way for the Museum, fragments of the old walls, and pieces of carved stone-work, were discovered built up in the modern masonry.

The Hancock Museum is being built in the Sick Man's Close, and is to contain the collection of the Natural History Society, now in Westgate Street; also the splendid collection of Mr. John Hancock of Newcastle, the world-renowned naturalist, which he has presented to the society. The new museum is being built and arranged under his personal supervision, so that when complete we may expect to see one of the most perfect institutions of the sort in the kingdom. The building has been raised chiefly by the munificence of Sir William and Lady Armstrong, the late Edward Joicey, Esq., of Whinney House, Gateshead, and his brother, Colonel John Joicey of Newton Hall.

CHAPTER IV.

PANDON DENE, THE SHIELDFIELD, AND WEST JESMOND.

"Farewell, ye fragrant shady groves,
Farewell, thou charming sylvan scene,
Where partial mem'ry hapless roves,
I bid adieu to Pandon Dene."

—GILCHRIST.

YEAR by year Newcastle goes on filling up the denes and valleys which intersect her. One after another they disappear, and the picturesque undulation of the old town promises in time to give way to the level monotony of a flat surface. Our ancestors were content at first with throwing bridges over the valleys; then gradually they arched over the burns which ran beneath, and next filled up the valleys level with the adjacent land, thus gaining additional space for building. It is thus we have so many places called bridges where there are no bridges, the old names having been continued in use after the alteration of the places. The streets called High Bridge, Low Bridge, Barras Bridge, and Stock Bridge, are all named after structures which have been removed or buried in the course of town improvements. Of the bridges just mentioned, there is no one now living—except in the case of Barras Bridge—who saw them as bridges in reality. But there is another which in comparatively recent years was a bridge over a wide and steep ravine, which is now only a roadway with almost level ground on each side. This is the New Bridge, built in 1812 across Pandon Dene to connect the north side of the town with the Shieldfield and other eastern suburbs, and also more directly with Shields Road.

We have before described the Pandon portion of Pandon Dene, and the filling in of part of it when the Shields Railway was constructed. For some years after that event the upper portion of the valley as far as St. Thomas's Church—where, it will be remembered, another part was filled in at Barras Bridge—was allowed to remain in its original state. In the *Impartial History of Newcastle*, written in 1800 by the Rev. Mr. Baillie, we have a glimpse of it. We read therein how Pandon Dene was once "waste and wild, covered with brambles and thorns, and now converted into a number of small gardens;" and that "in a fine morning in May, to a lover of retirement, few walks can be more friendly to rational reflection than that of Pandon Dene."

Mr. Baillie was some time minister of the Sallyport Meeting-House, but was expelled thence for his "too great love of conviviality," and passed some time in Newgate for debt. On Sundays he was occasionally permitted to leave the prison to

preach (as was often the case in those days with imprisoned ministers), and on such occasions was accompanied by one of the gaolers. One day he took advantage of his guard's misplaced confidence and escaped into Scotland, though he had given the poor man his word of honour that he would return into his custody. Some years after he returned to Newcastle, and entered into partnership with Mr. Tinwell, the schoolmaster of arithmetic fame. He sometimes preached at the Postern Gate Chapel. Besides his *History of Newcastle*, he wrote a *History of Egypt*, and his sermons were powerful, though often scurrilous invectives against Papacy. It was he who, when asked what subject of interest he would have left when Napoleon took possession of Rome, replied, 'Oh, there is an auld chiel down below that will keep me speaking while I live.'

The construction in 1842 of the tunnel from Spital Tongues to the North Shore caused some more of Pandon Dene below Barras Bridge to be filled in by the excavated earth. The Burn then ran covered over from the top of Eldon Street to below Barras Bridge. Above Eldon Street, where the entrance to the Leazes is, it was uncovered till some few years ago. The making of the Blyth and Tyne Railway caused another encroachment upon the dene. The Burn had long before this been partly arched over, and now a long stretch of the valley north of New Bridge was filled in. Those who remember the Pandon Dene of a few years before this commenced, will recall with pleasure the scene which lay beneath where the railway now runs. There was the lovely valley, with the burn winding through it—the hum of the water-mills and the song of the birds amongst the trees coming pleasantly upwards to the ear. The mass of apple-blossom and the teeming luxuriance of the foliage which covered the banks, the little summer-houses in the trim gardens, and the winding pathway from the town to the Shieldfield, formed a picture of rare sylvan beauty. Then, where the footpath, with its long terraced steps, climbed the eastern bank, you could—leaving the splashing wheel of the water-mill behind—mount to the little footpath called the "Garden Tops," which ran along the brink of the valley towards Sandyford Lane; and over its hawthorn hedge see the cornfields growing green, and the country stretching away towards Lambert's Leap and Jesmond Fields. But now the railway shrieks where once, high up in the air, the skylark sang; the apple trees, and gardens, and the water-mill are buried deep beneath the accumulation of rubbish, which has, year after year, been tipped into the valley. The rag-picker gropes amongst the dusty heaps over the spot where once the gardener shook the ripe fruit from the trees, or gathered the berries from the bushes.

Higher up the dene is still open, and the little railed-in gardens are still to be seen, and sometimes there is a white flush of apple-blossom; but the place looks desolate and doomed, and the work of filling-in is still proceeding, slowly but surely. The Oatmeal

Pandon Dene.

Mill, famous in its day for "Anthony Johnson's oatmeal," is gone from its place, and the "Cricketers' Arms," close by, is being pulled down, and soon a mass of new houses will stand upon the level ground beneath which once was Pandon Dene.

By way of New Bridge we reach the district called Shieldfield, once open country, where, in olden times, the troops which gathered at Newcastle for service against Scotland were mustered. In the time of Edward VI., Sunday, 28th August 1547, we read—"This day morning in the felde in the north-east syde of the towne, muster was made of such demi-lances and light horsemen as were come, whereat was my lord's grace himself (the Protector Somerset), the Lord Lieutenant, etc."

In the Shieldfield, it will be remembered, stood the Great Fort, "champion-like" defending the fields, which was built during the Civil War, and so nobly played its part during the siege of 1644. In the Shieldfield, too, King Charles I. was allowed, during his captivity in Newcastle, to go and play golf. After this it continued to be used for many years as a place of recreation, open to the people and belonging to the people; but gradually it was swallowed up by the neighbouring landowners, like so many other commons. In 1738 they commenced to creep in, and there were great complaints, and the townspeople consulted the Recorder in the matter; but all to no purpose. In the same year the "owners" of property here advertised in the *Courant* their intention of prosecuting trespassers, and the Shieldfield was absorbed.

> "These fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
> And ev'n the bare worn common is denied."

The only part now remaining of the broad field is Shieldfield Green, a little triangular patch of grass near Christ Church. Tradition says that the quaint old house standing on one side of it is the same in which King Charles rested when he visited the Shieldfield. The church was built in 1859, and before that time the remains of the Great Fort were visible, and consisted of a square mound, about four feet high, which stood partly in the field and partly in the gardens behind Ridley Villas. The part which stood in the field was removed when Albert Street was built, but there are still remains of the mound in the gardens. The church steeple stands just outside the site of the north wall of the fort.

Within the last twenty years the district of Shieldfield has altered very much. Within the time mentioned it consisted only of a few detached streets, and scattered houses, and waste land. Its main street, Shield Street, led directly out into the open country. From its end a pleasant lane led between fields to Lambert's Leap, a place thrice famous in the annals of Newcastle. Its first appearance in history is in 1759. On the 20th September of that year Mr. Cuthbert Lambert of Newcastle Custom House, son of an eminent physician living in Pilgrim Street, was riding along Sandyford Lane, when his mare took fright, and on coming

to the bridge over the burn here, sprang over the parapet and landed on the opposite bank of the stream, making a leap of forty-five feet and thirty-six feet perpendicular. The intervening branch of an old ash tree broke their fall, but the mare died almost immediately, every joint of its back-bone having been dislocated. The rider kept his seat to the bottom, and, strange to say, was uninjured, though indisposed for some time afterwards by the shock. The name "Lambert's Leap" was cut upon one of the coping-stones of the parapet at the point where the horse leaped over, and ever since this name has been given to the place. Mr. John Sykes, from whose *Local Records* we gather these particulars, says that the above is the true story of the leap, and that a large print drawn and published in London by Mr. Pollard in 1786, and afterwards copied and engraved by Mr. John Scott for the "Sporting Anecdotes," is neither a view of the place nor does it give a true version of the facts. The print represents Mr. Lambert as hanging by his hands to the branches of the tree, while the horse is seen below him in mid flight; and the account appended to it informs us that there he hung "until some passengers got him down in safety." A similar accident took place at Lambert's Leap on 18th August 1771, when a servant of Sir John Hussey Delaval, Bart., was riding into Newcastle from Seaton Delaval, and his horse taking fright at the Barras Bridge, and running along Sandyford Lane, some people attempted to stop it, and it sprang over the parapet into the deep ravine. In his fall the man lost his seat, but coming to the ground first, he alighted between two large stones, and the horse falling directly over him was prevented by the stones from injuring him. In this case, also, the man, though bruised, escaped without serious damage; the horse was so much damaged that it was shot. The third accident at Lambert's Leap occurred on 5th December 1827. A Mr. John Nicholson, a young surgeon of Newcastle, was riding along the lane, and, like the others, his horse ran away and leaped over the parapet of the bridge, in so doing kicking down into the dene the coping stone which was engraved "Lambert's Leap." Unlike the other two cases, the horse was very little the worse, while the rider was so seriously injured that he died the same evening. The coping-stone with the name on it was broken in the fall, but a new one was made and inscribed as before, and still marks the place. The once lonely Sandyford stone road is now a street with houses on either side. The burn north of the bridge is now all covered in, but in looking over the parapet where the accident occurred we see it far down below (now little else than a sewer), making its way down its little valley to the Ouseburn.

On the east of Shieldfield open fields stretched down to the Ouseburn, and on the south-east several windmills crowned the banks which overlooked Stepney village. It was in 1809 that the men of Pandon Dene mill, observing something wrong with Shieldfield mill, hastened towards it, and found the miller, Mr. Sinton, in a

very awkward predicament. He had climbed on to one of the wands to adjust the sails, when the brake suddenly gave way, and the mill started. It was his figure clinging to the wand, which was revolving at great speed, that had attracted the Pandon men's attention, and it was some time before he recovered his recollection after being rescued from his dangerous perch. Stepney Lane at that time led up from the top of Pandon Bank to Stepney, and a pleasant lane it was, its hedge-rows overhung by the branches of the fruit trees of the orchards which it skirted. Red Barns, at the top of Elwick's Lonnin', where the Dominicans of Newcastle now have their house and their church, was then in the country, so to speak, and close by it was buried, with the old barbaric rites, the last suicide so interred in Newcastle, we believe—poor Martha Wilson, who took her own life in the Trinity House in 1817, and was buried here in the middle of the public highway, at three road ends.

Now-a-days Shieldfield is one of the most closely-built and populous districts of Newcastle; and where Jesmond fields used to lie to the north-east of it, another new suburb has sprung up—West Jesmond, which is one of the most pleasant parts of the town. Its streets are wide, its houses are pretty, and its detached villas, surrounded by quickly-growing trees, add to its attractive appearance. It is sufficiently new to look fresh and clean as compared with the generally soot-begrimed streets of the other parts of the town, but old enough to have outgrown the period when heaps of bricks and mortar and half-finished houses under scaffolding disfigure a growing suburb. On its outskirts, it is true, these are still to be seen, for Newcastle is growing in the direction of Jesmond Towers. The Clayton Memorial Church, in Jesmond Road, was built in 1859 in memory of the Rev. R. Clayton, late master of St. Thomas's Hospital, and brother of that well-known Newcastle townsman, John Clayton, of Westgate Street and The Chesters. When it was built, and for long afterwards, West Jesmond was corn and pasture-land, and many will remember the beautiful walk from Jesmond Road, past the Field House, to Jesmond Gardens—how it winded, now through a pasture, now through a corn-field with the standing corn alone for a wall on either side, and now between hedgerows, till it reached the gardens. Then there was only the Old Cemetery along Jesmond Road; afterwards came the new one, which for long looked bare and bald, with its newly-planted saplings, through which the cold white tombstones were so distinctly seen; so different from the old one over the way—a beautiful place, overshadowed by luxuriant foliage, and now more beautiful than ever; for time, which elsewhere has destroyed the rural features of the outskirts of Newcastle, has been all in favour of this retired city of the dead. And so with the new: its trees will grow, and time will mellow its newness, but nothing can increase its sacred associations in the hearts of thousands of Newcastle people, at home in the old town, and scattered over the face of the earth.

The end of Jesmond Road runs into Benton Lane at the Minories. We follow the latter past "Dead Men's Graves" on the left, where, in place of the old hedge, an unsightly stone wall has recently been built, which sadly mars the beauty of this charming walk; past the Cradle Well to the top of Benton Bank, where, at St. Mary's Mount, it turns off on the left, and runs along the top of the field which slopes down to the Ouseburn, and reaches Jesmond Gardens, with Stote's Hall on the right. Past here it runs to the ruins of the ancient chapel of Our Lady of Jesmond. The road we have come may have been traversed by some of the pilgrims to this chapel in olden times, though most of them would come through Jesmond fields by the footpath we have mentioned, part of which near the gardens still remains; or, more likely still, by way of the North Road to the Moor Edge, where an ancient footpath, beginning near the Orphan Asylum, crosses Friday fields, and comes out at Jesmond Cottage, close to the chapel. We shall see the latter again, when, in our next chapter, we reach it in following the course of the Ouseburn.

CHAPTER V.

THE OUSEBURN AND BYKER.

THE Ouseburn, or, to give it its proper name, the Ewes Burn, is the largest of all the Newcastle burns, and the only one which yet runs through the town open to the sky. It rises on Heddon Law—where Leslie's Covenanters encamped during the Rebellion—and flowing to the north-east through Woolsington Park, turns round to the south-east, in which direction it flows as far as Gosforth. From thence it runs southwards past Jesmond to the Tyne. Its course is in all about eight miles, and most part of its valley is for beautiful scenery not surpassed in England. Of the neighbourhood of its mouth near the Glasshouse Bridge, and the new bridge beside it, we have already spoken, but close by on the left bank there is an interesting spot we must not pass without notice.

The Ballast Hills Burial-ground, with its grey tombstones crowded amongst the tall dark grass, and its few stunted elder bushes, is not at all a beautiful sight. Quality Row on one side, Dead Man's Row on the other, and high over the latter Fighting Cocks Row leading up to where Byker Fields used to be, are not pleasant surroundings. The graves in the yard are closely planted, and there is no room left for footpaths or way amongst them. The place looks neglected and forgotten. Although the lodge-keeper has a pretty garden and green-house near his dwelling, the general air of the Ballast Hills Burial-ground is dismal and forlorn. This was the spot chosen by the Scottish Presbyterian immigrants of

Newcastle—the stern, unbending Covenanters of the time of the Charleses—to bury their dead. It was quite outside the town, a waste spot amongst the huge and growing ballast heaps, and here they thought their departed ministers and friends would sleep better together than in the Episcopalian churchyards—which latter, indeed, were closed against them. In olden times the burial-ground was larger than at present, and the adjacent houses have been built on some parts of it, and glasshouse cinders heaped over others, for it was quite open and unwalled. In 1785 its state must have been deplorable, for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood petitioned the common council concerning it. Swine, they said, rooted and grubbed amongst the graves, and it was utterly and indecently neglected. The result of the petition was that it was railed in and a sexton's house built, the Dissenters of the town contributing largely to the expense, and after that it was much used for burials until the abolition of the use of graveyards within towns. There used to be a sort of fair held close by on the Ballast Hills in the first half of the present century, and the booth of Billy Purvis has often been erected outside the old burial-ground.

We will now return to the burn and follow its upward course. We find it, black and sullen, flowing amongst most forbidding surroundings. Slaughter-houses, coal wharves, and dwelling-houses of not the most desirable appearance environ it, and so we reach the bridge at the foot of Byker Bank, over which the road for Shields crosses. Just above the bridge the keels may be seen lying and delivering coal into carts, which are backed axle-deep into the stream to receive their load, while the horses stand impatiently in the cold water. In the cold water, too, we see groups of ragged people with baskets and bags, wading and groping with their hands for the coal which has fallen overboard. Where Lime Street now is, on the right bank, used to stand the lime kilns by the water-side, and opposite, where the engine works are, used to be a little boat-builders' yard, while a little higher up gardens ran to the quay wall of the burn, and their trees hung over the edge. Following up the stream, which flows now between mills and works and black and rickety buildings, we pass the huge flour mills on the spot where used to be the flax spinning-mills of Clark, Plummer, and Company, and find ourselves under the huge brick arches of Byker Bridge, which spans the valley nearly on the site of the Roman Wall. McKenzie informs us that three Roman ashlar stones were built into the quay wall by an old mason who had found them *in situ*, to mark the place where the wall had passed. They ought to be somewhere under the Byker Bridge. After passing the latter we come to another bridge—the old one at the foot of Pottery Bank which crosses the burn almost at right angles to the other. We are now in a truly desolate-looking region of tumble-down houses, dirt, and general neglect. Yet there are traces of the once great beauty of the place, when these houses were neat and trim and had their gardens, and when these bare

banks were covered with shrubs and wild plants. A few venerable remnants of the elder bushes which once bent over the burn may yet be seen amongst the wilderness of broken-down carts and old wheels, and the spent bark heaps which crowd the banks. A short distance further up there is another little stone bridge leading to the lead works, and close by—the seventh bridge in less than half-a-mile—is the high railway viaduct across which run the trains from Tynemouth and the north.

Hitherto the aspect of the Ouseburn, we must confess, has been rather of a nature to discourage anyone who may have paid it a visit to test the truth of the boasts we have made of its beauty; but now the trees begin to appear, and there are certain signs of something better worth seeing. Rather blighted and bedraggled as yet are the banks and the foliage, but still they look fresh and cheerful after the dingy place we have left behind. The chimney on the hill top, amongst the trees, from which the black smoke is rising, is certainly a damper on our hopes, but it is the last we shall see, or nearly the last, when we have once turned yonder bend at Heaton Haugh. There the lower or town portion of the Ouseburn may be said to end, and the country portion to begin. When we have gained that point, the further we go on the greater will be the rural beauties of the valley. But before we do so, and so that we may get rid of the town portion for good, we will retrace our steps to the bridge at the foot of Byker Bank, and ascending to Byker, make the acquaintance of that new suburb of Newcastle.

As we climb Byker Bank, the once pastoral nature of the land hereabouts is brought to recollection by the names of the "Fold" and the "High Fold," on two of the branching streets. The Fold was once a stronghold of the gipsys, but its few thatched cottages have given way to more modern, if not more comfortable houses, and the old name looks strangely incongruous amongst the present surroundings. From the top of the bank the Shields road runs on to Byker Hill, and between these two points we have one of the most remarkable illustrations of the recent growth of Newcastle. A few years ago the road ran between open fields; now it runs through the middle of a new and crowded town. The present generation has seen the lonely country road transformed into the busy gas-lit street. Where the branch street runs down to Heaton Station stood the lodge gates of Heaton Hall, and not long ago the stumps of the hedgerow of the Hall Lane could be seen by the side of the new roadway.

A little further up street a road branches off on the right to the ancient village of Byker, where stands the comparatively new parish church of St. Michael. From this old village the new district takes its name. It is a quiet place now, containing no ancient buildings, but it has all the unmistakable air of an ancient settlement. It was held by Nicholas de Bikar in 1234—one of the family which was so rich in land in the middle ages, to which belonged the ground on which the whole of Pandon and

great part of Newcastle east of it now stands. The Percies held Byker in the time of Henry VI., and after their defeat at Bramham Moor, Edward IV. granted it to his brother, the Duke of Clarence (of Malmsley butt fame). In 1567 it was held by Sir Ralph Lawson, and his descendants, we believe, hold great part of it still. There used to be here, a few years ago, an ancient house—the Blue Bell Inn—which had once been the manor-house of the Lawsons, and perhaps stood on the site of the castle of the De Bykers. Some of its rooms were adorned with carved work and carved oak chimney-pieces, and the walls were hung with old tapestry. The old house was demolished in 1863, and the tapestry was presented to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. G. A. Brumell.

Another of the curiosities of old Byker has also disappeared: the ugly mass of stones piled up in the form of a ruined castle, on the hill top beside the church, and where the windmill used to stand. It was built to form an interesting object in the landscape as seen from Heaton Hall, and the builder may be praised for his humanity if he must be condemned for his want of taste, for it would not have been erected had it not been to give employment to starving people during some of the "hard times" of last century. The sham castle was called "Byker Folly."

Now the chief interest of a visit to Byker lies in the panoramic view of Newcastle you gain from its elevation. There is always something pleasant in looking at a well-known town from some distant and unaccustomed point; and however well-known the town may be to you, there is also something absolutely puzzling and surprising in so viewing it. There are so many strange and unexpected groupings, so many inexplicable shiftings of the churches and prominent buildings, and so many seeming impossibilities become undeniable facts. Our notions of the relative positions and importance of objects undergo many changes. It is like looking at long-past events from the standpoint of the present. The people and the things we imagined when amongst them to be greatest and most important, sometimes sink quite into insignificance when viewed through the mist of years; while others which we did not make much account of loom out now massive and grand, and assume other and quite different positions than those which we had expected them to occupy. So, with our bird's-eye view, steeples, and towers, and bridges, and houses seem, while we were walking up the hill, to have been engaged in a mazy dance, and to have all at once stopped short in the middle of it, while all are out of place. Looking west from the hill upon which the old village of Byker stands, you have Newcastle spread out at your feet. The afternoon's sun hangs over the hills which close in the Team Valley, and casts a dazzling sheen upon the waters of the Tyne, which glimmer and sparkle as they wind away to the left till hidden behind their northern banks. So would they glimmer and sparkle, perhaps, when from this very spot King Edward II. looked down upon yon old town—old even then—five hundred years ago and

more. There is a letter of his extant, dated from Byker, and on the next day one dated from Newcastle. So we may safely conclude that after having finished his correspondence, he would most likely take a ramble, and it is only natural he should wish to take a peep at the town to which he was going on the morrow, and where could he see it better than from here? He would probably lodge at the old house which stood behind us, through the village there, at the edge of the quarry, for it was once a brave house, the old Blue Bell, and most likely in his time was the best place hereabout; and if he did not stay in it he was unlike the generality of kings, who are fond of the best of everything. When he took his afternoon walk he would see a beautiful sight spread out before him. On the right, far over the level plains of East Northumberland, he would see the blue Simonside Hills and the faint line of the Cheviots. On his left, across the valley of the Tyne, he would overlook the undulating surface of the County Palatine. Straight before him, and down below, he would look over green fields and the tops of waving trees—over the pleasant valley of the Ouseburn—and see, close by the water of Tyne, the quaint little medieval town encircled by its clean, new wall, its red roofs glowing warm in the afternoon sunshine, and the blue smoke of its wood fires curling peacefully upwards into the still air. He would see the line of hills which bound the horizon in the direction of Ravensworth, in colour and outline very much as we see them now, with perhaps the same kind of lazy afternoon clouds lying low in the sky beyond; but these nearer hills on which we now see the crowded houses and churches of the climbing sister towns of Newcastle and Gateshead would then glow with the autumn glory of the purple heather, subdued here and there by the sombre green of woods. And while his eye roved over the fair scene, little would he dream—although already he would see upon the river the coal ships of Newcastle—to what vast extent the commerce in the mineral treasures which lay round him, beneath the smiling surface of the soil, would be carried. Little he knew that beneath his feet lay an El Dorado—that beneath these simple grassy plains and waving forests was "the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." Perhaps it was as well he could not pry into futurity, else had his pleasant view this afternoon been marred by sad presentiments of the shame of Bannockburn and the horrors of Berkeley Castle.

Returning to the centre of the view—Newcastle Town—his eye would rest upon the picturesque old bridge, with its load of quaint houses, its chapel, and its fortified gates, which spanned the Tyne where now we can just make out the low Swing Bridge lying across the feet of the tall piers which support the long straight line of Stephenson's famous High Level. The dark grey pile of the old keep he might still recognise were he to see it now, altered as it is, and adorned by its modern battlements; but he would miss the outer walls, gates, and towers, which in his day encircled the central keep, and completed the huge fortress. Where is now yon

broad new quay, bordered by wharves, and cranes, and lines of railway waggons, and heaps of merchandise, surrounded with its crowds of busy people, its droves of oxen and sheep, and long lines of carts and horses, he would see sloping banks fringed with bushes to the water's edge. Further off, where now the Quayside skirts the old part of the town, he would look along the top of the town wall as it ran tapering off in perspective to the Bridge Gate Tower. Where now we see those tiers of long, lithe, iron steamships and tall-masted sailing vessels, he would see the fleet of quaint little argosies, with their high castled poops and bows, which had carried Newcastle's name far and wide, and made her a famous and important commercial town. He would see none of the churches, in form, as we now see them, unless, perhaps, it might be St. Andrew's. St. Nicholas' was building, and had not yet put on her crown. All Saints' was there, but not the All Saints' which we now see. St. John's was not yet built. The stones which form that little church (St. Ann's) which stands straight before and nearest to us on the other side of the Ouseburn valley, then did duty in that part of the town wall we have just mentioned which ran along the riverside. The place of the square tower of St. Mary's, Gateshead, was vacant, but the original church, we are told, was standing, in what form we know not, further down the riverside. There might be, and probably were, windmills on the Windmill Hills beyond it; but certain it is that the good people of Gateshead were jealous of their thriving neighbour over the river, and the "good men and true of Pipewellgate" held with their bailiff their own independent court. These spreading suburbs of Elswick and Westgate on the hillside beyond the town, the dense array of houses which extend in the north to Jesmond and Shieldfield, and stretch their long lines of brick and mortar towards us out of the valley of the Ouseburn up to Byker where we stand, and outflank our position at Heaton on the right and St. Peter's on the left, had no existence then. Together with these dotted church spires and towers, these domes and high piles of buildings which stand out here and there above the rest, they were behind the dark veil of the future. So with that tall, slender column which marks about the centre of the present town, and commemorates Earl Grey, one of the heroes who fought the great battle of Reform in 1832, in which the old lingering feudalism received, let us hope, a mortal wound. When King Edward gazed that afternoon, he only saw the grim castle, type of the giant feudalism, still strong and lusty in spite of the blow it received at Runnymede a hundred years before, lording it over the town, and covering it with its grey shadow. And so with many other sights we see to-day, signs of a state of things the mention of which would have somewhat astonished his feeble-minded Majesty. But he saw things which we vainly look for now; and gladly would we recall, if we could, the view as it lay before his eyes—the monasteries and religious houses of Newcastle, which by their presence tempered the severe and

rigid austerity of the castle and its belongings. Pleasant it must have been to see them embowered in their orchard trees, and rising here and there above the humble roofs of the people; pleasant to hear their bells ring out sweet messages of peace to that warlike and iron age; pleasant to look upon the pure sky, the purple hills, the waving forests, the far-stretching plains; pleasant to trace the course of the old Roman Wall, coming over Westgate Hill, lost in the town, reappearing again just outside the walls, running past our right hand and away behind us across the flat Walker Moor down to the winding waters of the Tyne, where we could see it almost to Wallsend; and pleasant to turn in to our comfortable quarters in the house of the De Bykers behind, and partake of the evening meal with many a gallant nobleman and knight, and with merry song and tale beguile the evening hour, and talk of our entry on the morrow into Newcastle upon ye Tine.

CHAPTER VI.

OUSEBURN CONTINUED—THE UPPER PART, WITH HEATON AND JESMOND.

WE left the Ouseburn at Heaton Haugh, and here again we join it to wander further up its valley. No longer bordered by crowding houses and factories, no longer gliding under a cloud of smoke and choked with slimy impurities, but flowing between grassy banks and overhung by waving trees we see the burn. Rather trodden and broken-down, it is true, are its banks hereabout, but not the less beautiful when we consider that its condition is the evidence of its usefulness. Lovely, indeed, is the undisturbed beauty of the country when, far from the madding crowd, it is seen and enjoyed by the few; but there is something beyond loveliness—something gladdening though touching—in the sight of nature, trampled and worn, yet still beautiful, offering itself a sacrifice, and a sacrifice not in vain, to the good of the many. Every downtrodden blade of grass, every foot-worn stone by the edge of the stream, every naked wound in the galled withers of the earth, is full of beauty when we consider the happy crowds which have caused the ruin, and the happy hours which have been passed in unintentionally accomplishing it. "Up the Burn!" (What memories of boyhood's days, what visions of surpassing and long past enjoyment, do these words recall to thousands of Newcastle people now toiling in the town of their birth or in other parts of the world!) What hopes do they not excite in thousands of young hearts still, yearning for Saturday morning and the long day by the burnside! The boys of the

present day (the more's the pity) have not the chance their fathers had in their young days, of getting as much of the burn as they would like. The burden of the old song, "It's private up the burn," is now more true than it was when the song was written. Many a spot which was free and open then is closed now; yet still there are some places where the sweet pleasures of scrambling up the bushy banks, and dabbling and "plodging" in the water, so dear to every English boy, can be enjoyed.

Before wending our way onward we will explore a little tributary stream which joins the burn opposite Heaton Haugh. It is the stream which used to rise at Brandling village, and flowing down to near the Clayton Memorial Church, disappeared underground and emerged at Lambert's Leap. It still falls from the arch beneath the fatal parapet of the latter place to the ancient and deep bed down below, and now, little better than a common sewer, flows open to the burn through its little valley, which even now shows traces of much past beauty. From Lambert's Leap a lane leads down by the side of this little stream—a beautiful lane once, but now sadly altered. The well-known "Drop Well" now drops no more. The market garden still remains at the one side of the steep "Break-toe Bank," as it used to be called, but the orchard on the other side, which stood on the sloping bank of the burn, where the apple trees used to bend over the pathway and yield rare windfalls to the boys in stormy autumn weather, is now a waste barren place, full of blighted trees. At the foot of the lane the little stream is crossed by a tiny wooden aquaduct, known as the "Washing tubs," through which flows the millrace, to form which the Ouseburn is dammed higher up.

At Heaton Haugh the Ouseburn—for now we return to it once more—is crossed by a little wooden bridge, and higher up, below the dam, is the pool reputed by many generations of schoolboys to be bottomless, and in which more than one Newcastle schoolboy has met his death. Its glory is sadly departed, for by the falling of the banks it is much shoaled up. In the stone wall which supports the bank here some enthusiastic admirer of the spot once on a time cut the words "Tempes Vale," and well worthy of the name was the scene, and most picturesque is it still, though the inscribed stone is gone. Above the dam the still water reflects the trees which grow on the margin of the stream, and high-wooded banks rise up on either side.

A little further up, and we see the village of Jesmond Vale spreading along the right bank of the burn. A quiet little place it is, shut in by sloping grassy banks and hanging woods; and most picturesque it looks from a hundred points of view, with its scattered houses, its gardens and fields, and the race of the old Flint Mill flowing through it. This race once turned the wheel of Rennison's flour mill—Rennison, known far and wide as the "King of the Millers," and as such saluted by the lads of the vale when he gave them of his royal largess in the shape of coppers—Rennison, who

was a very Boythorn in his persistent claim to a right of way in which he was opposed by old Ralph Naters the brewer, which said claim led to many altercations, and finally to blows, between the two, to the immense delight of the miller's youthful and mercenary subjects. The bridge did not always stand in its present situation. We are told that some years ago the means of communication between the village and the opposite bank (when the stepping-stones were not available) was a cranky wooden bridge at Rennison's mill. A right of way lay through the mill, and the door-way, which opened on the bridge, may still be seen built up with brick-work in the wall of the Flint Mill, nearly opposite the old pit shaft.

Opposite Jesmond Vale is Heaton Park, which we may enter by a side gate. Alongside this gate there used to be a well, or rather spout, from whence a runner of water flowed; and hither came the Jesmond Vale folk, over the stepping-stones, for water. Heaton Park is now the property of the town of Newcastle, and is part of the Heaton estate, once belonging to those famous Newcastle grandees, the Ridleys. Heaton Hall, called by a local poet (the author of *A Pleasant Description of Benwell Village*) "Heaton's sweet, commodious seat," still stands just outside the public park, on its south-east side. On the site of it there was a medieval building, traces of which still are to be seen in parts of the present building. Here was probably the chapel in which, in 1299, King Edward I. heard a boy-bishop perform the vespers of St. Nicholas, on the 6th of December, and gave the infant prelate and his companions the sum of forty shillings. The boy-bishop was one of the religious shows invented, along with other church spectacles, stage-plays, and pastimes (such as the "Feast of Fools" and "Feast of Asses"), to fill the place of the heathen stage-plays, circuses, gladiators, and other amusements which had been forbidden by the Christian church. It is supposed to have existed in every parish in England. The boy-bishop was elected on St. Nicholas' Day (6th December), and his office and authority lasted till Innocents' Day (the 28th). He and his youthful clergy performed all the ceremonies and offices of the church except mass. Heaton Hall, in 1617, was in possession of Henry Babington, Esq., and on the 1st May in that year was honoured by a visit from King James I., who, on taking leave, bestowed the honour of knighthood on his host. It is associated with the memory of Matthew Ridley, Esq., "the bright star of Heaton," who married the daughter of Sir M. White, and was rebuilt by one of the Ridleys in 1713, when the two towers were added and the front faced with stone.

Heaton Park and the Armstrong Park adjoining are the most beautiful of all the Newcastle parks. They are no mere waste level fields, lately planted with trees and intersected by monotonous gravelled walks—no mere creations of the landscape gardener's art—but beautiful pieces of old woodland, which have for generations been left for the most part in Nature's hands. It is true that much has been done, by laying-out necessary walks, and by making

unnecessary alterations, to disturb the old wild nature of the place ; but there is such wealth of well-grown timber, such abundance of bushy underwood, and such romantic diversity of hill and dale, that what has been done does not obtrude itself so much as might be feared. The unnecessary alterations, to our mind, are in the digging-up of the soil by the sides of the more secluded footpaths, and the planting of garden flowers and shrubs in place of the much more beautiful wild underwood which was originally there. We fancy that ferns and brambles, primroses and bluebells, growing in rich profusion as Nature alone can arrange them, are better objects to look at by the side of a woodland path than rhododendrons and such-like plants, stuck in formal array in the naked soil, with a border of broken stones and London pride. By all means let us have flower-beds, glowing in bright colours, and even arranged in formal geometric order, but let them be in their proper place. In the open spots, by the wide promenades, their gay colours add to the pleasure of the people who crowd to listen to the music of the band on the terrace, and their arrangement and their development are pleasantly suggestive to the skill of man. But in the quiet nooks, with the great trees overhead, where the music is the song of birds, the wild entanglement of the underwood, and the simple beauty of the wild flowers, bring pleasure of another kind and thoughts of a higher skill. Here the paths should be paths only, without any attempt at gardening by their edges—paths as well made and as hard and dry as it is possible to make them, but looking simply as if worn by the footsteps of the passers through the wood. Here true art would consist in its own concealment, and Capability Brown would shine most where his work was least seen and suspected. It is to be hoped that the many parts of the park which have been so far wisely left in their natural state may be allowed to continue permanently so, for it is the chief end of a public park to give townspeople the nearest possible approach to a walk in the country without going out of town for it. Where no natural beauties exist, it is necessary to make the nearest resemblance we can to them by artifice ; but where they are ready to our hand, it would be the height of folly to destroy nature for the mere sake of substituting art in its place.

A visit to Heaton Park is always enjoyable, whether in the early morning when it is still and quiet, or in the evening when it is thronged with people. It is a real people's park, and not a mere fashionable lounge like some of the others. Its frequenters are of all classes, and the most gratifying feature about it is to see that it is largely used by the children from the crowded districts of the neighbourhood ; for is it not amongst them that the fresh air and beautiful surroundings will have the best effect and do the most good? It is pleasant to see them here, free and untrammelled by the sense of being out of place, quite at home, rolling on the grass or watching with keen interest the water-fowl on the lake and the other sights of the place.

Standing beside the circular temple-like building on the hill, which was presented to Sir Matthew White Ridley by his tenants and friends, we have a splendid view stretched out before us. Down below is the playground, a great grassy space, with the happy children dotted all over it, and surrounded by a great belt of dark green trees, with the blue smoke of Jesmond Vale curling upwards beyond them on the left, and the waters of the lake gleaming through them on the right. Then, further away, the old windmill on the hill towers upwards, and the trees are seen beyond it in great banks, one behind another, each bank fainter and bluer than the other, till past "Sir William's Bridge" (as the people have learned to call it) the valley of the Ouseburn is seen, a blue misty hollow between its foliage-clad and lofty banks.

Going down into the hollow, where are the bear pit and the lake, we see the swans and water-fowl of various kinds swimming fearlessly up to the bystanders and looking up to be fed. The great trees cast a deep shade here, pleasant on summer days; and emerging from it on the other side, we find ourselves amidst a blaze of light. The bowling-green, smooth and trim as a bowling-green proverbially is, and the croquet-ground alongside, form the centre of the scene. Round about them are a glowing border of flowers, scarlet, and crimson, and yellow, and every gorgeous colour. Then on the north side rises the terrace, with its fountain, its aviary, and its hot-houses, and surrounding the whole is a dense and sombre girdle of tall trees.

A little footpath on the right of the way leading to the gates takes us to the ruins of the medieval building known locally as King John's Palace. They stand within the park close to the north-east boundary, and there may be some truth in the tradition which connects them with King John, as we know that Robert de Gaugy, one of his adherents, possessed the barony of Heaton, and that, when in the north, the king stayed in his house. The only remains of the building are three sides of a square tower—the northern, eastern, and western walls, which measure each about thirty feet in length. The height of the building is about thirty-five or forty feet on the west side, and a little less on the others. Going inside, we see that there has been a modern doorway made in the north wall, and above it we see in the wall the holes where joists have once been, showing that the building has had an upper floor. Above the door is a wide window with an elliptic arched top, which is now built up. On the eastern side there is another window, smaller than that just mentioned. It is also on the upper floor, is pointed, and its opening widens out towards the inside, while three or four stone steps run up its sill. There is an arrow-slit beneath it in the wall of the ground floor. On the west side there is a round arched doorway on the upper storey, which pierces through the thickness of the wall, and its other side can be seen by going outside the ruins, but it is now bricked up. There is at the north-west corner of the tower a sort of turret apparently of solid

masonry. It may be that there is a chamber within which could be reached from the side of the doorway just mentioned. The old tower now stands solitary by the side of the new bowling-green. A short time ago a cottage stood adjoining it on the west, and very picturesque the two buildings looked amongst the orchard trees surrounding them, and a fine picture they would have made as seen from the south-east, with the old windmill and the trees on the bank top behind, and the blue valley of the burn in the distance. The ivy still clings to the old ruins, the grass grows green on the top of their walls—

> "And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
> Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads."

Passing out of the north gate of Heaton Park, it is but a few steps across the road to the Armstrong Park, which extends along the valley-side to Benton Road. From the high hill on which stands the old mill, that familiar and picturesque feature in the Ouseburn landscape, which we hope will never be removed, as has been proposed, we look down upon the park, the princely gift of Sir William Armstrong to the townsmen of Newcastle. Behind us is the long line of beech trees which divide with the windmill the honours of the elevation on which we stand ; over the tree tops on our left we see the spires and steeples of Newcastle, and on our right the valley of the burn. Descending to the carriage drive below we see by its side, half embedded in the turf, the old tombstone of the glassmaker's little daughter, Abagail Tisack, who "departed this life the 7th weack of her life, Anno 1679." We have before noticed its wanderings. It is broken in two, which happened in carrying it here from St. Lawrence. A pleasant walk along the drive, or one of the shaded footpaths, brings us to the north end of the park. On our way we catch through the trees glimpses of the burn down below, running in a white sheet of foam over the dam of Jesmond Flint Mill ; of haymakers, too, in the fields over beyond the sandy bankside, which is honeycombed with holes, in and out of which the martins are constantly flying. And leaving the park, we find ourselves on the east side of "Sir William's Bridge," a graceful structure of iron and stone which spans the valley from St. Mary's Mount to the top of Benton Bank. It saves the hard pull up the steep bank which the old road entails, and is a great convenience, but will be a greater when the town, as it will do soon, extends eastwards beyond it. From it we have a real bird's-eye view, for we are above the tree tops. Over the southern parapet we see Benton Bridge, and the old road running up from it on either side. We see the burn come flowing down past Jesmond Vale. We see the windmill on the hill above the trees of the park, and beyond we see the turrets of Heaton Hall. Nearer to us we see the "Green Water Pool" and the piece of land extending from it to the now walled-off road, which was, until about fifteen years ago, open to the public. The pool was a favourite

bathing place of the Newcastle youth, and we hope it may one day be added to the park, together with the strip of land by the burnside below it. It would much increase the beauty of the park if it had the Ouseburn flowing alongside and included in its boundary.

We turn to the other side of the bridge, and look down at the burn winding past Busy Cottage in the level haugh below. Quiet as the place is now, it was once "busy cottage" in reality as well as in name, when, at the end of last century, Mr. Malin Sorsbie had his ironworks here, and when, over the way, Mr. Yellowley's mill was in full swing. On our right we see the latest gift of the great engineer of Newcastle to his townsmen—the beautiful grounds which extend up the right-hand side of the valley so far, and then on both sides nearly to Gosforth—grounds which were a few years ago open, and which were purchased by Sir William Armstrong, closed in, beautified, replanted, and laid-out at immense expense, and which are now thrown open again, not as a place where the people may wander as in fear of being arrested as trespassers, but where they may freely tread with the full assurance of ownership, or at least of heirship. Of all the patrons of Newcastle we have read of—the Robert Rhodeses and Roger Thorntons—there are none who, for munificence and generosity, can compare with Sir William Armstrong ; and those who, in after years, shall chronicle the history of the city of Newcastle, will add his name to the roll of her great benefactors. But for him this perfect paradise of a valley on which we look might ere now have been wrecked and ruined, and perhaps built upon.

Leaving the bridge at St. Mary's Mount, and turning to the right, we pass by the entrance to the old Jesmond gardens, once a rustic resort of Newcastle holiday-makers, and see over the wall on our right the white-washed house called Stote's Hall, which stands overlooking the valley. We see the Elizabethan drip mouldings over some of the windows, and the old gate-posts surmounted by round knobs of stone built into the boundary-wall. The Stotes, an ancient family of yeomen, originally of Hedworth, county of Durham, are mentioned as early as 1538. Sir Robert Stote came to live here at Stote's Hall in 1658 ; but its most famous occupant was Dr. Charles Hutton, the great mathematician, who kept a school in it.

We now approach the end of our journey, for, like the pilgrims of old, we will go no further than the Chapel of Our Lady of Jesmond. A very short distance past Stote's Hall we see the ruins of the chapel standing amidst a little clump of trees in the field on our left. The Hospital and Chapel of the Virgin Mary existed in 1351, when Sir Alexander de Hilton and Matilda his wife presented the chaplainship to Sir William de Heighington. Whether it was founded by the De Hiltons is not known ; but at this time it may be interesting to know that Jesmond appertained to the manor of Gaugy, the castle of whose lords we saw in Heaton Park, and that in 1383 it was the residence of Adam de Athol (mentioned in our

account of St. Andrew's church). What parts of the present Jesmond the ancient name included we know not. The next mention of the place is in 1510, when we read of a great number of Newcastle people, headed by some of their aldermen, coming to Jesmond to kill the Prior of Tynemouth. Why they came, and whether they succeeded, is another point on which history is silent; but it is probable that it was at the hospital here that the prior lodged, and that we are now on the spot where our ancestors came with such blood-thirsty intentions. The Priors of Tynemouth were in possession of the chapel and hospital at about this time. Edward VI. granted them to the corporation of Newcastle, which, in turn, sold them to Sir Robert Brandling. We read of Sir Francis Anderson and others in 1658 selling possessions here to William Coulson, Esq., where his descendants resided until 1809. For long the chapel was used as a barn and stable, and the hospital was rebuilt and converted into a dwelling-house. Close to the chapel is a little dell, through which runs a tiny rivulet, and in which is the famous St. Mary's Well, which was said to have had as many steps down to it as there are articles in the Apostles' Creed. Mr. Coulson, we are told by McKenzie in 1827, enclosed the dell for a bathing-place, but he had no sooner done this than the water left it. There were whispers of profanation of a holy place amongst the superstitious, but soon the water returned in greater abundance than ever. The well still remains, though the road has of late years been diverted, and now runs across the little dell (which has been filled in for the purpose) below the well, instead of running round between the well and the chapel, as it once did. The ruins of the chapel are in a fair state of preservation, considering their age and the neglect they have suffered; and we may apply to them with truth the lines which John Cunningham, our Newcastle poet, wrote on another place:—

"Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
Here Time has passed—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallowed base,
Turned not his step, nor could his course delay.

. . . . . .

"Yet the hoar tyrant, though not moved to spare,
Relented when he struck its finished pride,
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied."

We have now concluded our survey of Newcastle, as far as she yet extends east, west, and north. We will proceed in our next and concluding part to run over the list of famous and noted people of our town—to give a brief sketch of the Trades' Guilds which have played such a part in her career—and finally, to recount some other interesting points in her history, and show how she ceased at last to be a town any more.

PART VI.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRADES' GUILDS AND MYSTERIES OF NEWCASTLE.

N Saxon times there were associations, sometimes religious, sometimes secular, amongst the inhabitants of most English towns. They partook very much of the nature of our modern friendly societies, and besides, were leagues for mutual defence against injury and violence. Like many of our modern societies, their members were subject to fines for swearing or using harsh words against one another during their meetings ; but one curious feature in which they differed from the modern societies was, that they assured, not only their own members' lives, but also the lives of those any of their members should happen to slay. In those days every man's life had its legal money value, called the *were-gild*, which value varied according to his rank ; and the guilds bound themselves to pay such money liabilities as their members might incur through homicide. A characteristic rule was that no member of any such society should eat or drink in the company of one who had killed his fellow-member, save only in the presence of the king, bishop, or alderman.

After the Norman conquest the guilds became more numerous, and gradually developed into trade societies for the exclusion of competition. "Thus," says Hallam "were established the companies in corporate towns, and these were successively consolidated and sanctioned by charter from the Crown." So the old Saxon

Guild (from the Saxon verb *gildan*, to pay or contribute) developed into the Norman mystery (from the French *metier*, a trade).

These trades' unions wielded great power in Newcastle, and as there was no corporation, they may be said to have held the actual internal government in their own hands. The Provost, appointed by the crown, was the nominal chief magistrate, and he held divided power with the Sheriff of Northumberland, who held the town under the crown, and was paid a certain acknowledgment or free rent by each burgess. We know how the sheriffs acted in their capacity of crown agents as custodians of the castle—how they allowed the building to fall into decay, and misappropriated the funds which ought to have gone to keep it in proper repair; and as their receipts from the town rents were in proportion to the prosperity of the burgesses, we may assume that their honesty did not stand in the way of allowing the trades' companies to use any means of maintaining their monopolies, in consideration of illegal tallages over and above their rents. That such illegal tallages were paid to many of the feudal lords by the burgesses of towns is matter of history.

The burgesses were originally neither more nor less than the whole body of the inhabitants of the town, who contributed to the charges and engaged themselves to act in its defence. Fellowship in any of the trades' companies was not a necessary qualification of burgage: a person might be free of the town and yet belong to none of them; but so strong did these bodies become, that they made it to all intents and purposes a qualification, and so by custom it continued. The rapacity and poverty of our early kings saw in the trades' societies a ready means of obtaining supplies, and the societies on their side made the necessity of the king the means of extending their own power. They were eager and willing to pay the many exactions, the dones, aids, and tallages of the crown, so long as they got in return some substantial though, perhaps, unjust privilege or monopoly. Many interesting items crop up in the accounts of these payments. One of them is the sum of 100 marks, an aid towards the ransom of Richard Cœur de Lion; another, a like sum paid to Henry III. for the privilege that in future no Jew should dwell in Newcastle. Strangers of any kind coming to the town were looked upon with suspicion, and were not allowed to carry arms until they had been residents for some time, which was quite right and prudent in such a state of society as then existed; but, in addition, the avenues of trade were practically closed to all except the members of the companies. The sons of strangers were allowed sometimes to serve apprenticeships to free burgesses for the franchise, but there were many restrictions to this indulgence. As all the tradesmen of the town were necessarily members of the trades' companies, and as the great body of the people of the town were engaged in trade of some sort, the fiction that only members of the companies were burgesses became firmly settled in men's minds, though we believe that any

man paying scot or lot, and answering to the ratepayer of the present day, was entitled to all the privileges of burgage whether he was a member of any society or not. The term free burgess, which originally implied a really free and independent citizen, henceforth practically meant only such as had bound themselves by the oaths, rules, and regulations of the incorporated companies. Though there were two sorts of freemen—those free of the town and not belonging to any company, and those free of a trade, or a member of a trade company—the former was practically without municipal power, and had not the privilege, like the others, of making his apprentices free by servitude ; besides, he was subject to the persecution of the companies for infringement of their innumerable trading rights. The members of the companies themselves, it must be said, were strictly regulated in their business by their own rules. They were bound by them as to the number of their workmen and the wages to be paid them ; the prices charged for their goods ; the hours of labour ; the times of opening and closing their shops, and even the arrangement of their wares for show. If they thus looked so sharply after their own members, to see that none took advantage of another, we may judge how they would badger and bait the non-member tradesmen, and even drive them out of the town, for their power was great enough for this. When King John, "Newcastle's patron," as Ralph Gardiner calls him, granted the burgh in fee-farm to the burgesses, the companies became more powerful than ever ; successive royal charters, "given for money, or money's worth," increased their privileges. And at length when the town, instead of a Provost appointed by the crown, was governed by a Mayor elected by the burgesses, the very method of election went to show the power of the trades' companies, for the electors were all members of their various bodies.

The abuses which grew out of the special monopolies and privileges of the trades we have partly shown in our chapter treating of the history of the river Tyne. We would rather now turn to a more pleasant side of the picture, and speak of the figure the companies cut in old time social life. The list of them given by Brand is full of curious details of their management, and we will give an epitome of it.

He commences with twelve companies, called "Misteries," first of which we have the *Merchants* of *Woolen Cloths*, *alias Drapers*, who kept up their dignity as the first company named in the charter. Then come the *Mercers*, followed by the *Skinners*. Next we have the *Taylors*, whose rules direct that the common light of the company shall go before the corpse of every brother when carried to church for interment, and continue there lighted during mass-time and till it is interred. This common light was a great wax candle. Fifth in order we have the *Saddlers*, and next the *Merchants* of *Corn*, or *Boothmen*. Then come the *Bakers* and *Brewers*, who had a monopoly of common baking and brewing in the town and whole port of Tyne, including Shields. Eighth were the *Tanners*, ninth

the *Cordwainers*, and tenth the *Butchers*. The *Smiths* were strictly enjoined not to attend meeting with their aprons on, but every brother was to be clad in a decent coat or cloak. Last in the list was the company of *Fullers* and *Dyers*, which met in its liveries in the Carlel Croft, at six in the morning on St. John's day in May, and upon St. John's day at Christmas, at one in the afternoon.

Fifteen companies, called "Bye Trades," are next catalogued. The first of these, the *Masters* and *Mariners*, has already been mentioned in our account of the Trinity House. The *Weavers*, like many others, would take no Scot as apprentice, and in 1527 we find them making a rule that "any brother calling another 'Scot,' or 'mansworn,' in malice, should forfeit 6s. 8d., without any forgiveness." Next in order come the *Barber-Chirurgeons*, with *Chandlers*, who are to shave none on Sunday, and to meddle with no cure which another brother has taken in hand, under penalty. Then follow the *Cutlers*, the *Shipwrights*, the *Coopers*, the *House Carpenters*, the *Masons*, the *Glovers*, and the *Joiners*. Eleventh appear the *Milners*, or *Millers*, who have the curious bye-law, under date 8th April 1672—"If any brother shall attend the burial of another with a black hat, to be fined 6d." The *Curriers*, *Feltmakers*, and *Armourers'* Company is next; then that of the *Colliers*, *Paviours*, and *Carriagemen*; after the *Slaters* comes the Company of *Glaziers*, with *Plumbers*, *Pewterers*, and *Painters* ending the list of the fifteen Bye Trades.

The *Goldsmiths* head the list of "Companies not of the fifteen Bye Trades," and are followed by the *Waits*, or *Musicians*, mentioned before in our description of the Northern Walls. The *Scriveners*, the *Bricklayers*, the *Ropemakers*, the Company of *Upholsterers*, *Tin-plate Workers*, and *Stationers*, founded in 1675, the *Sailmakers*, the *Mettors* (or meters) for keels and boats, and the *Porters*, conclude Brand's list.

He gives also a list of companies which had become extinct. First amongst these is the *Cooks'* Company, whose rules ordered that no brother should forestall in the market either fish, flesh, or fowl. None but this society should keep shop or dress abroad any dinners at marriages, burials, or churchings. They shall keep up the bonfires on Sandhill every year—*i.e.*, one on Midsummer Eve and one on St. Peter's Eve. All public sellers of pies or pastry to pay thirteenpence per annum to this society. It became extinct in 1692. Following one another is the melancholy list of the past-and-gone societies of *Spicers*, *Furbishers*, *Sword Slippers*, *Bowyers*, *Fletchers* or *Arrowmakers*, *Spurriers*, *Girdlers*, *Vintners*, and *Keelmen*.

While busy in the pages of Brand we may as well give his concise account of the advantages enjoyed by the free burgesses of Newcastle, which runs as follows:—

"All the sons of a free burgess claim the franchise of their father by patrimony. There is a kind of double franchise—the fellowship with the general body, called the freedom of the town, and that of

some particular company, usually styled the freedom of a trade; and the person who enjoys both is said to be free of town and trade. Anyone who has a right to the freedom of Newcastle, if he marries a freeman's daughter before his admission, pays 6s. 8d. less on admission than those who claim the freedom by servitude or patrimony. The franchise devolves on a freeman's widow. She can enfranchise the apprentices of her husband, if he had been free of any company, and she continues to carry on his business. She inherits also her husband's exemption from tolls, quay dues, etc., all which are lost if she marry a non-freeman. With a right to vote for two representatives in Parliament, every burgess and widow of a burgess may claim two stints on the common and common pasture of the town. Every freeman is also exempt from the payment of tolls, quay dues, river dues, etc. Franchise is also obtained by servitude. Anciently this servitude was, in some companies, for ten years; it cannot at present be less than seven. A master who is free of the town only cannot make his apprentice free; for, in order to this, the franchise of some company is indispensable. If a father who is possessed of a right of franchise die before admission, all his sons forfeit their claim. There are hospitals in Newcastle for the reception of aged freemen and widows of freemen, admission to which is obtained by election. It is usual on admission to present the mayor or alderman who admits with a silver penny."

Here is the form of a freeman's oath given by the same historian from an old copy :—"Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—You swear that you shall from henceforth hold with our sovereign lady the Queen's Majesty that now is, and with her heirs and successors, kings and queens of England, against all persons, to live and to die, and maintain the peace and all the franchises of this town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and be obedient to the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriff, and all other the officers of the same; and their counsel keep. And no man's goods avow for yours, unless he be as free as yourself and of the same franchise: and you shall observe and keep to the best of your power all the lawful ordinances made by common consent on high court days; and all other things shall you do that belong to a freeman of the said town. So help you God. 13th November 1704.—John Wheatley, Cordwainer, was this day admitted and sworn a free burgess of this corporation before the Right Worshippful Thomas Wass, Esq., Mayor, and stands charged with a musquet in defence of the same."

In our list of trades' companies we have purposely omitted the mention which Brand makes of their meetings on Corpus Christi Day, and of the miracle plays they then performed, deeming it better to notice these interesting matters by themselves. It must have been a pleasant sight to have seen the companies marching from their various places of assembly, and uniting in a grand procession through the town, with torches and candles burning, and with banners, and silken canopies, and bands of music. The

mayor, and aldermen, and town officers, in their robes, ride first, followed by the craftsmen, each arrayed in the attire of some Bible worthy or hero of ancient history. King David and King Solomon, St. George of Cappadocia, Alexander the Great, and many another famous man of old move on, and are looked upon with admiration and cheered by the crowds which line the streets or gaze from the tapestry-hung windows. The trumpets sound, the banners wave, the air is full of the music of the bands and of the joyous peals of the bells of old St. Nicholas' and its three dependant churches. And so the procession moves until it is time to break up, and each party files off to its appointed place, and the crowd takes its choice of the many entertainments which are about to be opened at the Sandhill, the Spital, and other favourable parts of the town. Great stages are erected, some of them being permanent structures mounted on wheels, and on them the various trades perform their different plays. We may at will see the Millers play the "Deliverance of the Children of Israel out of the thraldom, bondage, and servitude of King Pharoah;" or the Weavers, the "Bearing of the Cross;" or the Blacksmiths, the "Purification;" or the Tailors, the "Descent into Hell;" or the Barber-Chirurgeons, the "Baptising of Christ;" or the House Carpenters, "His Burial;" or the Masons, the "Burial of Our Lady St. Mary the Virgin;" or the Goldsmiths play the "Three Kings of Cologne." The Shipwrights' ancient play or dirge, "Noah's Ark," is the only one of all these mentioned the subject matter of which we now have any record. Bourne gives it in his *History*, and the characters introduced are Noah, an angel, Noah's wife, and the Devil, etc. The earliest miracle plays performed in Newcastle were in 1426, and perhaps the reason that many of them have left no literary evidence of their existence is, that they were played principally in dumb show, with perhaps a little impromptu speaking by the characters. In 1578 we find them declining, and only acted occasionally by special command of the mayor. In the beginning of the reign of James I. they were finally suppressed.

Processions of the trades' companies continued to be held annually on their several head meeting days. As lately as 1823 the Cordwainers' Society celebrated the festival of St. Crispin by holding a coronation of their patron saint in the court of the Peace and Unity Hospital, now the Westgate Police Station, and afterwards walking in procession through the town. The glassmakers' procession of the same year is noted in the local annals as something extraordinary. In it figured members of the company blowing glass trumpets, and clad in hats of glass with feathers of the same material, also stars, collars, and other decorations made of glass; while, strangest of all, glass cannons were fired in the streets. Now-a-days we have processions in which the trades' unions take part, but they are got up in celebration of some special object, and are not pure and simple trades' meetings. Of such a character was the great Nine Hours' Movement procession of a few years

ago, and the Stephenson Centenary procession. The annual May-day procession of horses used in trade is a new feature, and a very interesting one, in this connection.

In looking over the annals of the old Newcastle guilds, the apprentices and their doings form a somewhat prominent feature. These saucy youths, who, as a favourite tradition says, petitioned against having salmon for dinner more than twice a-week, seem to have occasioned their masters a good deal of trouble in other ways. It would appear that they were as nice in their apparel as in their eating, as various records of the companies show. An act of the Merchant Adventurers, made in 1554, "for the apperell of apprentices," gives us a graphic picture of the amusements of the companies' young gallants of the days of Queen Mary. It declaims against the "dyseng, cardeng, mummyng, typling, and daunseng;" and against the "garded cotes, jagged hose lyned with silke, and cutt shoes; what use of gitternes by night! what wearynge of berds! —what daggers ys by them worne crosse overthwarte their backs, and theis theire dooings are more cumlye and decent for rageing ruffians than seemlie for honest apprentizes!" The act sternly forbids them to "daunse, dyse, carde, or mum, or use any gytternes; to wear any cut hose, cut shoes, or pounced jerkens, or any berds; to weare none other hoses than sloppes of course clothe, whereof the yarde do not excede 12d. Their shoes and cotes to be of course clothe, and housewife's makinge." This hard sumptuary law must have fallen heavily upon some of the young Newcastle bucks, especially as the apprentices of mayors, sheriffs, and aldermen were excepted from its provisions.

The apprentices seem in time to have again lapsed into the luxury of brave array and merry living, for in the year of Elizabeth's death new laws are made to keep them in bounds. They are enjoined "not to daunce or use musick in the streets at night. Their apparel of cloth to be under 10s. per yard, and if of fustian, under 3s. They are not to weare any velvet or lace on their apparel, neither any silke garters, silke or velvet girdles, silke points, worsted or Jersey stockings, shoe strings of silke, pumpes, pantofles, or cork shoes, hats lined with velvet, nor double cypress hat bands, nor cloaks and daggers, neither any ruffled bands, but plain falling bands without lace; neither shall they wear their hair long, nor locks at their ears like ruffians." The refractory and disobedient are to be imprisoned in the Westgate, where a jaoler is appointed and paid 40s. per year for their special benefit.

Still, laws or no laws, "boys will be boys," and the apprentices are again, in 1649, too gay in their attire for the Puritan elders of the town. Bye-laws are again passed. Every apprentice "must cutt his haire from the crowne of his head, and keepe his forehead bare; his locks, if any, shall not reach below the lap of his ear, and the same length to be observed behind; if sick, he shall weare a linen cap, and no other, and that without lace. They shall weare

no beaver hatts nor castors. If their hats be black, they shall have black bands; if grey, bands suitable, but neither gold nor silver worked in any of them, neither fancies nor ribbons at the hatbands. Clothes shall be made up plain, without lace or any other trimming except buttons on them in only places needful, and no better than silk. Shall wear no cutts, boot, hos tops, or culloured shoes of Spanish leather, longneb'd boots or shoes; noe silke garters at all, no show strings than ferret or cotton riband; no gloves but plain, nor boots but when they ride."

At a court held 5th October 1649 nine apprentices refused to conform, and were allowed till 7th December to consider of it, when three of them, "shewing themselves disobedient and very obstinate, were first in open court (where a dish is said to have been kept, by the edge of which their hair was cut round) made exemplary by shortning their hayre, and taking from their clothes superfluous ribbining; and for their wilful obstinacy were committed to prison, where each was allowed no more than twopence in bread, and one quart of table beare per diem." After eleven days' confinement they petitioned the governor and fellowship, and desired their worships "to passe by and be oblivious of all their misdemeanours," promising also to conform on their enlargement, which was granted them. The formal appearance exhibited by these disfigured youths provoked the satire of even these very formal times, and we find accordingly a brother of the society complained of for mocking them, and calling them "the company's cowed tupps," in the homely language of the age.

The companies were very particular in the choice of their apprentices, Scots especially being eschewed. Quakers and Papists, too, were ineligible, and the Coopers passed a bye-law to the effect that no Dutchman should be bound to them. In 1564 we find the Merchant Adventurers forbidden by their society to admit as apprentice any person born in "Tynedale, or such like place. The parties there brought up are known, either by education or nature, not to be of honest conversation."

In the days of the Commonwealth there was an order made concerning the religion of apprentices, part of which is well worth quotation, and runs as follows:—"1656.—Order made concerning the religion of apprentices. Preamble runs—Whereas in these late times, wherein iniquity abounds, wee finde by wooful experience a great apostacy and falling off from the truth to popery, quakerism, and all manner of heresy and unheard-of blasphemy and profaneness. No popish recusant, quaker, or any who shall not attend duly on his maister at the public ordinances, or any who is base begotten, crooked or lame, or any other way deformed, be taken apprentice on pain of being find too marks."

The apprentices are further enjoined, in 1697—"Not to go to dancing or fencing schools, music houses, lotteries, or play-houses, o keep horses, dogs for hunting, or fighting cocks, till they have served seven years."

There are many instances in the records of the societies of merchants having left by will sums of money to be lent out, free of interest, to young trading brothers for certain terms, in order that they might be able to make a start in the world, which instances form pleasant oases in the desert of restrictions, and fines, and penalties which crowd the books.

The old power of the guilds has long since departed. Their dog-in-the-manger policy has been the cause of their fall. Increased population and increased demand called upon them to loosen their restrictions upon trade, but they held on, not only to their real charter-rights and powers, but also to their self-constituted monoplies and bye-laws. In comparatively early times the attention of Parliament was called to their abuses of power. In the reign of Henry VII. they were complained of as having "many unlawful and unreasonable ordinances for their own singular profit, and to the common hurt and damage of the people." Successive Acts of Parliament have taken away the absurd hindrances they placed in the way of general business, and now many of the companies are extinct, and the remainder are gradually decaying. Their members, although they hold their meetings as of yore, no longer dream of confederacy against the liberty of the mart, but each man holds his business by his own hand and industry, against the competition of his neighbours.

CHAPTER II.

OF SOME NOTABLE PEOPLE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOUGH we have mentioned in the course of former chapters many celebrated people of Newcastle, we have by no means exhausted the list, for there are many names, eminent in science, art, and literature, which, though they may not have been connected with the historical events we have related, are none the less to be remembered as adding to the honour of the town. It is not our intention to give any lengthy account of these people, for such an undertaking would require several volumes as large as our whole book; but we cannot refrain from at least running over the list of their names, with such hurried notes of their career and work as may be compressed into the narrow compass of a chapter.

We have already mentioned, and shall not, except in a few instances, refer again to the following names:—Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, and Hugh of Newcastle, his apt scholar; Bishop Ridley, the martyr; Mark Akenside and John Cunningham, the poets; William Gray, Henry Bourne, John Brand, and Eneas McKenzie,

the historians of the town ; John Horsley, author of the *Britannia Romanum*, and John Collingwood Bruce, the historian of the Roman Wall ; Charles Hutton the mathematician ; Robert Morrison, the Chinese scholar ; John Forster, the able author of many works on the men and times of the Great Revolution and the biographer of Goldsmith, Swift, and Dickens ; T. M. Richardson, Thomas Bewick, and J. W. Carmichael, Newcastle's representatives in the world of art ; Lords Eldon and Stowel, and Sir Robert Chambers, lawyers ; Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, and his brother Wilfrid, both so much extolled by Nelson ; George and Robert Stephenson, and Sir William Armstrong, all of engineering fame ; and last, but not least, Richard Grainger, who may be called the maker of Newcastle of the present day.

Of famous people yet to mention we turn first to those whose names appear in the list of literary celebrities, and foremost in point of time we come upon John Rushworth, Carlyle's "Historical John," the author of the invaluable *Historical Collections*, which throw so much light upon the times of the great Civil War. Whether he was born in Newcastle we know not, but he was a freeman of the town, and we have it on the authority of Anthony à Wood that he was a native of Northumberland. His great work is entitled "Historical Collections : of private passages of State, of weighty matters in Law, and of remarkable proceedings in Five Parliaments, beginning the sixteenth year of James I. 1618, and ending at the death of Charles I. 1649 ; with trial of the Earl of Strafford, 8 vols. folio. Portraits. 1659–80." Rushworth made it the aim and end of his life to collect papers and obtain information concerning contemporary events. For this he neglected his practice as a barrister, attending regularly in the Star Chamber, the Exchequer Chamber, and other places where information could be gained. He hastened to the north when the Scotch army under Leslie entered England, and witnessed the battle of Newburn and the seizure of Newcastle. He was appointed assistant clerk to the House of Commons during the Long Parliament, and thus had abundant opportunities of gratifying his thirst for knowledge of passing events. While King Charles was at York it was Rushworth who was employed to carry communications between His Majesty and the House, and he rode the journey of one hundred and ninety miles in twenty-four hours. When the Civil War commenced he espoused the cause of the Parliament ; he held several offices under the Protectorate, and sat in several parliaments for the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, but on the restoration of Charles' II. his fortunes sank, and he fell into obscurity and poverty. He spent the last six years of his life in the King's Bench Prison for debt, and died in 1690 at the age of eighty-three.

The celebrated Saxon scholars, William and Mary Elstob, brother and sister, were both born in Newcastle. They were the children of Ralph Elstob, merchant adventurer, and William was sent to Eton, and afterwards both to Cambridge and Oxford. At

the latter university, where he was elected fellow of University College in 1696, his sister resided with him and was the companion and assistant of his studies. The study of Anglo-Saxon was then much in vogue amongst scholars, and the Elstobs, throwing themselves into it heart and soul, became the great authorities on the subject, and published several valuable works bearing upon it. The brother was presented to the united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw, London; but his circumstances were far from good, and we find him complaining of "evil days, poverty, cold patrons, and neglected efforts." He died in 1715, and his sister went to Evesham, where she kept a school and whence she issued her Saxon dictionary. Queen Caroline granted her a small pension in consideration of her literary services, but on the queen's death it ceased. The Dowager-Duchess of Portland then took compassion on the poor scholar, and allotted her a residence in her house at Bulstrode. Here, we are told, Miss Elstob lived in her own apartment in ease and comfort, "surrounded by the congenial elements of dirt and books," until her death at the age of seventy-three in 1756.

We have another female literary celebrity connected with Newcastle in Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, wife of Edward Montagu, Esq., of East Denton, a gentleman himself of some note in his day as a mathematician. She was the authoress of *An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare, in answer to the objections of Voltaire*, which made some stir in its time; and we are told she was as beautiful as she was clever, and as good as she was beautiful. She was greatly beloved by all classes of people round Denton, where she died in the year 1800.

Newcastle may claim some part of the fame of the learned antiquary, Sir Cuthbert Sharp, the friend of Sir Walter Scott and of Surtees the historian of Durham, for he was collector of customs here during the last four years of his life. He was the author of the famous *Bishopric Garland*, a *History of Hartlepool*, and other works.

Thomas Doubleday, who died at Bulmans Village, Newcastle, in 1870, was a prominent figure in Newcastle literature, as the author of the tragedies of "The Italian Wife," and "Babington," also of many articles in *Blackwood's Magazine;* but he was even more prominent in connection with the great political struggle which led to the Reform Bill of 1832. He was an able writer on political subjects, and was held in high esteem by even those who differed from him in their views of national necessities.

We have quoted in previous chapters some passages from the letters of "Tim Tunbelly, Gent," and "Peter Pulright," and have mentioned the name of the author of those scarifying attacks on the corrupt management of river affairs as W. A. Mitchell, editor and proprietor of the *Tyne Mercury*. He was also editor and owner of the *Newcastle Magazine*, the pages of which latter journal contain some very interesting matter of a local nature, and he

deserves to be mentioned as one of the founders of the Newcastle Mechanics' Institute, and its secretary till his death in 1845. The late Mr. James Guthrie, secretary to the Tyne Commissioners, contributed his share to local literature in his *History of the River Tyne and its Resources*, from which we have also quoted.

Thomas Spence, the founder of the famous Spencean Political System, was born on the Quayside. His system was to realise the ideas of the religious in a millenium, the philosophers in an "age of reason," and of the poets in a "golden age," to which end he proposed to divide the whole land rent of the country equally amongst all the inhabitants. His principles were published in a pamphlet entitled, *The Constitution of Spensonia, a Country in Fairyland, situated between Utopia and Oceana, brought from thence by Captain Swallow.* He was also the inventor of a new phonetic method of spelling, which he explained in his *Grand Repository of the English Language.* A very interesting account of the life of this somewhat eccentric author is given in McKenzie's *History of Newcastle.*

The lovers of local lore are largely indebted to two men who took great pains and spent much time in the study of north country history. The first is the late William Sidney Gibson, author of the *History of Tynemouth Priory*, also of *Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities*, and of a great number of miscellanies, historical and biographical. The second is the late John Hodgson Hinde, the well-known antiquary, and author of many interesting papers in the *Archæologia Æliana*, of which we may instance as specially interesting to students of Newcastle lore that "On the original site and progressive extension of Newcastle-on-Tyne;" also the one "On the Early Municipal History of Newcastle."

There are other two writers deserving of praise for the pains they have taken in collecting and arranging interesting facts connected with the history of Newcastle and the North. These are, M. A. Richardson, the author and compiler of many interesting tracts and of the *Local Historian's Table Book;* and John Sykes, compiler of the *Local Records*, which have been continued by Mr. Fordyce.

We would be doing an injustice to our town did we not include in the list of her departed literary worthies the name of one, who, though he lived in a neighbouring borough, was in his heart as much a Newcastle man as any of her inhabitants—more so than the bulk—for his unceasing effort was for the glorification and extolment of the metropolis of the North. The late W. W. Robson of Monkwearmouth, attorney, was one of the brightest literary lights that ever shone in these parts. He will be well remembered as a frequent contributor to the *Newcastle Chronicle;* and whatever might be the nature of his subject, he brought to it such a degree of keen insight, and clothed it in such terse, vigorous, and naturally-flowing language, as is rarely to be met with in modern

composition. Whether his discourse was of legal practice, in which he was an adept—of local lore, of which his mind was a perfect treasure-house—or of outdoor nature, of farms and crops, or horses, and such like topics, all of which he was fond of writing about—he threw around it the intense light of his own strong common sense, and led you to look at it from points of sight altogether new and unexpected, until you saw it in all its bearings clear and plain, yet surrounded and enriched by a wealth of illustration culled from his never-failing store of quaint, old-fashioned, out-of-the-way knowledge. It was, however, when he wrote of Newcastle that he was at his best. His heart warmed to the old town, and he never tired of speaking of her olden grandeur and her modern progress and fame. It is to be regretted that his works are only to be met with scattered amongst the columns of the newspaper press ; for, could they be collected, they would form a delightful book, being, as they are, such specimens of solid, plain-spoken, withal graceful, prose, all fresh and sparkling from "the well of English undefiled."

There are many more deceased Newcastle writers whose names might be mentioned, although their fame is scarcely known beyond the immediate district. Of such are the following:—Edward Chicken, author of the well-known "Collier's Wedding"—a most perfect description of collier life in the last century. He was clerk of St. John's Church for twenty-five years, and was buried there in 1746. Thomas Thompson, who wrote "Canny Newcastle" and "Jemmy Johnson's Wherry," both favourite local songs, was a timber merchant, and a man of rare social parts. He died in 1816. Robert Roxby, author of "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel" and "Coquetdale Fishing Songs," died in 1846. He was a clerk in Sir Matthew White Ridley's bank. John Shield, author of "My Lord 'Size," quoted in a former part of this book, was a wholesale grocer in the town. Mitford the shoemaker, of Oystershell Lane, wrote many of the best Tyneside songs, including "The Pitman's Courtship," "The Bewildered Skipper," "X, Y, Z, or Newcastle Races," and "Cappy," that ever-verdant favourite. Thomas Wilson, of the well-known firm of Losh, Wilson, & Bell, the author of the "Pitman's Pay," has given us in it one of the truest descriptions of the manners and customs of the north-country pitman. Last of all is Thomas Sands, novelist and dramatic author, who wrote *Monckton, or the Fate of Eleanor*, and other forgotten works. He lived in the High Bridge, and died there in 1815.

Of the living writers of Newcastle, we have already mentioned Dr. Bruce, who still continues to pursue his labours. We have, besides, in the antiquarian field, Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, the indefatigable student of local lore, who has enriched us with an immense mass of historical knowledge gathered, at the expense of great labour, from obscure sources, whence they had never emerged but for his untiring energy and keen pursuit. We have before acknowledged our obligation to him, and have largely made use of his edition of the *Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes*, and many papers in

the *Archæologia Æliana*. We have in another place noticed the good work of Mr. John Clayton of The Chesters, lately town clerk of Newcastle, in the preservation of the remains of many of the castles and other works of the Roman Wall, and the debt of gratitude the student of northern antiquities owes to him. The debt is increased by the many scholarly contributions he has made to our literature, chiefly in the form of papers describing Roman discoveries, and elucidating the inscriptions borne upon them. Some of these papers are published in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries*, and evidence his intimate knowledge of the subject. We had already linked with his name, as another of our distinguished and learned living authors on kindred subjects, that of his friend and fellow-antiquarian, Mr. Ralph Carr-Ellison of Dunston Hill, when the much-lamented death of that gentleman occurred on 5th February 1884. Amongst our living writers on medieval and later antiquities is Mr. J. Clephan, author of many instructive and valuable articles bearing on old Newcastle and its people. We have also Mr. Richard Welford, author of the *History of Gosforth*, and a very timely and careful work on the *Monuments of St. Nicholas' Church*, as well as a *History of Newcastle and Gateshead*, and many other contributions to antiquarian literature.

In general literature we may almost rank as a Newcastle man Major Evan R. Jones, the American consul, so long has he been amongst us. He wrote in Newcastle his books on the great American War, *Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant*, and *Four Years in the Army of the Potomac*, which latter is a record of personal active service during the rebellion. They should be read by all who wish to gain a clear idea of the great Transatlantic struggle. Major Jones is, besides, the author of the *Emigrants' Friend*, a handy and concise guide for all who intend seeking their fortune in the far west, also of many other tales, articles, and works of various kinds. Mr. W. E. Adams, the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, is the author of a book descriptive of a visit he made to America a short time ago, and called *Our American Cousins*. It is a clear, careful, and impartial record, written by one who must have uncommon powers of observation, and an equable and judicial mind, and has secured high praise, both in this country and America, as the best and most unbiassed account of the great Republic ever penned by an Englishman. Mr. Joseph Crawhall is the writer of a class of works peculiarly his own—illustrated, moreover, by himself in a manner as quaint and original as the letterpress. His work on angling, "the completest book on angling that ever was writ," and his collection of old chap-books with engravings cut by his own hand, which he has just published, are cases in point. He is, besides, author of many of the songs in the *Newcastle Fishers' Garland*.

Of writers of fiction we do not know that Newcastle can boast any living representative, though Mrs. Oliphant the novelist, and authoress of the *History of English Literature*, resided here for

some years, and Mr. W. Clark Russell, the inimitable writer of sea stories, was connected at one time with the local press. The scene of one of his tales, *A Sea Queen*, is partly laid in Newcastle.

In the domain of politics our town, however, possesses one name which is a host in itself. There is probably no part of the world in which the name of Mr. Joseph Cowen, the senior member for Newcastle, is not known. It is, perhaps, by his eloquence, which has made him one of the shining lights of our House of Commons, that he has become most famous; but his literary powers are on a par with his extraordinary abilities as a speaker. His clear, terse, and trenchant style leads us on with irresistible force to follow the course of his argument; he writes, as he speaks, always from strong conviction, and this is the secret of the power he has gained over the great mass of his fellow-townsmen and fellow-members in the House. Like Martin Luther, "he believes every word he says. He speaks and writes as other men work, as if every stroke were to tell."

Passing from literature to music, we find two famous names, at least, in the list of Newcastle worthies. Charles Avison, who was organist of St. John's and afterwards of St. Nicholas' Church, is the first. He wrote an essay on "Musical Composition," and composed many works, of which the anthem, "Sound the Loud Timbrel," is perhaps best known. He died in 1770, but before his death another and a greater musical genius had appeared in the person of William Shield, who was born at Swalwell, a village a few miles west of Newcastle. Shield's father was a singing-master, and taught him in his childhood the rudiments of music. In due time the boy was apprenticed to a boat-builder at South Shields, by name Edward Davison, who deserves mention, as much of Shield's after success was, perhaps, owing to his kindness. He encouraged the youth in his musical pursuits, and permitted him to perform at concerts in the neighbourhood. He led the subscription concerts at Newcastle, and performed many difficult violin solos. After his apprenticeship was done he gave over all further thought of boat-building, and turned his whole attention to music. He acted as leader of orchestras in local theatres for some time, and at length was invited to enter the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera House in London. He was afterwards appointed musical director of Covent Garden Theatre, and also one of the musicians in ordinary to George III. He became master of the musicians on the death of Sir William Parsons in 1817. He was during this time and afterwards busily employed in the production of many of his operas, amongst which we may mention "The Flitch of Bacon," "The Poor Soldier," "Robin Hood," "Fontainbleau," "Marian," and "Rosina." The latter is his masterpiece, and was lately performed in Newcastle under very interesting circumstances. The scene of it is laid at Swalwell, his native place, and its music is most charmingly simple and pastoral in character. Many of his songs will live as long as Englishmen love music, in

proof of which we need only mention the names of "Old Towler," "The Heaving of the Lead," "The Wolf," and "The Thorn." They take rank with the songs of Purcell, Bishop, and Arne, as being so thoroughly endowed with the spirit of English life and feeling. Besides his compositions he wrote two works on the theory of music—the *Introduction to Harmony* and *Rudiments of Thorough Bass.* The former was long a standard work.

Shield once enjoyed the company of Joseph Haydn, during a visit to Taplow in Kent, and though their intercourse only lasted for the space of four days, he said "he gained more important information in that short time than ever he did by the best directed studies in any four years of any part of his life." He was fond of the old tunes of his native north country, and while on a visit to his mother at Swalwell he made a collection of them, thinking that "these hitherto neglected flights of fancy might serve to augment the collector's stock of printed rarities, and might perhaps prove conspicuous figures in the group of national melodies." He introduced several of them into his *Rudiments of Thorough Bass.* After enjoying a happy, prosperous, and busy life, William Shield died in London in 1829, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Newcastle and the north have reason to be proud of their connection with his genius.

There was living in Newcastle, at the time when Shield was making his researches amongst the old north country tunes, a musician he probably consulted on the subject—John Peacock by name—to whom all lovers of Northumbrian music are largely indebted. Northumberland, besides having a music, has also a musical instrument peculiarly her own. The Northumbrian small pipes have been the delight of many generations of north country people, gentle and simple ; and to John Peacock, before noticed as the "prince of pipers," we owe the preservation of many of the old pipe tunes which gladdened or saddened the hearts of our ancestors. Northumberland in olden times must have been a musical county—the very fact of the small pipes bearing her name is evidence of this—but the evidence is corroborated by the striking fact that in the old song books published in London and the south in Tudor and Stuart times, we meet so often with the expression "set to an excellent north country tune." Mark that in these instances "north country" does not mean Scotch, for when the latter is meant it is so specified. We may make bold to assume that the "north country" meant was the land of the Northumbrian pipes. In the beginning of the present century most of our old northern tunes were only known "by ear." They had descended from father to son, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, from mother to child, and had not been committed to paper. Some had quite passed out of knowledge, when John Peacock fortunately conceived the idea of preserving as many as possible of those which still remained. Others followed his example, and to their honour, down to the present time, the preservation of Northumbrian music has

been the study of many enthusiastic local antiquaries and musicians. In a letter on "Ancient Northumberland Music," published in 1857, Thomas Doubleday makes a remark which seems to us so true that we quote it. He says :—"Few in number as the grave airs of Northumberland are, their simple beauty is such as to make us regret that more have not been handed down to us. Some few of them embody an expression as pure and as high as music can possibly convey." As illustrations of the truth of this we would adduce the three tunes of "Chevy Chase ;" "The Oak and the Ash ;" and "Sair failed hinny."

Besides Peacock, Newcastle has had many other exponents of local music, such as Turnbull, Gilly, Cant, Green, and others ; but he is, and deserves to be, "the king among them a'." We may remark that the small pipes are, as their name implies, very much smaller than the Highland bagpipes or the Northumberland large pipes. They are also different in construction, being supplied with wind by a pair of bellows instead of by the breath of the player, and having the chanter (the pipe on which the air is played) closed at the end instead of open, whereby the musician is enabled to play *staccato* notes instead of the slurred notes produced by an open-ended pipe. The sound of the small pipes is sweet and piquant at the same time, and well-suited for chamber music.

At the present time the town possesses in Mr. William Rea, the corporation organist, a musician of high order, and one who has deserved well of the Newcastle people for his efforts in placing before them the works of the great composers, rendered by efficient instrumentalists. Local lovers of music owe to him many a chance of hearing classical works they would never have enjoyed but for his zeal in the cause of art.

We will turn now from music to pictorial art, in representatives of which Newcastle is strong. First and foremost is Thomas Miles Richardson, sen., one of the men of which the town has most cause to be proud, for here he was born and bred—here he studied his art. Amongst the lovely scenes of the Ouseburn Valley, and other neighbouring rural spots, he imbibed that love of nature which is so strongly evidenced in his works ; or walking the picturesque streets of the old town, he revelled in the beautiful compositions which opened out to him at every step. The hundred views of Newcastle and her ancient buildings, and of the neighbouring scenery, he painted and etched, show us the love he bore the town and its surroundings. The Tyne, with its groups of shipping and quaint waterside buildings, the adjacent sea-coast, and the many noble castles and ruins of Northumberland, furnished him with abundance of rich subjects for his pencil. He was not a painter by education, but an artist by nature. His thoughts were not of methods and technique alone, but of how best to transfer to canvas the scene he saw, so that the picture would convey to others the pleasure he himself felt in the reality. He was a true interpreter of nature, not translating her literally, detail by detail, with

the bald, unsympathetic, and slavish fidelity of the photographic lense, but giving us the true essence of her beauty, clothed in all the mellow light with which she appeared to his artistic eye. T. M. Richardson was born in 1784. His father was master of St. Andrew's Free School. Young Richardson served his time as a joiner and cabinetmaker, and on the death of his father in 1806 succeeded to the mastership of the Free School. Here he taught for seven years, during which time he took private pupils in drawing. In 1813 he resigned the school and devoted himself wholly to art. His works in oil are numerous, and many are in the possession of the local gentry. His etchings and mezzotints of border castles and abbeys and other old buildings are well known, and his works in water-colour vie with those of Turner in tenderness and breadth. He died in 1848 in his house in Blackett Street, which we have before mentioned in our account of Central Newcastle. An exhibition in Newcastle of his works, if they could be collected, would be a most appropriate tribute to the memory and genius of one of the town's most gifted sons, especially if it could be held in 1884, the centenary of his birth.

The four sons of the old painter proved themselves worthy of such a sire. The eldest, his namesake, has made for himself a name as a water-colour painter, well known and appreciated in the world of art. Another son, the late Henry Richardson, is also famous in the same line. The beautiful series of scenes on the line of the Roman Wall, painted for and now in the possession of Dr. Bruce, are perfect art treasures, so delicately beautiful are they in their quiet, sober, and refined truth of colour. Of other painters who were contemporary with T. M. Richardson we have J. W. Carmichael, H. P. Parker, George Balmer, and J. W. Ewbank. The former was born at Ouseburn in 1800, and was the son of a ship-carpenter. He went to sea as a cabin-boy, and was afterwards apprenticed to Messrs. Farringdon, shipbuilders, in the North Shore. His pictures are chiefly marine, but he produced many views of the town and neighbourhood, as we have noticed elsewhere. H. P. Parker was a painter of considerable talent. He lived in Blackett Street, next door to Richardson, the two occupying the houses of the Academy of Arts, which institution they jointly managed. His painting of the "Scene on the Sandhill on the Coronation Day of George IV." is well known, and belongs to the corporation. George Balmer is best known to the world for his charming illustrations in Finden's *Ports and Harbours of Great Britain*. He painted, in conjunction with Parker, the large picture in the hall of the Newcastle Trinity House, called "The Heroic Exploit of Admiral Collingwood at the Battle of Trafalgar." John W. Ewbank, R.S.A., was born in Gateshead about 1779, and studied painting under Alexander Nasmyth of Edinburgh. He painted a large picture, "Hannibal Crossing the Alps," and another, "Alexander the Great entering Babylon;" but his more pleasing pictures were his small landscapes and marine views. His drawings from

nature were, perhaps, best of all, and he drew many hundreds of little sketches in black lead-pencil, which are distributed largely throughout the north of England, though not to such an extent as many suppose, for imitations of them have been made and passed off as his by members of his family and others. Ewbank died in 1847.

John Martin, R.A., may be ranked, like Parker, as a Newcastle artist, though neither of them were born here—Martin being born at Haydon Bridge and Parker at Devonport. Both came to Newcastle as young men; indeed Martin was a mere boy when his father came to the Chancellor's Head Inn, in Newgate Street, and set up as a teacher of the sword and single-stick exercise. "The Plains of Heaven," "The Last Judgment," "Belshazzar's Feast," "The Deluge," and many other large and strangely-conceived pictures, bear witness to the artistic power and the wonderful invention and imagination of John Martin.

There flourished a fashionable portrait painter of the name of Handyside about the middle of last century, who painted many portraits of the county gentlemen and their ladies, which are doubtless still to be seen in many a north country mansion. Another artist of somewhat later date, whose works were in much demand, was George Gray, the fruit painter, who was born in Newcastle, and died in his house in Pudding Chare in 1819. His father, Gilbert Gray, bookbinder, was the shopman of Allan Ramsay at the time he was writing the *Gentle Shepherd*, and was afterwards in the employment of Mr. Slack, proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and of his son-in-law and successor, Solomon Hodgson, sometime partner with Thomas Bewick. James Ramsey was a portrait painter of some note during the first half of the present century. He painted a portrait of Thomas Bewick. In J. W. Snow we had a painter of animals, whose works, of great excellence, are to be seen in many houses in the neighbourhood. He was the painter of the "Northumberland Hunt" and of the "Chillingham Wild Cattle." The former picture is in the possession of Sir Matthew White Ridley, at Blagdon. Another notable name in our list of deceased painters is George Washington Brownlow, who was born in Newcastle, but passed a great part of his life in the pursuit of his art in Scotland and Ireland, and his latter years in the south of England. He was a regular exhibitor in the rooms of the Royal Academy, and his works are beautiful examples of delicate finish and of refined and truthful colour. They are principally cottage interiors, though his landscapes are rare examples of conscientious study and grasp of nature in her more peaceful moods, and his portraits are perfect works of art. Good as his accomplished work is, we doubtless would have had from him some greater and more widely known display of his skill, had he not unhappily been cut off in the prime of life and in the full and matured exercise of his powers. He died at Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1876, and a stained glass window has been erected to his

memory in the church there by one of his friends and patrons. Its execution was most appropriately entrusted to his fellow-townsman and brother artist, the late Mr. Wailes. There are many other deceased artists of the town, but we must content ourselves by merely running over their names. There was William Bell, son of a famous Newcastle bookbinder, who gained the Royal Academy medal in 1771 for his "Venus soliciting Vulcan to forge the armour of Mars;" Robert Barker, a portrait painter and the inventor of panoramas, who died 1806; Charles Masso, the celebrated enamel painter, and art teacher of John Martin, R.A.; William Nicholson, water-colour and enamel painter, a pupil of Masso's; J. W. Swift, marine painter; Edward Train, a well-known landscape painter, and others.

We now come upon a name the most illustrious of all in the art annals of Newcastle—a name, indeed, standing out conspicuous and alone in the art annals of the world. We have before seen in St. Nicholas' Churchyard the old "workshop" of Thomas Bewick, with its three or four stone steps leading up to the door, and its wide, many-paned windows, with old-fashioned folding-back shutters outside. Newcastle is the proud possessor of this old house, the veritable place where the father of modern wood engraving pursued his art day by day, and in which he achieved his great life task. Says John Jackson, his pupil, in the *History of Wood Engraving*—"The upper room, the two windows of which are seen in the roof, was that in which he worked in the latter days of his life. In this shop he engraved the cuts which will perpetuate his name, and there for upwards of fifty years was he accustomed to sit, steadily and cheerfully pursuing the labour that he loved. He used always to work with his hat on, and when any gentleman or nobleman called upon him, he only removed it for a moment on his first entering. He used frequently to whistle when at work, and he was seldom without a large quid of tobacco in his mouth. The prominence occasioned by the quid, which he kept between his under lip and his teeth, and not in his cheek, is indicated in most of his portraits."

There is something wonderful in this man's life—something, however, not wholly unaccountable—in the fact that he should, without aid or special training, have restored to life a dead art. It is true there had been wood engravers before him, and that their work was excellent, and some of it beautiful beyond expression, but the efforts of the earlier wood engravers were principally expended in producing copies of other men's work—of manuscripts and drawings in pen and ink, drawn by others for them. Their pictorial work, too, was subsidiary to the lettered part of the pages they illustrated. They cut the letters on the block as well as the pictures. Their aim was to make the whole of the matter impressed on the page (of which the wood-cut picture was only a part) form one complete and harmonious whole. With the invention of movable type the art of wood engraving became narrowed

to producing the pictures only; and being thus more independent, improved, until, in the time of Holbein, it attained a very high point of excellence. The *Dance of Death*, with his designs, was published at Lyons in 1538, and the directness of aim, and the perfect adaptation of the method of working to the material worked in, is universally acknowledged. Afterwards we find the craftsmen of the art being led into attempting an imitation of the style and peculiarities of copper and steel-plate engraving, which led to the gradual fall of wood engraving, as its resources were not at all fitted to any such imitation. Lower and lower it fell, until, in the eighteenth century, it may have been called dead.

In 1753 Thomas Bewick was born at Cherryburn, in the county of Northumberland, twelve miles west from Newcastle. He went to school with the Rev. Christopher Gregson at Ovingham Parsonage, and afterwards was apprenticed to Mr. Ralph Beilby, engraver, of St. Nicholas' Churchyard, Newcastle. During his apprenticeship he was principally employed in engraving brass plates for street doors, clock faces, and crests and monograms on silver plate; but he also engraved on wood the diagrams for Dr. Hutton's *Mensuration* and some other work. As soon as his time was out, he resolved to devote his life to wood engraving, in which he struck out for himself a new path, which has made his name famous wherever art is appreciated. He was not only a workman—a mechanical copyist—but a great original artist, and something more: he was a genius—that is to say, he was a single-hearted, straightforward man, with a great purpose, and with energy and earnestness and strength to carry it out. He found the art of wood engraving a hollow sham, trying to do that for which it was never fitted; and in his simplicity of mind, in which his greatness chiefly consisted, he set to work to see how best he could give a representation of natural objects upon wood, without at all thinking of making his work look like a steel or copper engraving, or anything whatever except the honest wood-cut it was. He saw and acknowledged the shortcomings of the art, and attempted nothing but what it could, without deceptive and misplaced sleight-of-hand, produce. He saw, too, the excellencies of which it was capable, and boldly ventured to attempt the rendering of the most difficult. But what was most remarkable, he saw and grasped intuitively the very secret and soul of wood engraving. For centuries before him the predominant idea of wood engravers was the production of a drawing in black upon a white ground: they held this idea in their mind all through the work—the idea of the black lines which were to be left, and which were to form the picture when complete. The idea Bewick grasped and brought to bear on his work was diametrically opposite. He viewed his block as a mass of shadow, out of which the picture was to be formed by simply cutting away the lights, without thinking of the black outlines at all. By this method he achieved the power of representing the utmost truth of texture and multiplicity of detail by the simplest possible means—the broad

irregular masses of black and white—which results are amongst the most beautiful characteristics of modern wood engraving.

To leave technicalities aside, the works of Thomas Bewick are delightful in another way: they all breathe of the hearty, healthy, straightforward, and homely nature of the man. They are redolent of out-door life—the country road, the breezy common, the farm-yard, the hedge-bordered fields of Tyneside, are his delight. Animals of all kinds he must have loved; horses and dogs, cows and sheep, pigs, ducks and geese, cocks and hens, all play great part in the delightful tail-pieces which enrich his books. Birds of all kinds he has made his own: who can think of British birds without thinking also of Thomas Bewick? What quiet delight he must have felt when walking by the banks of the Tyne between Newcastle and Cherryburn. The exhilarating air, the constant springing into view of some well-known and beautiful scene under some new and striking aspect, the leaping of a salmon in the river or the running of a weazel across the path, the sight of the workers in the fields or of the village children at play—all these have filled him with keen interest, as is evidenced in many a record on wood.

Thomas Bewick died in 1828, and was buried at the west end of Ovingham Church. Connected with him in his work were many pupils who afterwards became famous; and his younger brother, John, had he not been cut off in his prime, might have developed into a wood engraver rivalling himself in skill.

Of the pupils of Bewick, the most illustrious was William Harvey. He was born at Newcastle in 1796, and like his master was both engraver and designer. In 1824 he abandoned engraving, and devoted himself to designing for wood. His beautiful illustrations to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Paradise Lost*, Thompson's *Seasons*, and other works, are well-known. Luke Clennel, another pupil, was eminent as a designer and engraver on wood, and also as a painter, before insanity clouded his mind and destroyed his powers. Some of his oil pictures are charming in colour and conception. Charlton Nesbit, his fellow-pupil, also made his mark and became famous as a wood engraver. Last, but not least, was John Jackson, who was born at Ovingham, and under Bewick's tuition laid the groundwork of his after-fame as an engraver. He was the author, in conjunction with Mr. W. A. Chatto, a brother Northumbrian, of the well-known *History of Wood Engraving*. Bewick's master, and afterwards partner, Ralph Beilby, was not a wood engraver, but he did some good work in copper, one example of which is the Thornton Brass in Brand's *History of Newcastle*. He also wrote the literary part of Bewick's *Quadrupeds* and *Birds*, in a clear and simple style, worthy of all praise.

Besides those we have above mentioned, there were other eminent engravers connected with Newcastle. John Scott, a once famous animal engraver, was born here; and Thomas Fryer Ranson, whose name may be seen appended to much good work,

served his time as an engraver in the town. The celebrated Dalziel Brothers, too, lived in Newcastle in their early days ; and Robert Johnson was a pupil of Bewick.

In other walks of art we have John Lough, the sculptor, who, though born at Ebchester, was closely connected with Newcastle. A large collection of his models was presented to the town by his widow, and is now to be seen in Elswick Park. Several of his works in marble were presented by Sir Matthew White Ridley, and stand in the Public Library in New Bridge Street. A notable figure amongst local artists was Mr. William Wailes, known as a glass-stainer and designer throughout the kingdom. He was originally a grocer in the town, but left his business to follow that beautiful branch of art, by the love of which he was inspired, and through which he became famous. His works are to be seen in many of our local buildings, as well as in Westminster Abbey and other London churches, and in others in various parts of the country and abroad.

Our long list of deceased Newcastle artists is worthily supplemented by the names of those still living and working, amongst which are H. H. Emmerson, a veteran artist, perhaps best known as the painter of the pathetic picture of an episode connected with the Hartley Colliery catastrophe, and called "Reading the Queen's Letter," but whose works, sometimes landscape, sometimes illustrative of old border story or of domestic incident, are to be found on the walls of most of our northern gentry ; John Surtees, the well-known landscape painter, both in oils and colours ; Robert Jobling, noted as an energetic and conscientious worker in figure, landscape, and marine subjects, of late years chiefly occupied in delineating the various phases of life amongst the hardy fisher people of our north-east coast ; John Charlton, whose fame as a painter of animals is thoroughly established ; Robert Watson, one of our oldest and most accomplished marine painters ; C. W. Mitchell, painter of figure subjects and portraits of admitted excellence ; Charles N. Hemy, whose skill is devoted principally to views of coast scenery and shipping ; Ralph Hedley, a vigorous painter of figures and animals, as well as a sculptor and wood carver of distinguished merit ; T. R. Spence, whose works are chiefly decorative, the subjects generally drawn from classic story ; Stephen Brownlow, well known, not only as an artist of merit, but as an authority on art subjects generally ; J. Hodgson Campbell, a young portrait painter who has already made a reputation ; G. B. Sticks, who has made landscape his *metier*, and is well known in the district ; and John Dickenson, portrait painter.

Though not now connected with the town, William Bell Scott, the painter-poet, was for many years master of the School of Art here, and many of his pictures are illustrative of local scenery and life, as, for instance, his "Building of the Castle of Newcastle," in the possession of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and his eight celebrated pictures of scenes in the history of Northumbria,

at Wallington Hall ; also many charming pictures and sketches in other hands. We may lay some claim to a share in the fame of Birket Foster, too, as a Tyneside man at least, if not a Newcastle man, for he was born at North Shields. His works are too well known to need any remark.

Art is flourishing in Newcastle. The Arts Association, which was established a few years ago, was the means of reviving an interest in matters artistic amongst the people of the town, and we have much cause, on that account, to be grateful to it and to Mr. Charles Mitchell of Jesmond Towers, one of our most prominent art patrons, who was its chief supporter. Its work has now been taken up by a younger institution, the Bewick Club, which is doing yoeman service in the cause of art. It is composed of the leading artists and amateurs of the district, and its life classes and sketching classes are largely attended and appreciated, while its first exhibition has been eminently successful. The great object it has in view—while still attending to its educational work and to the promotion of intercourse amongst local lovers of art—is the establishment of a permanent institution in the town, with a permanent gallery of its own, class rooms, and periodical exhibitions of new pictures. Aided by the corporation and by the art patrons of the district, it ought to make of Newcastle a great art centre, vying with Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other large towns.

Of distinguished men in the other branches of art and in science Newcastle has no lack. The names of George and Robert Stephenson are known the wide world over, and their history is equally wide-spread. The name, too, of Sir William Armstrong is as "familiar in our mouths as household words." It is in connection with the gun bearing his name, and with hydraulic machinery, that he is chiefly known to the world ; but the energy of his mind, not content with success in the sphere of mechanical invention, has led him to take up many other pursuits, and in everthing he has attempted he has achieved distinction. As a farmer he has brought the aid of science to bear with the most gratifying results upon the tillage of the land. Every new invention he has immediately pressed into his service, and his great power of organisation and his matchless mechanical skill have directed both human labour and the forces of nature to work most advantageously together. As a patron of art alone he would have been thought famous, had not his other qualities been so great. His picture gallery at Cragside contains specimens of all the best art of the day, selected with great discrimination. As a literary man he would be classed high, only that now-a-days the world dubs a man by some title which expresses but part of his powers, and will in nowise hear of him in any other connection. In Sir William's case the popular voice hails him as the inventor of the Armstrong gun, and all his other achievements must take a subservient place. There is one thing, however, which shines with a brighter lustre than all his other

qualities, and that is his generosity to his native town. The historian of her future fortunes, when he looks back upon the patrons of Newcastle, will see in the dim past the names of kings and princes, and of merchant citizens, who have delighted to pour out their wealth upon her; but when he comes to the nineteenth century, and reads the long list of the benefactions of Sir William Armstrong, he will acknowledge that here was the greatest and most generous of them all. He will read over the long list, beginning with the lecture room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and extending over the Deaf and Dumb Institution, St. Stephen's Church, St. Cuthbert's Church, Elswick Mechanics' Institute and Schools, the restoration of St. Nicholas' steeple, the Children's Hospital, the Whitley Convalescent Home, the Ragged Schools, the Infirmary, the College of Physical Science, the Armstrong Bridge at Jesmond, and many others, all of which have been largely benefited, some of them almost solely erected or repaired, as the case may be, by his help. He also contributed liberally to the Bishopric Endowment Fund, and he and his lady, between them, have contributed the noble sum of £11,500 towards the construction of the Hancock Museum, besides enriching it with a valuable collection of zoophytes and shells. Last of all, we reserve his most valuable service, the princely gift of the Armstrong Park and the grounds of Jesmond Dene, together worth at least the sum of £80,000, to his townsmen. Taking them altogether, his gifts to Newcastle from first to last must have amounted to about £150,000, and he certainly could not have made better use of his wealth.

In Mr. J. W. Swan, the electrician and chemist, Newcastle has the honour of claiming possession of the solver of the riddle which so long perplexed the famous Edison—the subdivision of the electric light. Swan's incandescent lamp has marked a new era in the progress of the lights of the future, and brought us a step nearer to its application to domestic use.

There are many other Newcastle worthies and celebrities—men eminent as engineers, mining and mechanical; as chemists, and as founders of great industries in the neighbourhood—but unfortunately our space is too limited for even a slight sketch of their career, interesting as such a sketch would be. A biography of the leaders of Tyneside industry would form a book full of bright examples of perseverance and never-flagging energy, and would contain in its narratives much of that kind of truth which is stranger than fiction. In our next chapter we will give an account of some Newcastle celebrities of another kind.

CHAPTER III.

OF SOME PECULIAR PEOPLE OF NEWCASTLE.

"Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man."
—*Henry IV., Part* 2.

VOLUMES have been written in praise of the great and good men of this world. Their words and deeds have been chronicled; their motives and meanings have been analysed, and explained, and examined from every point of view—not without wondrous distortion of vision in some instances, where, through much crowding of the ground, a new point of vision was to be secured at any sacrifice. The great services they have rendered have been so trumpeted abroad, and the voice of fame has been kept so busy on behalf of the "better men," that it has seldom had time to bestow on the claims of the "Poor Jacks" to be esteemed public benefactors. Yet surely the man who has made thousands happy, even in the most frivolous sense of the word, and only for a little time, has as least as much claim to the gratitude of mankind as he who has made thousands mourn for years. He who has shown an example of low grovelling sensuality, hurtful only to himself, charges not the world so dear a price for its experience of the danger of following in his steps as he who, from just as selfish motives, has involved others in his own destruction. Even the pretentious follies of the "Poor Jacks" have done less harm than the equally pretentious follies of some of the "better men;" for in the one case everybody has been made honestly happy in feeling his own superiority, and in looking smilingly down upon the doings and sayings of acknowledged eccentricity, while on the other, thousands have dissembled or sunk their convictions before the torrent of nonsense emanating from one higher than themselves. When we think of the kindly emotions—the pity, the charity, and mercy—which the "Poor Jacks" have been the means of awakening in so many hearts, we have another example of their claim to greater consideration in the "order of things," as the "old master" would have said; so it is our purpose, as a task not altogether without use, to glance over the names of the "Poor Jacks" of Newcastle.

Not that Newcastle, or any other town in any age, ever had a "Jack" like he whom Prince Henry apostrophises in the words at the head of this chapter. He was, like his creator, "not of one age, but for all time." Great as his body was—two men rolled into one—his mind was greater still, an epitome of many; so in the records of Newcastle we will find people whose characteristics, good or bad, reminds us of some of those of "honest Jack Falstaff;" and here and there one of whom we may say with

truth, as the prince said of him, "We could have better spared a better man."

These words we can say with special truth of one man, whose name is a household word in Newcastle and the north. It may to some appear irreverent to place it here, so endeared is his memory and so different was his character in many respects to that of "Poor Jack;" but the better qualities of Falstaff, his kindly heart, and his humorous disposition, which made him not only witty in himself but the cause of wit in others, were all to be found in Billy Purvis, the Newcastle showman. Old people still delight to talk of his native wit and humour, and it is a standard belief among them that no one before or since ever approached him in his own particular line. Billy Purvis was born in Scotland, but came to Newcastle when very young. He was call-boy at the Theatre Royal, at the top of Dean Street, under the management of Stephen Kemble, and after "coquetting with the muse as an amateur, and after several perambulations in the surrounding districts as a conjuror, a clown, and a performer on the Northumberland pipes, he finally established himself as proprietor of an itinerant theatre about 1818, and maintained that position, doubtless with many vicissitudes, up to the day of his death." His fixed residence was in the Close, where he occupied the same house for nearly sixty-six years. His travelling theatre was a source of delight to thousands of people in the north of England and in Scotland, and some of the members of his company afterwards occupied high positions on the London and provincial stage. But apart from his company Purvis was a host in himself, and seems to have been regarded by his patrons of all classes, not only with admiration of his wonderful powers as a broad comedian, but also with an affectionate personal regard. In dry humour he was irresistible, and many anecdotes regarding him are told with zest by the people of the generation which knew him. We are much indebted to Mr. R. W. Hetherington, an "old standard" of Newcastle, as he styles himself, for his valuable series of papers which are appearing in the local press upon "Newcastle fifty years ago." In one of them he relates a tale of Billy Purvis and Billy Martin, the "philosophical conqueror of all nations." "Martin was holding forth," says Mr. Hetherington, "in one of his wild visions, I remember, to a crowd, amongst whom stood Billy Purvis. 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'I am a great philosopher.' 'Aye,' dryly remarked Purvis, 'an' aa'll be the philosopher's stone.'" A life of Billy Purvis was published in Newcastle some years ago, and gives many anecdotes of his droll humour, but we have not space to give here any extracts from it. He died at Hartlepool in 1854, and, as Mr. Fordyce says in his *Local Records*, "his contributions to the very inadequate stock of harmless pleasures will long be remembered with feelings of pleasure and respect."

There is a striking suggestion of Falstaff in one Andrew Swadale, a "loyal and weighty subject," as the *Local Records* call him, who

lived in Newcastle in the middle of last century. His weight was twenty-three stones, and those who saw his behaviour on the 18th March 1740 could not fail to be reminded of Shakespeare's fat knight. The news having arrived of the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, "Swadale ordered a bonfire, consisting of three large hogsheads and tar barrels, to be lit before his door; at the same time he came out with a large drawn back-sword in his hand, and challenged the kingdom of Spain, or any other that would take that kingdom's part, to fight him, upon which there were three loud huzzas, success to His Majesty's arms by sea and land; after which he broached a hogshead of beer for the populace, and so concluded the night with loyal healths." Could we but have had more particulars of this worthy's life, doubtless we should have seen more coincidences of character. His only recorded action promises well; but, as we have said, the "Poor Jacks" have been ignored by the historians.

Falstaff was valiant as a trencher-man, but Newcastle beat him here on his own ground. "Skipper Clark," some time bellman, or town-crier, would have made Sir John open his eyes, could the knight have but seen him sit down and finish at one meal a 10-lb. leg of mutton, a three-halfpenny loaf, and six pints of ale, "in the last half-pint of which was a halfpennyworth of snuff." The three-halfpenny loaf, amongst the intolerable deal of mutton and ale, call up remembrances of—

"*Item*—A capon	£0	2	2
Item—Sack, two gallons	0	5	8
Item—Bread	0	0	0½."

We come now to characters of another stamp—"Poor Jacks" alone by virtue of their poverty and our pity for their misfortunes—the street singers and noted mendicants of Newcastle. There was "Blind Davy" of Sandgate, who died in 1749, honoured by the name of the "Newcastle Homer," "from the similar misfortune of loss of sight, who, very probably, sang through as many towns as the Grecian bard." Of his life we know as little as we do of that of his immortal namesake. But another blind musician of later times is better known. The figure of "Blind Willie," the most worthy and harmless of all the Newcastle eccentrics, has been handed down to us both by the artist and the sculptor. He is a prominent figure in H. P. Parker's picture of the local celebrities in the early part of the century, and a small plaster figure of him is often to be met with in the neighbourhood. One is to be seen in the Armstrong Park, ensconsed in a little grotto by the side of the carriage drive, just below the windmill hill. It represents him as he traversed the streets, fiddle in one hand, and the other extended and, as it were, groping his way; his head uncovered, as was his wont, for he could bear no hat. For many years he thus travelled the streets of Newcastle a welcome guest, with his quaint and

pithy original songs and airs. The beautiful tune of "Buy Brown Buzzoms," now enshrined amongst local music, is of his composition.

A less respectable character, though equally well known, was "Cuddy Willie," who died in 1847. His haunts were the lower public-houses of the town, and he was sadly given to liquor. He carried what he called a fiddle, made of a rough piece of wood, of his own contrivance, on which he discoursed what could scarcely be called sweet music.

Captain Starkey was another noted eccentric. He was a free burgess of the town, and an inmate of the Freeman's Hospital in the Manor Chare. "He was most uncommonly polite, and had a peculiar smooth method of obtaining the loan of a halfpenny, for which he was always ready to give his promissory note." These notes his creditors held as great curiosities. His memoirs, written by himself, with a portrait and facsimile of his handwriting, were published in 1818, and are doubtless entertaining reading, though we have not been fortunate enough to fall in with them.

"Bold Archy" was the greatest amongst the beggars in one sense, for he was a man of giant stature and immense muscular power. He is often mentioned in local song, and seems, despite his formidable appearance, to have been a very quiet and inoffensive fellow. It is unnecessary to describe the rest of the beggars who have made their mark in local history. "Blue Breeks," "Billy Pea-pudding," "Traveller Billy," "Whin Bobbie," and many others, are but names with little or no interest attached to them except their strangeness.

The name of "Cull Billy," however, recalls to recollection some old entries in the town books. "Cull" in Newcastle parlance means daft or half-witted, and the entries we have mentioned concern the treatment of helpless creatures like Cull Billy, who lived in Newcastle in bygone years. In St. John's register we find:—"August, 1589, Edward Errington, the towne's foole, buried the 23rd of August, died in the peste." In the corporation books occur the following:—1595, "Paid Dame Clarke for keeping Allon the foole, xijd." 1566, "*Item* paid for Cowllinge of Bartye Allyson, the foole, this year, xvjd." 1595, "For cloaths, Allon, a foole, a long cote; Thomas Dodds, fool, a petticoat. Paid to John Lawson, foole, towards mending his sore legg, xijd." 1561, "Paid for ij. payr of showes to the ij ffulles agaynst chrystymas, ijs iiijd." 1561, "Vij. yards of yalowe carsay, and vij. yardes of blewe carsaye, for the fulles cottes and cappes agaynst christymas."

Poor Cull Billy, or William Scott, to use his proper name, who died in St. John's poor-house in 1831, was a somewhat noted figure in Newcastle. Though at times—generally through the persecution of boys—he was violent and frantic, he was at others quite sensible and shrewd beyond the ordinary, his ready and intelligent answers often filling his questioners with wonder. But let a company of soldiers come marching up the street (it was war time,

and many troops were quartered in the town) and Billy would take his place before the drum-major, and with his besom shank for a staff, march with great gravity as leader of the band. Another favourite occupation of his was open-air preaching. His audience generally consisted of boys, who "repaid his good advice with showers of stones and mud, which drove him from his pulpit; then would they follow him and beat him through the streets." Much interest was taken in him, and many attempts were made to reclaim him to reason, by the good people of the town. He, like Captain Starkey, was in the habit of giving promissory notes, but they were for somewhat more extravagant amounts. A copy of one of them is given in the *Local Records*:—"I promise to pay Mr. George Atley Brummell or bearer the sum of one pound, *or you may pay it to me.*—WILLIAM SCOTT, Saint John's Parish-house, 30 Day September." The "or you may pay it to me" is one of Billy's "happy thoughts." The words "parish-house" he always used, having a rooted aversion to the term "poor-house."

Perhaps the connection between the two is sufficiently strong to warrant us in skipping from idiots to quacks and charlatans. "Some men have plenty money and no brains, and some have plenty brains and no money. The men with plenty of money and no brains were made for the men with brains and no money," has written a modern philosopher, who carried his philosophy into practice with somewhat too much confidence in the credulity of mankind. A truer way of putting it, to our mind, would be to insert "a little" in place of "plenty" money, for it is upon the poor that quacks and quack philosophers chiefly thrive. To mention the quacks, quack doctors, and others who have gulled the people of Newcastle would be indeed a tedious and a saddening task. "Doctor" Henderson, who died in Pilgrim Street in 1828, we are, however, constrained to mention, as there is something whimsically honest in his case, and he evidently believed himself in his own abilities. He was originally a pitman, and having met with an accident, was admitted into the Newcastle Infirmary. Here he fell in love with one of the nurses, and on his recovery married her. She was afterwards appointed matron of the House of Recovery—now the Fever Hospital—of which house her husband was at the same time appointed inspector. What more was needed to make him a doctor? He said himself, that while there he acquired more knowledge of medicine than all the faculty put together; and his experience was given to the world in a book, "printed for the author by J. Marshall, Old Flesh Market, 1827," and entitled "Every Man his own Doctor, in the treatment of fever and other important diseases incident to the human frame. Being the result of 22 years' practice and observation of the treatment and cure of various diseases. With Rhymes to gratify the mind. By William Henderson, late inspector of the Fever Hospital, Newcastle-on-Tyne. With a Portrait." The portrait was engraved by Isaac Nicholson,

from a painting by H. P. Parker. Here is a specimen of the rhymes to gratify the mind :—

> " Here wisdom may be found.
> This book in a pupil's hand
> Will make him a wiser man ;
> His voice may give the sound,
> And say it is worth a hundred pounds."

There is a kind of quack about whose calling there always lingers a halo of romance. The astrologer or soothsayer, however we may despise his pretensions and the weakness of his dupes, always arouses a certain amount of curiosity in the minds even of the greatest scoffers at his powers. We have hung witches and wizards by the score in Newcastle ; and a sense of remorse, combined with the superstition inseparable from common human nature, may be the origin of the sneaking kindness which our townspeople have always entertained for their successors. Even now there are many believers in stranger and more inconsistent supernatural phenomena than were ever dreamt of by the old-fashioned believers in the black art. In olden times the intervention of supernatural agency was never invoked except for some weighty and often horrible cause, serious enough to seem to warrant such intervention. Nowadays they call spirits from the vasty deep to perform the most trivial and absurd operations, more becoming a juggling mountebank than the solemn dignity of a disembodied spirit. Perhaps the last of the old-fashioned professors of the occult sciences in the town was Jacky Johnson, who flourished at Byker Bar up to 1837. He was in great favour amongst the young unmarried damsels of Newcastle, and seldom failed to find for his consulters a happy page in the book of fate. In another direction his efforts were not without good effects, for it is said that "in cases of theft, the mere visit of the owner to Jacky in many instances caused the restoration of the stolen property." What better and more substantial proof could the robbed one have had of the *bona fide* nature of the magician's profession ? His death was a strange one, and was freely called a judgment at the time. With the cards in his hands, and while engaged in the act of divination, he was suddenly struck dumb, and died a few days afterwards.

There was living a few years ago a Newcastle character who, though he never laid claim to any uncanny help, seems to us to have done more wonderful, and seemly impossible, things than most so-called clairvoyants and diviners. This was Cuckoo Jack, a character who found his living in the river by searching for dead bodies or valuables which had been lost overboard. So exact was his knowledge of the river, of its depth and shallows, and of its currents and eddies, that, given the time and place when a man or anything else had disappeared, he could tell almost to a foot where it was likely to be found. It was as though he could see down through the dark water to the gloomy depths below, and behold all

that was lying there, so unerring were his indications. His usual haunt was down beside the Tyne Brewery in Sandgate, and his memory is still green amongst the waterside population.

Of the strange people of Newcastle there are two eccentric philosophers, mention of whom we must not omit. The first is Thomas Squire, who died in Sandgate in 1795. He was originally a stocking weaver, and belonged to Aberdeen. As a young man he was distinguished for his piety, sobriety, and industry; but having married, and his wife proving a drunkard, he left her, and "wandered for the rest of his days a wretched outcast, suspecting all men and hating all women." After many wanderings he settled in Newcastle, and subsisted by making and selling spits, toasting-forks, and such like wares. He lived in a garret at the foot of one of the chares leading from Sandgate, nearly opposite the "Jacob's Well" public-house. Here he set up his solitary establishment; a stool, a few porringers, an iron pot, a sack full of straw, which formed his bed, and a large oaken chest, in which he kept his books—these, with a few optical glasses, constituted all his belongings. The walls of his garret were covered with mathematical figures, for though self-taught he had a good knowledge of mathematics as well as of classical lore. His favourite studies, however, were metaphysics and political economy. All his household work he performed himself, for he would not allow a woman to "darken his door," as the north country saying is. Solitary he would sit, like Herr Teufelsdröckh, in his garret for weeks together, "studying some favourite author, indulging reveries, or projecting schemes for bettering the political condition of mankind." This would continue till necessity urged upon him some means of bettering the empty condition of his larder. He wrote a large quantity of MS. bearing on many matters, chiefly, it is thought, political; but having conceived the idea that the Government had its eye upon him, and that he was watched by spies, he removed a brick from the chimney, made a hole behind, in which he hid his papers, and then replaced the brick. To one person only did he impart the secret of this hiding-place. He had always been very abstemious in the way of eating and drinking, and had a notion that turnips being so fattening when eaten by cattle ought to be equally nutritious to men, and so set to work to try upon himself the accuracy of his theory. A friend called one day to see him. Squire was very warm in his praise of the "Hanoverian root," and affirmed that for three months he had subsisted on nothing else. He spoke of the various methods he had invented for cooking his favourite vegetable, and showed a bottle of a kind of spirit he had distilled from it. He appeared to be very pale and thin, however, in spite of the boasted merits of his food, and a few days after he was taken ill and died. The friend to whom he had entrusted the secret of his hidden MSS. was not in Newcastle at the time of his death; indeed he did not return until two years afterwards, when he found that all the departed philosopher's

effects had been sold to pay his landlord and the funeral expenses, and he was never able to find the secret repository, so that probably these curious papers still exist, walled up in one of the old Sandgate houses. Should they be found, no doubt they will contain some interesting matter. It is a wonder they were not sought for by Benjamin Thompson, the worthy baker of the Close, who was so well known as an enthusiastic collector of local curiosities. He was born in 1778, and so would be seventeen years old at the time of Squire's death ; but perhaps at that early age he had not developed his hobby. He was a good judge of pictures, and was often called upon by gentlemen for his opinion on works of art. He was generally found toiling in his bakehouse or in the front shop, without his coat, in the midst of a smoking batch of newly-baked bread. He made a modest fortune by his industry in business, and, says Sykes, "the bulk of it he expended in the purchase of paintings, books, china, swords, coins, and, in short, everything *queer*. Mr. Thompson was in the habit of calling at my shop, and his usual question was, 'Have you anything queer?' He was particularly attached to local books and prints, so much so that he was a patron to almost anything which issued from the press or burin. He made it a rule for many years, at the breaking up of a house which had belonged to any family of consequence, to purchase something as a memorial."

We are glad to say there are still many men in Newcastle with the same tastes as Benjamin Thompson. The people of the town are all, as a rule, fond of local lore, and of collecting objects with local associations.

The other eccentric philosopher we have to name is William Martin, generally called Billy Martin, the "Anti-Newtonian philosopher," "poet, and philosophical conjuror of all nations," as he styled himself. He belonged to a respectable family. His brother John, the great painter, we have mentioned before. His brother Jonathan it was who set fire to York Minster. William Martin, there is no doubt, was possessed of great mechanical genius, but it was rendered futile by an unbalanced intellect. He gained a silver medal and ten guineas from the Society of Arts for his invention of a spring weighing-machine, and also made models of many other ingenious contrivances. He claimed to be the inventor of the safety lamp, and the designer of the High Level Bridge, and always designated the Stephensons as robbers of his ideas. Not content with mechanics he essayed many arts. Thus he was engraver, poet, and natural philosopher. In 1821 he published *A New System of Natural Philosophy, on the principle of Perpetual Motion.* In 1827 he published a new philosophical song or poem book, called the *Northumberland Bard; or, the Downfall of all False Philosophy.* His books were full of rambling and visionary ideas, and accusations against other people of having appropriated "the fruit of his brain." He attacked full tilt the Newtonian philosophy, and substituted another scheme which he

called "the Martinonian system of natural philosophy." He was continually writing pamphlets, which he had printed, many of them being illustrated with engravings done by his own hand, and he travelled about the country for the purpose of selling them. He undertook a lecturing tour in 1830, and returned delighted that no one had dared to contradict his theories or to defend the Newtonian philosophy. He was a stout, well-built, dignified, soldierly-looking man, respectably dressed, and always clean and spruce. His father, it will be remembered, was a teacher of the single-stick and sword exercise, and the philosopher proved himself an apt pupil in his father's school, and was one of the best swordsmen of his day. In his latter years he was to be seen in the streets of Newcastle, dressed in a very peculiar hat, which was formed of a tortoise shell mounted in brass, and having his breast adorned with a number of stars and medals. But for those peculiarities he might have been taken for a quiet ordinary man, for his manners were polite and inclined to the "genteel," except when contradicted or crossed, when he became aggressive and abusive. At any time his talk was inclined to be rather wild and peculiar, but once mounted on his hobby, he would begin praising himself and his philosophy, and deriding all the blockheads and robbers from Sir Isaac Newton to George and Robert Stephenson. The following specimen will give some idea of the style of his writings. It is part of the description of his design for a High Level Bridge over the Tyne, on the site of the old one.

"Five Lions on each side will make it look very noble, majestic, and grand,
One in the centre, the ball under his foot challenges the world where he doth stand;
To the arch over the Side I must give a nobler, grander *stata*,
Having on each side the fierce figure of a Roman Gladiator."

The philosopher spent his last years in comfort and ease, in the house of his illustrious brother, John Martin, R.A., at London, and died there in 1851, at the age of seventy-nine. With him we end our list of local eccentrics.

That this chapter has not been wholly without interest we hope; that it might have been fuller we admit; for there are many others besides those we have mentioned who have borne part in the undercurrent history of the people of Newcastle. There are, perhaps, some who may think we have dwelt too much upon these seemingly worthless dregs of society, the mendicants. To such we would commend the complaint of the "gentle Elia," and say of these of Newcastle, as he said of those of London—"The mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions—I can no more spare them than I could the cries of London—no corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the ballad singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial-mottos, the 'spital sermons, the books

for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry."

The moral of his essay applies to the beggars and unfortunates we still have left amongst us, "spite of all the sweeping besom of societarian reformation." It is: "Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the 'seven small children' in whose name he implores thy assistance have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not."

CHAPTER IV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

LOOKING back once more into the olden times, there are many glimpses of Newcastle life, both pleasant and the reverse, to be had amongst the bye-ways of history—glimpses which it is worth our while to strive for, so that we may the better understand what manner of men our townsmen were, and what manner of town ours was.

In the records of the bishopric four hundred and fifty years ago we find a sentence of excommunication fulminated by Thomas Langley, Bishop of Durham, against certain persons unknown, who had robbed the house of Robert Clytheroe of Newcastle of certain plate and jewels. The perils of our streets fifty years later (in 1477) are vividly placed before us in the confession of one Christopher Holmes, who craved admittance to the sanctuary of the cathedral at Durham. He confesses to meeting William Marlee (perhaps an ancestor of the famous Sir John) in the town of Newcastle, and to falling upon him with a "wallshbyll, so that thereby death seized the said William; whereupon, with great penitence and humility, the said Christopher begged the immunity of the said cathedral."

Could we borrow the Goloshes of Happiness of Hans Christian Andersen, and transport ourselves back to the Newcastle which the said unfortunate William knew, what manner of place should we have found it? Doubtless, like the hero of the goloshes

in his particular town, we should have been led a most unpleasant dance through its unpaved, puddly streets, and have found little pleasure in the company of its citizens. We might, perhaps, have met the gay and merry cavalcade of the Duke of Clarence, bound for his neighbouring manor of Byker, and have been well besmeared with the mud scattered by the prancing horses. Perhaps, too, we might have seen his crook-backed brother, the Duke of Gloucester, lord warden of the north marches and lord of the castle of Newcastle, with a troop of savage moss-troopers at his back, meeting his jovial brother with well dissembled affection, and sardonically complimenting him on his brave array. Many a fair maiden and dame might we have seen peeping from the casements of the overhanging houses at the passing cavalcades, and many a grave merchant and sturdy apprentice gazing from the shops below; and many a contemptuous joke might we have heard cracked in the broad dialect of Newcastle at the expense of the "thieving loons of Tynedale" and the "Cockney gallants" of the south.

We might have seen the first post come to the town that ever did enter its gates, bringing news of many strange things—of a certain William Caxton who was starting a machine at Westminster for printing books; or we might have heard the first news of the invention of watches and of violins. But doubtless, despite all the strange and interesting scenes, we should have wearied for our own times and people, and have gladly slipped off the goloshes and come back to Newcastle as it is. The olden times are all well enough to read about or dream about, but the filth and dirt in the public streets, and even close against the church doors, the bad roads and discomforts of domestic life, the plagues and famines which were so frequent, the high-handed and lawless proceedings of the nobility and their servants, and the insecurity of life and property, are all to be weighed against the gorgeous pageants and romantic adventures with which imagination has filled those times.

Continuing our notes, we find strange company amongst our Newcastle people in 1566. Fresh from the slaughter of David Rizzio at Holyrood came speeding hither his murderers, the Earl of Morton, Secretary Maitland, and Lords Lindsay and Ruthven—the latter haggard and worn with sickness, and with the hand of death upon him, for he died here only three months afterwards. Where the guilty quartette lodged, and how they were received by the townspeople, we have no record.

It is worthy of note that at this time an Act of Parliament, passed 1553, was in force which limited the number of taverns or wine-sellers to sell wine by retail in the town to four. It was found worthy of note in 1583, as being something very extraordinary, that the post between London and Newcastle only took forty-two hours in summer and sixty in winter. This time would be beaten, one would think, on that momentous occasion, five years later,

when the Armada was sighted off Plymouth, and the alarm spread over the realm, and "with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post" with the great news.

In the reign of Charles II. we have a curious picture of the times when it was necessary for armed men to escort the judges about the country. In those days the javelin men were not the useless supernumeraries we knew who met the judges at Sheriff Hill, nor were their weapons merely emblematic of their office. Lord Keeper North describes the men of Bywell, who formed part of the escort of the judges on their way over the dangerous country between Newcastle and Carlisle. He represents them as wearing long beards, short cloaks, and long basket-hilted broad-swords hanging from broad belts; and as being mounted upon little galloways, so small that the riders' feet and swords touched the ground. They had a rough-and-ready way of disposing of obstinate jurymen in those days. They were placed in a cart and carried in the judge's train over the abominable roads, and, after being jolted along until they reached the boundary of the next county, they were unceremoniously shot out of the cart into a ditch, and left to find their way home as best they could.

Under date 1705 we find one Alexander Robinson appointed to the post of "whipper and hougher" for the town, and to be the "common executioner in hanging of felons, putting persons in the pillory, clearing the streets of swine, and to doe and perform all other matters belonging to the place and duty of hougher." His title of whipper is self-explanatory. In those days almost every parish had its "roges' stob," or whipping-post, where tramps and vagabonds and delinquents of all kinds were tied up and soundly flogged. Doubtless a great many of them were treated after their deserts by the whipper, but the other title of this rogue-dreaded functionary points to a barbarous state of society in Newcastle in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. All swine found wandering in the streets he was empowered to seize, and there and then "hough" them—that is to say, cut the sinews of their hind legs, so that they should be found straying no more.

A more agreeable picture is that we come upon in 1762, when, on the 13th of April, we meet a joyous procession on its way to St. Nicholas' Church. Lucky are we should we be first to meet it, for it is a christening party, and we, by right of such first meeting, shall receive the customary present of cake and cheese—a customary present sometimes still to be met with in Newcastle. But this is no common christening, for it is a christening of twins—in itself uncommon—and, moreover, the christening of the twin daughters (after this occasion to be known as Barbara and Ann) of the right worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle, Aubone Surtees. The company, we are told, "was of the most brilliant description, and the ladies were preceded by the town's musicians, and also saluted with peals of bells." Amongst the ladies most probably was the sister of the children, Miss Elizabeth Surtees, ten years

afterwards to become the wife of John Scott, and eventually Lady Eldon.

Another noteworthy procession, one of many such, both before and since, might have been met two years later, consisting of the mayor, Sir Walter Blackett, accompanied by the other members of the corporation, the magistrates and gentry of the town, and by a large concourse of people. "After meeting at the mayor's chamber in the morning and drinking a glass of wine, the procession set off to perambulate the boundaries of the town, several men walking before with spades and axes over their shoulders, as pioneers to remove all obstructions, and to abolish all undue encroachments upon the rights and privileges of the corporation; next, the free porters with their halberts; two men on horseback with two panniers each, containing figs, prunes, etc. (which were thrown among the people by the town marshal at every boundary-stone, etc.); seven serjeants-at-mace, with banners, music, etc. Where houses stood on the line of boundary, men were ordered to go over them and take off bricks, tiles, etc., as the town's property. Many guns were fired, and other compliments paid at different places; the bells were rung all day. Sir Walter Blackett, with his usual benevolence, in passing the Infirmary sent the town marshal with his good wishes for the prosperity of that laudable institution, accompanied with a present of ten guineas. After the procession the mayor gave an elegant entertainment, and the day was concluded with drinking loyal healths, etc."

The present Parliamentary Debating Society of Newcastle had its forerunner in 1786, as appears from an entry in Sykes's *Local Records*. "At this time there was a 'House of Lords' in Newcastle. It consisted of a number of respectable tradesmen, who met for the purpose of discussing politics. I possess an engraved ticket which appears to have been given to '*Lord' Scott* on his *creation*, and having taken the oaths and his seat in the upper house. This ticket contains on one side, 'NEWCASTLE HOUSE OF LORDS, GEO. SCOTT, NO. 719,' encircled with barley in stem, surmounted with a spread eagle and crown, with the motto, 'HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE;' and at the bottom of all is the mace, pots, glasses, pipes, etc. On the back of the card, 'January 30th, 1786, E. Humble, secretary.' This was the very respectable bookseller of that name. The sign of the Spread Eagle ('the House of Lords Arms') was at the bottom of the Groat Market, adjoining to Denton Chare."

That obsolete hero of romance, the highwayman, is not without mention in the annals of the town of Newcastle. In 1770 a young lady returning from Durham in a post-chaise was stopped on Gateshead Fell and robbed by one of those knights of the road. The same evening the postman was robbed of the mail-bags near the same place. Next day a young man, a stranger, was arrested in Newcastle on suspicion of being the robber. He called himself Robert Hazlett, and said he was lately a clerk in London, and

confessed to having robbed the lady. He accused an accomplice, whom he named, of robbing the postman, and denied that he had had any hand in the transaction, though he had shared the spoil. Many of the letters stolen from the mail-bags were found in a chest belonging to Hazlett and a young woman who was with him when arrested. Sir John Fielding, the famous magistrate of Bow Street, was communicated with, and he arrested the man named by Hazlett as his accomplice, but it was found that this man had been in London at the time of the robbery, and of course he was at once discharged. Hazlett was tried, found guilty, and executed at Durham, and after his body had hung two hours, it was cut down and carried in a cart to the scene of the robberies, and there suspended in chains. The gibbet, which was twenty-five feet high, stood about three miles from Newcastle, on the east side of the road leading over Gateshead Fell to Durham. "Soon after he was hung in chains, a person advanced in years was observed several days to go and kneel before the gibbet, where he remained a considerable time regardless of the wet weather. The last day in particular, he prostrated himself on his bare knees for upwards of an hour, and became so enfeebled that he could not rise till some people gave him assistance ; after which he drew out of his pocket a hatband, and putting it on, said he then was easy, and took his leave of the melancholy spectacle before him. It was thought that this person was his father."

The pillory and the stocks were such common objects of the olden times that it is scarcely necessary to say they played their part bravely in old Newcastle. There is rather an amusing notice of the latter institution in Sykes, 27th August 1826 :—"Being Sunday, a joiner was placed in the stocks in St. Nicholas' Churchyard nearly two hours, for having disturbed the congregation in the church by exclaiming 'Bell for ever!' whilst the service was proceeding. He was in a state of intoxication at the time." The election for the county of Northumberland was over, and the Hon. H. T. Liddell and Mr. Matthew Bell had been duly elected. The poll closed on the 6th July, so that the joiner above mentioned must have kept up his political enthusiasm for some seven weeks. Elections were elections in those days—no mere tame walking up to the polling-booths and making a cross on a piece of paper, but a month at least of wild excitement, bell-ringing, band-playing, open public-houses, canvassing, coaxing, and fighting. The election just mentioned was the cause of a duel—another old-fashioned institution happily now extinct, like the gibbet, the pillory, and the stocks. The duel was occasioned by some hustings quarrel at Alnwick, and was fought on Bamborough Sands between John George Lambton, M.P. for Durham, and Thomas Wentworth Beaumont. After an interchange of shots, we are told "the affair terminated to the satisfaction of the seconds."

The lighting and watching of the streets of Newcastle are not without interest. It was not until 1763 that the town was publicly

lighted. On the evening of the 26th September the new oil lamps were first lighted, and the new watchmen went their rounds for the first time. The state of the streets at night before then may be imagined. In 1811 the number of oil lamps in Newcastle was 750. In 1818 gas-lighting was introduced on the evening of 10th January, but only to part of the town. "The lamps in Mosley Street were not lighted till the thirteenth (Tuesday evening), when a great crowd witnessed their first lighting-up, and a loud cheer was given as the flame was applied to each burner." For some time after this oil lamps were still used in the suburbs. The old lamp irons are now nearly all removed ; there used to be one not long ago just over the Glasshouse Bridge, and one still remains under the arched way of the south postern of the castle, at the top of Castle Garth stairs. In 1823 Newcastle was watched by twenty-six watchmen, under the direction of the "Captain of the Watch." Their duty was to keep watch and ward from ten at night to six in the morning, go their several rounds, and call the time every half-hour. They were dressed in a warm watch-coat, and carried a lanthorn and a stick with an iron hook at the end, and their place of meeting was beside St. Nicholas' Church door. Their pay was half-a-guinea a-week, and a guinea at the end of the season for such as had behaved well. These watchmen were only for the protection of the town proper ; there were other thirty for duty outside the walls.

The ancient guardians of the night have long since been superseded by the new police, but still their memory fondly lingers amongst us. There is something sternly practical and prosaic attached to the idea of a policeman ; he is too new to have yet gathered round him any halo of romance, though, in after years, his time no doubt will come. But with the name of watchman how many romantic scenes and associations are connected ! It carries us back to the moonlit streets of Messina, trodden by those "two foolish officers" of Shakespeare's. In spite of the foreign location of the scene, Dogberry and Verges were doubtless studies from life of London watchmen, and at least one of their men—Peter Seacoal, to wit—may have come from Newcastle, or his name belies him. Visions, too, it recalls of the nights when the Mohocks scoured the streets of London—visions filled with the figures of Steel and Addison, and of Doctor Johnson and his brilliant group of friends.

As the watchman has gone before the policeman, the oil lamp before the gas light, so it would seem the latter in its turn seems doomed one day to fade before the electric light —"the light of the future, the queen of the nineteenth century," as it has been enthusiastically called. Old things are passing away ; new things even are passing away, to make place for things newer still ; and verily, as Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone said of the "new turnips, the rats, the Hanoverians, the French antics, and book learning," they "have changed the world we knew in Old England." And in nothing

has the old town of Newcastle changed so much as in her people. In the old days, when the town was comparatively small, the people lived a quiet, simple, primitive sort of life, untroubled by dreams of change, under the leadership of their chief magistrates and magnates, who, like the bulk of the townspeople, were bred and born in Newcastle. The government of the town was decidedly patriarchal, and if disposed to be tyrannical in some respects, was in others gracious and patronising, and a general air of loyalty and love towards their rulers characterised the people in those days. Their mayors and magistrates were popular heroes, and many of them, on account of their charitable deeds, deservedly so. There was certainly an element of discontent in the town amongst those who were not participators in the privileges and blessings of "freelige," but this element was kept well under and out of sight by the numbers and municipal power of their more fortunate townsmen. But in the early years of the nineteenth century immigrants crowded into the town from all parts of the neighbouring counties. Scotchmen and Irishmen in time swelled the population, which began to lose its old primitive character. The introduction of steamboats and railways, and reform bills and a reformed corporation, helped the spread of new ideas and the decay of the old, and a new order of people arose. The improvement of the River Tyne brought fresh inhabitants, both English and foreign. Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Denmark, and other nations are now influentially represented amongst the people of Newcastle. The old town seems to commend itself to all who adopt it as the place of their residence. Gradually they learn to love it, and display as much interest in its past history and its present progress as do those who are natives of the place.

The Newcastle man bred and born is readily distinguished from his fellow-townsmen. As soon as you hear him speak, the "burr" betrays him. He can seldom altogether disguise it. It will crop out at times, though he may not speak the broad Newcastle dialect which caused the learned antiquary, Dr. Stukeley, in 1725, to say, "they speak very broad, so that as one walks the streets, one can scarce understand the common people, but are apt to fancy oneself in a foreign country." Very charming and piquant is this same burr when we hear it occur in the speech of educated north country men, and even more so in the speech of north country women. The peculiarity is confined to Northumberland. Harry Hotspur had it, so had Lord Eldon, to perfection. George Stephenson and many another north country worthy spoke the rich native Doric, and amongst the members of the present House of Commons it is as familiar, and as eagerly listened to, when heard in the eloquent utterances of our senior member, Mr. Cowen, or in the clear, manly, and straightforward speeches of the member for Morpeth, Mr. Burt, as any dialect of them all. In the streets of Newcastle—in the ironworks, shipyards, and factories which line the riverside—in the coal-pits—in the cottage and the farm—even in the "high

places of the land." We may hear it still, and wherever it is heard, amongst gentle or simple, rich or poor, we are likely to find—hidden, it may be, sometimes, beneath a rough exterior and an awkward and reserved manner—a kindly generous heart, "open as the day to melting charity," and joined to naturally vigorous understanding and shrewd intelligence. Charles Dickens, writing from Newcastle during one of his reading tours, says—"Although the people are individually rough, they are an unusually tender and sympathetic audience, while their comic perception is quite up to the high London average." And again, on another occasion—"A finer audience there is not in England, and I suppose them to be a specially earnest people; for while they can laugh till they shake the roof, they have a very unusual sympathy with what is pathetic or passionate."

The social life of Newcastle people of the present day calls for no special remark. Now that all parts of the country are brought so close to London and to one another by means of the railroad, the post, and the telegraph, the peculiar characteristics of each are rapidly passing away, and Newcastle in many respects is like the rest of English towns. If her people have any great distinguishing social feature, it is the extraordinary liberality and charitable feeling which prevails amongst them. There is perhaps no town in England where so much munificence has been shown by private individuals towards public institutions, and the donations to local charities is in nothing so remarkable as in the large proportion of them contributed by the working classes. And our hope is, that the greatest of all the virtues may long be the characteristic of the people of Newcastle.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST OF NEWCASTLE TOWN.

WE have been destined in our day to witness the last of Newcastle as a town, and its conversion into a city. We have witnessed the division of the diocese of Durham and the creation of the see of Newcastle—a division and creation which, as we have chronicled, so nearly took placé more than three hundred years ago. It appeared necessary, even then, that the great diocese extending from the Tees to the Tweed should be subdivided; in our times the immense increase of the population rendered a partition almost imperative. Its urgency was recognised in 1854, when the corporation of Newcastle memorialised the Home Secretary on the subject, but no action then took place. In the Act of Parliament passed in 1878 for the

increase of the episcopate, the diocese of Durham was included, chiefly through the instrumentality of the late Bishop Baring, who actively urged the expediency of creating a new see. A subscription was set on foot for the purpose of raising the required endowment, and in little more than three years the requisite amount was subscribed. The munificence and liberality of the north were never more strikingly displayed, and amongst the foremost of the founders of the new see were His Grace the Duke of Northumberland ; Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, successor to Dr. Baring ; Sir William Armstrong ; the late Thomas Hedley, Esq. ; Thomas Spencer, Esq. of Ryton ; and the late John and Edward Joicey, Esqrs. J. W. Pease, Esq., of Pendower, Newcastle, made the princely gift of Benwell Tower for the new bishop's palace. By an Order in Council, given at Windsor, 17th May 1882, Her Majesty was pleased, "by and with the advice of Her Most Honourable Privy Council," to order and declare as follows :—

"1. The Bishopric of Newcastle is hereby founded.

"2. The diocese of the said Bishopric shall consist of the county of Northumberland and the counties of the towns of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Berwick-upon-Tweed, and to include such detached parts of any other county as are under any Act of Parliament deemed to form part of the county of Northumberland, or have been or can be transferred to the county of Northumberland by the Justices in General or Quarter Sessions assembled ; and shall include also the ancient common law parish of Alston, with its chapelries, in the county of Cumberland.

"3. The parish church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, subject to the rights of the patron and incumbent of such church, shall be the Cathedral Church.

"4. The Bishop of Newcastle is constituted a body corporate, and is hereby invested with all such rights, privileges, and jurisdictions as are possessed by any other Bishop in England, and is subjected to the metropolitan jurisdiction of the Archbishop of York.

"5. This order shall come into operation on the publication of the same in the *London Gazette*."

In due time the royal charter constituting Newcastle a city was received by the mayor, and its reception on 5th July terminated the existence of Newcastle as a town.

The first Bishop of Newcastle is the Right Reverend Ernest Roland Wilberforce, D.D., son of the late Bishop Wilberforce of Winchester, and grandson of the great William Wilberforce, who played such a prominent part in the abolition of the slave trade.

The Bishop of Newcastle may be said to be the successor of the ancient Northumbrian bishops, whose seat was at Lindisfarne, and a brief glance at the early ecclesiastical history of Northumbria will not be out of place here. The Northumbrians, after their conversion to Christianity by Paulinus, the Roman missionary,

again lapsed into heathenism, and it was not until the year 635 that they were reconverted by Aidan, the first Bishop of Lindisfarne. He came, at the solicitation of King Oswald of Northumbria, from Iona, where the Irish Church, founded by St. Patrick, had established a mission station. It was the successor of Aidan, Bishop Finanus, who baptised the King of the West Saxons and the son of the King of Mercia, probably at Pandon, as we have before described. Colman, the next bishop, was the last of the Irish line. The Church of Ireland at that time was independent, and altogether unconnected with the Church of Rome, which latter had succeeded in converting great part of the south of England. Thus there were two separate and distinct Christian Churches, each with a different system of organisation, in existence in the country at the same time, and their even seeming rivalry cannot but have been detrimental to the interests of Christianity in the then state of society. At a synod held at Whitby in 664, Oswin, King of Northumbria, acting on the advice of Wilfrid, the builder of Hexham Abbey, turned from the Irish to the Roman form of faith, and Bishop Colman thereupon returned to Iona. St. Cuthbert was made Bishop of Lindisfarne in 685, succeeding Tuda and Eata; and it was Eardulf, the sixteenth and last bishop, who in 854 was compelled by the raids of the Danes to leave the island. He and his monks carried with them the bones of St. Cuthbert, and the story of their wanderings, of their settlement for a time at Chester-le-Street, and of their finally resting at Durham, is too well known to need repetition. After the lapse of a thousand years the Northumbrian see is once more restored, not in its ancient seat at Lindisfarne, which, as being near royal Bamborough, might once have been a convenient and appropriate place, but in the chief city and metropolis of the north—Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

We have followed the varying fortunes of the old town and of her townsmen so far; we have endeavoured to collect together the interesting facts concerning them which have hitherto been scattered amongst the various histories and accounts and table books and local records, with a view to their being more easily and conveniently mastered than in their original many forms. Our object from the beginning, and all through, has been to impress upon the people of Newcastle the important nature of the trust they hold for the whole of the English-speaking races of the world, in the ancient buildings of the town which still remain undestroyed. Unimportant as they may appear, through being so familiar and common in our sight, we have amongst us relics of the past, associated with events in our national history, which, if now appreciated and preserved, will be precious in the eyes of future generations, and heirlooms treasured more fondly by them than any number of the hybrid erections which constitute such a large proportion of the buildings of our age; for they have a character and tell a story of their own times, and are unmistakably the

original productions of a certain epoch, and not the mere copies of other times and epochs which we now erect. We have seen the pick-axe of the navvy lay low the work of centuries, and have, without compunction, sacrificed at the altar of apparent improvement, which has been too often only raised to the blind passion for change in any form, the fruits of the toil and genius of our ancestors. We would not for an instant that the love of the quaint or of the picturesque should hinder us from sweeping off the face of the earth any building which in its situation is a hindrance to public convenience, or in its condition a menace to public health ; but let us first be sure that the hindrance is not merely fanciful, and that the unhealthy condition is not to be remedied in other ways than by pulling down.

There is another point we should like to impress upon our readers. There are old buildings in Newcastle which would repay careful examination and illustration, and the history of which would form many interesting volumes. When we consider how lovingly and carefully the buildings which in America they call old have been illustrated in the art magazines of that country, what wealth of beautiful and picturesque studies could not be found in the mansions of the old gentry of Newcastle—such, for instance, as are to be seen in the Side and Sandhill ! There are stair-cases and fire-places and panelled rooms which would gladden the hearts of the lovers of old-world design ; while in the old public buildings there are treasures which, were they known, would draw visitors across the Atlantic, though seldom thought of here. There is the Trinity House, the Guildhall with its curious merchants' court, the old churches of the town, the Sallyport Tower, Croft Tower, the Mansion House, the Baptist Chapel on the Tuthill Stairs, the Castle and Black Gate, the Jesus Hospital, the Chapel at Jesmond, the West Wall and its Towers, the Monastery of Black Friars, and others, every one of which is worthy of detailed illustration. Well would it be if, on some systematic plan, all the features, interior and exterior, of those monuments of antiquity could be preserved, as far as it is in the power of the camera, the pencil, or the burin to do so, for constant changes are taking place in the city, and old buildings are disappearing every day. One great alteration which is now imminent—the continuation of Neville Street to the end of the High Level Bridge, and the enlargement of the Central Station—will sweep away many picturesque houses about the foot of Westgate Street ; and in our walks we are constantly coming across some old familiar structure which is undergoing the process of demolition to make room for a new block of offices or shops. Many of the buildings which are so rapidly disappearing may to some appear unworthy of record, as being neither very ancient nor very beautiful ; but those who come after us will not think so, and they will look back with gratitude upon any memorials we may be able to leave them of what to them will be ancient things and full of interesting associations. The citizen of the Newcastle of the

future, which perhaps will extend in a continuous line from Shields to Blaydon, and be connected by a ship canal with the Irish Sea, will treasure everything which is left to show him what the old town, the nucleus of his great city, was like. As eagerly as we now hoard up the rudest drawings and engravings of past generations, will he hoard up even our feeblest attempts to perpetuate the memory of our times.

Should we in this book have succeeded in arousing or increasing an interest in the past history of our ancient town, her people, and her old buildings, sufficient to stimulate some of our readers to further study in the same direction, or to devote some portion of their time to the illustration of the present state of our swiftly diminishing antiquities, our labour shall have been well rewarded ; should we have opened the eyes of some of our citizens, no matter how few, who have hitherto been blind to the objects of beauty and interest which surround them every day, and have awakened in them a loving pride in their old town, we shall not have written in vain.

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